FOREST AND STREAM.

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BIRDS AND FARMERS.

THE advocates of protection for our small birds present two sets of reasons for preventing their killing: the one sentimental, and the other economic.

The sentimental reasons are the ones most often urged; they are also of a kind to appeal with especial force to those whose responsibility for the destruction of the birds is greatest. The women and girls, for whose adornment birds' plumage is chiefly used, think little and know less about the services which birds perform for agriculture, and indeed it may be doubted whether the sight of a bunch of feathers or a stuffed bird's skin suggests to them any thought of the life that those feathers once represented. But when the wearers are reminded that there was such a life; that it was cheery and beautiful, and that it was cut short merely that their apparel might be adorned, they are quick to recognize that bird destruction involves a wrong, and are ready to do their part toward ending it by refusing to wear plumage.

The small boy, who pursues little birds from the standpoint of the hunter in quest of his game, feels only the ardor of pursuit. His whole mind is concentrated on that and the hunter's selfishness, the desire of possession, fills his heart. Ignorance and thoughtlessness destroy the birds.

Every one knows in a general way that birds render most valuable service to the farmer, but although these services have long been recognized in the laws standing on the statute books of the various States, it is only within a few years that any systematic investigations have been undertaken to determine just what these services are, to measure them with some approach to accuracy, to weigh in the case of each species the good and the evil done, and so to strike a balance, in favor of the bird or against it. The inquiries carried on by the Agricultural Department on a large scale and those made by various local experiment stations and by individual observers have given results which are very striking and which can no longer be ignored. Some of these results Miss Merriam gives in her paper prepared for FOREST AND STREAM, the first instalment of which appears in this week's issue. It deserves careful study, not only by every farmer, but also by every one who is at all interested in birds or in agriculture in any form. At a time like this, when reports of the ravages of army worms, elm beetles and other noxious insects are constantly heard, a paper such as this has a deep interest for a very large class. Miss Merriam's articles, besides being written in graceful, simple and popular style, give in small compass the results of many papers which have appeared in different reports, not all of them easily accessible, and these reports are often so technical as to be quite beyond the grasp of the general reader. A wide circulation of Miss Merriam's paper would do much to arouse an intelligent appreciation among agriculturists of the vast good done by many species of birds, and would vastly benefit the country.

It is a difficult matter for any one to balance the good things that he reads and believes about any animal against the bad things that he actually sees. The man who witnesses the theft of his cherries by robin or catbird, or the killing of a quail by a marsh hawk, feels that here he has ocular proof of harm done by the birds, while as to the insects or the field mice destroyed, and the crops saved, he has only the testimony of some unknown and distant witness. It is only natural that the observer should trust the evidence of his senses, and yet his eyes tell him only a small part of the truth, and that small part a misleading one. It is human to generalize from our own limited experience, and yet we all know that nothing is more likely to lead to error.

It is certain that without the services of these feathered laborers, whose work is unseen, though it lasts from daylight till dark through every day in the year, agriculture in this country would come to an immediate standstill, and if in the brief season of fruit each one of these workers levies on the farmer the tribute of a few berries, the price is surely a small one to pay for the great good done. Superficial persons imagine that the birds are here only during the summer, but this is a great mistake. It is true that in warm weather, when insect life is most abundant, birds are also most abundant. They wage an effective and unceasing war against the adult insects and their larvæ, and check their active depredations; but in winter the birds carry on a campaign which is hardly less important in its results. It is then that the chickadee, the nuthatch, the brown creeper, the kinglets and the woodpeckers are hard at work all through the short days, searching the crevices and crannies in the bark of the tree trunks and branches, looking among the undergrowth, hunting along the fences for the bunches of eggs, the buried larvæ and the pupæ of the insects, which if undisturbed would, when warm weather comes, hatch out millions of creeping, crawling and flying things that would devastate garden and orchard and every crop of the field. It is through this silent, unceasing work by the birds—some in summer and others in winter—that the insect hosts are held in check. The downy woodpecker which we see swinging with undulating flight across the snow-clad fields renders service not less important than the fat robin which flies with a beak full of cankerworms to his clamorous young in the apple tree close to the house.

CONCERNING THE MAN WITH THE WHISTLE.

OF the many idiosyncrasies exhibited by individuals in camp life, petty, constant and irritating, few are so objectionable as habitual whistling. Whistling is the self-absorbing occupation of the man away from home who is not actually in touch with his pleasure, the man without a true purpose of good fellowship in that he is a chronic disturber of the peace and comfort of his companions; the whistler of the early morning hours, who blunders about in industrious nothingness while his companions are yet resting; he of the late night hours, whistling after his companions have taken to their blankets and are endeavoring to sleep. He sits him down to breakfast still whistling and eats hurriedly, as if a pleasure were broken in upon, and were capable of being resumed only by unbecoming haste to finish the task in hand. The meal ended, out breaks again the irritating succession of discords in all their imperfection of faulty time, bad tune and wearisome repetition. Does one of his companions address him, he slackens his lips, ejaculates a hasty yes or no, instantly cocks his lips again, taking breath at the same time, and hurriedly resumes his musical fireworks. He does not hesitate at the effrontery of whistling while his companions are talking to him, and the end of his answer is blended in the resumption of the outpour of discord. In the boat while fishing, in the field and forest, where silence and success are inseparable, the whistler is both an irritant and harmful to sport.

Not infrequently the chronic whistler's repertoire consists of one or two tunes imperfectly learned and repeated with incessant persistence, so that at such rare times as he is silent the refrain, strident and recurrent, reverberates on in the ears of the hearers; thus silence is only a meaningless name. A faulty memory may supplement the tortures inflicted by a bad ear, so that if the whistler follow the tune fairly well part way, he may be at a total loss for the correct finish of it; whereupon the listener is treated to the torment of hearing him feel his way to a discordant and inappropriate finish, or to an earnest impromptu finish which would be ridiculous were it not such a wearisome nuisance.

There are now and then men of true musical taste and attainments, men of perception and tactfulness as to time place and company, who seek to entertain, not themselves but their companions. It is not of such that we write. They are distinct from the whistling camp nuisance, and cannot be confounded with him. The chronic whistler indulges his habit to please himself. Moreover, at the best, a very little whistling, be the same good, bad or indifferent, goes a long way toward supplying the demand in camp.

The whistling habit is peculiarly annoying in camp, the victims are so helplessly defenseless. If the host be the sufferer, he cannot rebuke his guest; and on the other hand, the guest must endure in silence if his host be the offender. Friendly companions are loth to appear churlish in respect to what to others may seem to be but innocent diversion. But the small troubles are often the most vexatious. They are the more so when they must be suffered in silence. That they are gratuitous adds to their sting. The hum of the mosquito in its nocturnal search for blood will disturb sleep and provoke ill-temper, but the sufferer can resent the infliction. The squalling of cats in the back yard invites a shower of missiles. And yet these kinds of annoyances are transient and mild as compared to the ill-selected, out-of-tune, disjointed, fragmentary and maddening efforts of the incompetent whistler who inflicts his discords on his friends.

It may be suggested that his friends should be indulgent and forbearing because they are friends. On the contrary, being friends entitles them to friendly consideration. Friends should receive the same deference in camp that they receive in town. Friendship should not be the plea for inflicting annoyance on one's companions. Whatever the man may be in town, he is an ill-conditioned fellow who will make himself a petty nuisance in camp.

Have you ever been in camp with the fellow who whistles?

YELLOWSTONE PARK BUFFALO

THE wholesale killing of buffalo in and about the Yellowstone Park which took place up to the passage of the law of May, 1894, was very discouraging to all who are interested in the survival of this species. Those who take the most gloomy view of the condition of the National Park buffalo have declared that in their belief there are not ten living animals in the Park. Others, however, think that it is not quite so bad as that, but that there should be forty or fifty left, scattered in little bunches over the reservation. We are gratified to learn that during a trip made through a portion of the Park last July by James Morrison, the civilian scout employed there, he saw fifteen buffalo, of which nine were cows.

At about the same time signs of as many more were seen in two places quite remote from those visited by Morrison, and there seems good reason for believing that at least thirty head of buffalo are still to be found in the Park. No doubt there are others—though they may be very few—in remote corners, and we can feel sure that Capt. Anderson and the force under his command will do everything in their power to preserve these few survivors from destruction. The number of buffalo left alive, however, is so small that even under the most favorable circumstances the increase of the herd must be deplorably slow. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Legislature of Idaho at its next session will pass and enforce a law forbidding under heavy penalties the killing, pursuit or having in possession any buffalo.

Such a law would certainly commend itself to the most intelligent sentiment of Idaho, and we cannot doubt that those who guide political affairs in that State will lend their assistance to carry through such an amendment to the statutes.

During his trip through the Park Morrison saw a bull moose and much other game.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SPORT IN INDIA.

PERHAPS FOREST AND STREAM would like to hear something of sport as we have it in India. It is no doubt the greatest sporting country in the world, both because it contains a greater variety of game than any other country, and because the game is more easily got at than in any other country. This is because camping is so well understood and the native servants can keep you comfortable wherever you go, and British law and order, giving absolute security to person and property, rule throughout this great country, so that the traveler, wherever he may pitch his camp, is perfectly secure against molestation. And let me say here a word about the nature of our British rule over India. I have sometimes talked with American gentlemen who seemed to suppose that there was something harsh or cruel in our grasp of that country. Even in such a high class and usually well informed magazine as the *Arena* I remember to have read some nonsense about "India writhing under the iron heel of English despotism." The truth is, that British Government in India constitutes the greatest blessing that has ever been conferred on a large section of the human race.

The population of India, now numbering nearly three hundred millions, is composed of a great variety of tribes and sects—some of them warlike, others very peaceful. Before the British took possession there was nothing worth calling a government. Various native princes and chiefs ruled in the oppressive Oriental style over different sections of the country and perpetually fought with each other. The warlike tribes raided and plundered the weaker races. The roads, such as they were, were infested with thugs and bandits, and travelers had to get together in companies and go well armed. The very cultivator at his plow could hardly consider himself safe unless he had a sword handy. Added to all this turmoil and insecurity, terrible famines prevailed from time to time over large sections of the country, when hundreds of thousands would perish; while cholera and other pestilences were rife.

And now under British rule the whole population enjoys absolute peace and security. Justice is everywhere administered with impartial hand, and the humblest peasant can go to the nearest magistrate and obtain a patient hearing and redress if any man has wronged him. Good metaled roads and railways cross the country in all directions, and by their means not only has a great trade been developed, but the horrors of famine have ceased. When the crops fail in one section the railways easily supply the deficiency by bringing in supplies from other parts of the country. The vast irrigation canals which we have built also render immense tracts entirely safe against any failure of crops and give the cultivator a double or treble out-turn over what he ever had formerly. And by sanitary improvements, such as proper drainage and water supply systems for the great crowded cities, the ravages of pestilence have been greatly diminished, and we already look to the day when the dreaded cholera shall be finally stamped out.

The population fully appreciate all these benefits and there is no discontent under the British rule; at least the only discontented people are the few lawless characters here and there who would prefer a state of licentiousness and disorder, and perhaps a few descendants of the ancient chiefs and nobles who think they have an inherent right to rule and oppress the people. But they have little to grumble at, because whenever we have been compelled in the interest of peace and justice to dethrone some native prince we have always given him and all his family an immense pension and allowed them to live in luxury in their own way wherever they could do no more harm.

The general content of the vast masses of the people with our government was especially seen during the great mutiny of 1857—a mutiny which was stirred up by some of the discontented princes above said, who contrived by secret agents to arouse a rebellion among the native troops, who at that time far outnumbered the British soldiers in the country.

But the population in general raised not a hand to aid the mutineers; on the contrary, where isolated parties of British with their women and children were wandering about, seeking to make their way to some point of safety, the farmers and country people always succored them, and were heartily glad when we suppressed that mutiny and resumed our beneficent rule.

I know that some people, though aware that the British do a vast lot of good wherever they take hold, as in India, suppose that in return for our firm and just rule, law, order and justice, etc., we extract in some way very substantial monetary advantages. But it is not the case that England derives one cent of revenue from India or any other of her possessions. There is no such thing as "exacting of tribute," and never has been. It is only in the extension of trade and business that she benefits, and therein both sides benefit equally. The taxation of the Indian population is very light; a revenue of about £70,000,000 sterling is raised from a population of near 300,000,000. This comes to about $1 a head per annum, and it is all spent in the administration of the country.

We want to get to the shooting and fishing, but I hope FOREST AND STREAM will pardon the above little dissertation. It is a very bad thing for any American to suppose that England rules with a tyrant rod over the supposed "downtrodden millions" of India or any other land. Americans who hold such a mistaken notion are too apt to think that they ought, in the cause of "freedom," to oppose England; and such opinions tend to embitter any of the little difficulties that sometimes spring up between the two great peoples. England is the mother of freedom. In India she has given freedom to that vast population; and it is safe to say that at this day all over India life and property are more secure, justice more certainly and speedily overtakes the wrongdoer, and crime is far away scarcer than in the great but still far from fully organized or well governed United States.

So Americans who go to India for some of its wild sports will also have an opportunity of seeing the practical working of a wonderful system of government; and, as I have said, any one can camp about anywhere in absolute security. It is a good thing to know that to start with anyway.

For the benefit of the reader who has not got an atlas handy I will mention that the great triangular peninsula which constitutes India is some 2,000 miles across at its broad end and some 2,500 miles long from its southern point away up north to the Himalaya Mountains. This great tract of mountain country which incloses India on the north is not a single range, but rather a belt of mountains, range behind range, the highest peaks being in some places a hundred miles back from the foothills.

Some of the best Indian shooting is among the Himalayas, "hill shooting," we call it, and I may as well begin by giving some account of this and then we can work southward.

The climate of these lofty mountain ranges being of course very different from that of any other part of India, the wild animals found therein are also mostly peculiar to the mountains. The following list will give some idea of the variety of Himalayan game:

Two kinds of bears, the brown and the black.

The snow leopard.

The cashmere stag, a splendid animal, standing twelve or thirteen hands high and bearing horns of twelve or more points and running up to 3ft. 6in. long.

The markhoor is a magnificent wild goat standing eleven and a half hands high; very massive horns, spirally twisted, reaching 4ft. in length.

The ibex, another fine wild goat, some 3ft. high and with horns 4ft. long.

There are some two or three other species of wild goats and also the chamois, but none have horns exceeding about a foot in length.

The wild sheep resembles the American Rocky Mountain sheep, and has curved horns reaching to 2ft. in length and 1ft. in circumference at the base.

Among feathered game the pheasants are very prominent. Seven different species are found, all having the most gorgeous plumage. There are also two or three species of the partridge tribe.

In the lower ranges squirrels, monkeys, hares, etc., are plentiful, but disappear as one reaches the higher altitudes, though the small Himalayan hare is found up to 11,000ft.

The sportsman who proposes a shooting trip in the Himalayas will make his outfitting point one of the numerous hill stations which are distributed all along the line of these mountains at heights of 6,000 to 8,000ft., and the right time for starting will be about the beginning of April, so that he will have the summer before him and can reach considerable altitudes or traverse the higher passes without getting into the snow.

At this time the plains of India are beginning to get uncomfortably warm, and all who are able to do so are escaping from the heat and ascending to spend the summer, more or less, in these cool and elevated stations.

The traveler will here find plenty of excellent stores, where he can buy whatever he needs for his expedition. He will hire a couple of experienced guides (shikaris), who in turn will seek out and engage a cook and one or two servants and a sufficient number of porters to carry the camp. Since human portage is the only means of conveyance, and it is difficult to get and keep a large number of men (let alone the expense), weights have to be kept down. The outfit will consist of one light tent, a light camp bed and about half a dozen leather-covered wicker baskets, each forming one man's load when filled with cooking utensils, some canned provisions, ammunition, spare clothes, etc. Generally speaking, some eight to twelve loads of 40lbs. each will suffice.

The valleys throughout the mountain country are inhabited, so that provisions can be obtained from point to point as one penetrates in. One may have two or three days' rough marching over steep paths and passes, followed by a descent into a cultivated and inhabited valley. The sportsman will usually pitch his camp in a valley or at no very great height up the mountain, and thence ascend to the higher slopes in search of the game.

When he strikes a good place and decides to stop there for some time, he takes the opportunity to send back two or three men to his outfitting point for fresh supplies of provisions, and to get his mails. These active, hardy hill men will cover forty miles a day when sent on an errand, and thus the traveler, though far in the interior of the mountains, can always keep in touch with his starting point. He also takes these occasions to send back for safekeeping any horns and skins that he has bagged and which become a great encumbrance if he tries to carry them around.

The rifle for hill shooting should be not smaller than .45 caliber, many prefer .50, and the trajectory should be flat. British sportsmen in India have hitherto almost exclusively used the double-barreled express rifle, a weapon of immense power, accuracy and flatness of trajectory, and possessing very decisive striking power with its expanding bullet of .45 or .50 caliber. They have so far considered the Winchester and other American rifles as being deficient in power and flatness, the charge of powder being much smaller than in our express rifles. But the Winchester express .45 or .50—the latter for choice with 450gr. bullet—ought to answer very well for Himalayan shooting.

Let us now descend from the Himalayas. We find ourselves in a belt of forest country extending along the foot of the outermost range to a width of some twenty or forty miles. In these sub-Himalayan forests are to be found nearly all the species of large game which India produces, with some few exceptions, which are only found further south. Here we have the wild elephant (which, however, the Government does not permit to be shot), two species of rhinoceros, the wild hog, the wild buffalo, the black bear (different from and smaller than the Himalayan bear), the celebrated Indian tiger and the leopard. Among the deer tribe we have the fine sambur stag, standing thirteen to fourteen hands at the shoulder, and with horns of three points each running up to 3½ft. in length.

The swamp deer stands eleven to eleven and a half hands high, and has antlers of twelve or more points 3ft. long. The spotted deer stands some 3ft. high and has very fine three-tined horns up to 3ft. long. This beautiful deer runs in large herds among the parklike forests along river sides below the Himalayas. Then in smaller sizes there are the hog deer, the four-horned antelope and the barking deer.

The wild peacock is very common and prominent in these forests, especially in the summer, when his train has reached its full length. Here also is the jungle fowl, the original of our domestic poultry, exactly resembling a neat little bantam cock. The black partridge is found in suitable spots among the forest, also hares.

The large rivers which descend from the Himalayas contain the celebrated mahseer, which affords sport fully equal to salmon fishing; while the smaller streams contain trout.

These sub-Himalayan forests are very damp and malarious during a great part of the year, but they become dry and healthy in April and May and those are the months in which to camp there. The long grass has then died down or been burnt over and one can get about with ease; at this time these forests are a veritable sportsman's paradise.

Tiger shooting cannot here be attempted unless you can secure the use of some elephants, which is difficult. The tiger makes his lair among the high reeds and grass in some dense swamp, where he cannot be got at except on elephant back. The same applies to the rhinoceros and wild buffalo. But there is plenty of other sport without these. In fact, many of the best sportsmen do not care about shooting from elephants; there is much in it that is tedious and annoying and there is more satisfaction in doing what one can on foot. With your tent pitched on the banks of some great river where it issues from the hills you have the finest of fishing at your tent door, while around you the forest is full of the various kinds of deer, etc., above mentioned. It is hot in the middle of the day, too hot to be abroad with any comfort, and besides the deer at that time have laid up in thick covert. The great drawback to tiger hunting off elephants is that it must be done in the heat of the day, and to be jolted about under an Indian May sun all day among vast swamps of grass and reeds with only a very problematical chance of seeing a tiger is not good enough.

The sportsman who confines to himself to stalking and fishing has a better time of it. His procedure is as follows: Getting up at daybreak, he takes a light early breakfast and sallies forth. Comes in at 10 or 11 o'clock when it begins to get hot, takes a highly enjoyable bath and complete change of underclothes, and then, with a magnificent appetite, attacks a substantial breakfast; then he rests and keeps cool during the heat of the day (the tent being carefully located for shade), and at 4 P. M. again goes out for an afternoon stroll with rifle or rod, takes a light dinner at dusk, and early to bed.

Often have I in the morning landed two or three fine mahseer or taken a nice basket of trout, and in my afternoon's stroll bagged a beautiful spotted stag, or the rarer and more stately sambur stag, or mayhap one of the smaller deer or a wild boar.

A camp such as this, under good circumstances, forms an episode never to be forgotten in a sportsman's experiences.

MAJOR G. M. BELLASIS,
Bengal Staff Corps (retired).

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MAGIC AND BULLETS.

"The Grab at the Bullets" trick performed by Mr. Hermann re-echoes the motto of the wise rabbi, Ben Akiba, "nothing new under the sun." This parallel happened some years ago, 1892, in the following fashion:

In that year the desire to hunt, but not to kill, the inextinguishable love of that enjoyable mode of living, landed me again among the mountains and the lakes of the wilderness of Maine. The camp I placed on a point on Lobster Lake, from which I had a magnificent view of that picturesque sheet of water which served Mt. Spencer, like Narcissus, as a mirror. On clear days even Mt. Ktaaden looks over Mt. Spencer's shoulders to see his own image reflected. There I waited for the opening of the hunting season, also for the Indian, a renowned moose caller, whom I had engaged through the kindness of my friend Mr. Atwood, the game warden, in whose service he was until the last of September. Mr. Atwood also camped on that lake during the latter part of September, and proved to be a congenial companion. Meeting him cruising on the lake, he showed me a little brook which he had found accidentally while looking for a spring. The alder bushes had grown so close at the entrance that we had to pull our canoes along by the overhanging branches. A few rods up from the mouth of this brook he showed me fresh signs of a big moose bull. This place the bull had chosen for his feeding ground, as Mr. Atwood was satisfied by daily investigation. With sparkling eyes he told me, "I will bag this moose on the first night in October." Unfortunately he was called away on duty before that time. "But duty before pleasure," he said, and cheerfully handed that moose, so to speak, over to me. He also promised to send the Indian back in time. The last of September came and with it the Indian, who, after a good dinner, made himself at home and proceeded to make a birch bark horn for the next evening's moose call.

As nothing broke the quietness on the lake during the afternoon and evening, I felt sure my game would give us a good show the next night, and with this hope we retired. But next morning, long before sunrise, I heard two rifle reports coming from the direction where my moose's feeding ground lay. I stepped out of the tent and noticed the Indian poking his head out of his, saying: "Well, they got him."

"Who are they?" I asked in surprise.

"Two Indians who came yesterday to go up to the head of the lake to their camp.

"How do you know of that?"

"I met them on the carry at Luce's, on my way to you."

This gave me a great deal to think about, though I did not care to let him know what I thought. I made up my mind to get even with him; but how I did not know at the time. The opportunity offered itself sooner than I expected.

Shortly the two Indians paddled up the lake with part of the moose in their canoe. While watching them the Indian never said a word about it; neither did I. This was conclusive as to my suspicions. Turning to me, he said: "This will be a nice evening for calling. By the way, won't you let me take your gun along? I did not bring my rifle with me. A moose is rather a dangerous animal, and it would be better if both were armed."

I always made it a point when I engaged a guide to tell him that I would do the shooting if any shooting was to be done, and so save him lugging the rifle across the carries instead of something else. To his question I answered that buckshot would not penetrate the skin of the moose.

"Certainly not, but you can make a bullet that will fit your gun?"

After a moment's thought I consented to make a bullet, but before proceeding I interrogated him if he knew how

it had to be done, because I had my mind made up to make this a charge to fit the occasion. To my satisfaction I found out that he did not know anything about that kind of a shell.

I melted partridge shot in a tin cover and poured the lead into a small pipe whose bottom I rounded with clay, then clipped and filed it until the ball gauged. The watching Indian missed seeing me pour out over half of the powder from the shell, and to make up the deficiency I laid paper pellets between. Then I handed him that shell and told him to drop the bullet in, which he did. Then I put one wad only on top of the bullet and pressed the rim of the paper shell down with my fingers.

Taking the shell, he answered to my question, "This is all right. Our fathers had no better charges than this, and they got all the moose they wanted." But I thought, "If you can do so with that shell you are welcome to the moose you can get with it."

The night came beautiful and calm, and at 10 we left camp to call our moose. Paddling quietly along, I watched one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the Aurora Borealis I ever witnessed. While the canoe rested with the bow on the bank, I listened between the calls of the Indian to hear the electric crackling so many people imagine they can hear during the display of Northern light. They ought to go up to those lakes, where perfect silence reigns; there is such a silence that they can hear their own hearts beat, but none of that electric crackling.

After a couple of hours' calling we returned to camp without having heard a single answer, with the exception of the noise coming from humming porcupines, or muskrats and jumping fish. We repeated calling on favorable nights during the three weeks, without receiving a single answer. Then the time came when I had to break camp and leave this glorious spot. We packed and took along in our canoes all we could carry, but had to leave a load behind us.

Early the next morning the Indian, taking my gun, left Luce's place to get the rest of the traps. In the afternoon, with a few partridges, I came to a clearing near the carry. At the same time the Indian reached the landing, showing great excitement by shouting at me, of which I only could understand at that distance, "Moose—stream—lost—no good."

After reaching him he told me that near the inlet of Lobster Lake, while paddling quietly around a bend, he had seen a big moose bull come down the bank and step into the stream to swim across. The Indian had kept quiet until the moose had reached the middle of the stream, which is at that place about three or four rods wide. The moose must have noticed him, for he began to accelerate his movements; but with a few paddle strokes the Indian got near him, dropped his paddle, and picking up the gun, covered the moose with it, waiting to drop him on the bank instead of in the stream. The moose had hardly got his forelegs planted on the bank when the Indian blazed away at him, but he said to me, "The bullet simply rolled out of the barrel and dropped between the canoe and the moose, while the moose, climbing the bank, slowly trotted behind the bushes, from where I could hear him shaking the water off."

We paddled together down the river to the spot, and sure enough it must have been a big fellow that had made such imprints in the clay.

Now this stupid moose did not know that the bullet fired at him was of the same nature as Mr. Hermann's "United States army regulation ammunition." Neither did he know that the man who had fired at him was not an expert rifleman of the National Guard. Otherwise he would have understood the situation and "grabbed at the bullet." But was I not glad that this Indian could not drop that moose?

If I had a chance I would devote my entire time to loading all the shells in this fashion to prevent the slaughter of big and small game that I have witnessed from January, 1896, to March, 1896, up in the woods of Maine.

AUG. D. TURNER.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

VII.—An Anticosti Bear.

[Written for FOREST AND STREAM by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

AT the end of August we went to the island of Anticosti and set up our tent on the bank of a little stream, well sheltered from the wind. The day after our arrival I went out alone with my fowling piece to shoot something for the pot.

After walking on the beach for about an hour my attention was attracted by a cloud of gulls soaring above the fore shore. The tide was low and the birds were flying above a spot which was dry at the time. Therefore it could not be a shoal of lansing or caplin, and I soon observed at a distance of about three miles a large black mass which I knew must be a stranded whale or grampus.

I started off toward it, walking without any precaution. When I had got within thirty paces of it I halted quite stupefied. A bear had just come round from the other side of the whale's head and appeared in sight. As soon as it perceived me it swung around at once and trotted off toward the wood. When I recovered from my surprise he was 60yds. away, and as I had only my fowling piece loaded with shot it was useless to fire at him.

Disgusted with myself, I continued on my way to the whale's carcass, and had just got around its head when I again halted, quite petrified with surprise. A second bear, a huge one, was there, a few feet from me, tearing at the flesh of the whale. When it smelt me it suddenly lifted its head, opened its jaws, showing a formidably array of teeth, and after looking at me for some seconds without either of us moving, it seemed all at once to make up its mind to attack me. I did not hesitate, but raising my gun I fired both barrels at its chest. It was so close that the shot did not scatter, but made a hole into which I could have put my fist. The animal fell heavily and died.

The tide was rising, and I had barely time to flay it and to get away with the skin, which was very fine and weighed 201bs. I tried very hard to get some more shots, but the bears were too wary to allow of my getting near them. Thomas, however, got three in dead-falls which he put up, and on Sept. 6 we started to come home.

H. DE PUYJALON.

WOLVES IN THE NIGHT.

ASHLAND, Wis., July 21.—It was pitch dark save only where the faint glow of the camp-fire—burned to the embers—penetrated the gloom for a few feet and seemed to intensify the wall of utter blackness which hedged it round. The balsam limbs extending their feathery extremities into the small circle of light seemed supported by invisible means as they swayed and vibrated in the quivering heat that rose from the hot firebrands. A rising wind swept the summits of the lofty pines, sounding sweet and soft and far as a child's lullaby. Our teams of mules and Canadian horses stood perfectly silent a rod away, where they had been secured for the night.

We were dozing, Ernest and I, soothed by the almost insensible harmonious vibrations. Ernest was curled up like a hibernating deer (and indeed that is the name the Indians gave him, or "Moqua" in their language), his head pillowed on his immense driving boots; and he seemed to be about to fall into a sound sleep, when suddenly he sat bolt upright, stared wildly at the fire, and before I had time to inquire the cause of his sudden move had leaped to the pile of wood we had prepared for the morning, and commenced heaping it with feverish haste on the nearly extinguished fire.

"What's the matter, Ernest? I say, have you the nightmare or are you crazy? It isn't time to build morning fire yet."

"I know dat," he replied, in his French-Canadian jargon, "same tam me hear wolf in de swamp; come up here pretty quick."

"Heard a wolf in the swamp?" I repeat, incredulously. "Get out. I've been awake the whole evening and everything has been still as death."

"Same tam Ah'll heard it wolf," he persisted, and in no way relaxed his efforts until the light wood was piled high and the under billets had burst into flame; then without losing a moment he sprang to the horses and began unfastening the halter straps, calling to me meanwhile to get "dem mule close up de fire." His earnestness had the effect on me he desired, and in a few moments we had the animals tethered to an overhanging limb between our fire and the wagon, which we had pulled just outside the road for the night.

"Naow, keep still you hear yourself," Ernest said as he sat down and began pulling on his boots. "Dey come leetle more near next tam howl."

We waited in silence a few moments, when sure enough away in the swamp to the east came the long, low wail, rising and falling in cadence almost imperceptible to the ear, so faint, yet suggesting something so fierce and sinister that if once heard it can never be forgotten.

"Do you think they will be ugly?" I say to Ernest.

"No, teenk not. Bes' be ready, teenk only come look, dance leetle, make beeg howl, run off."

"Let 'em come then. You get the axe and stand where you can best guard the outside; mule and I will do the same for the outside horse."

"No. No need do that. Just keep still, not move where wolf come up, that best way."

"But what about the horses? won't they try to break away?"

"No, you see they get near the fire, keep still too."

"Well, get the axe anyway; there they go."

Again, and this time we could hear the yip! yip! yip! which preceded the chorus sounding much nearer, and the horses and mules sure enough at the sound of it crowded nearer the fire, straining slightly at their fastenings, but making no violent demonstrations whatever.

I involuntarily reached for my Winchester and held it across my knees. Ernest hurriedly piled fresh wood high on the fire and with a final warning word to keep still sat like a statue. Again the yip, yip, yip and chorus and then continuous howling, increasing in volume as they drew nearer; then the concert opened in earnest, and in a few moments we were saluted from all sides. I gripped my gun tightly, but made no move. Billy, the outside horse, had backed up against a ground pine in his efforts to get near the fire, and now with pandemonium sounding on all sides stood without making a sound. I saw the little pine tremble like a leaf. Suddenly all was still. Down the road, after a moment of silence, there sounded a single howl, and with a yip, yip, the whole band seemed off in that direction.

The clouds which had caused such Egyptian darkness gradually rolled away. The stars became visible through the interlacing branches. The night wind seemed to slumber. The snapping fire intensified the stillness. The horses and mules sank one by one to repose. I looked across the again dying fire at Ernest. His rude pillow was again adjusted, the camp spread pulled up to his chin, and as I looked the silence was broken by a good old-fashioned snore. The grip on my gun relaxed. Almost unconsciously I straighten out on the blanket and pull part of it over me. Unconscious of danger, we sleep the sleep of the just.

The sun shines. The frost on the pine tops glistens as though they had been dusted over with diamonds. Billy whickers for his oats, as Ernest after much stamping gets his feet into his stiffened boots and starts for the wagon, saying, as he stops to pat the shaggy head, "He laugh and feel good because wolf no get him last night."

I went out in the road and saw plenty of wolf tracks. I paced from the fire to the tracks; it was fifteen paces.

G. W. M.

The Big Bass of the Perkiomen.

THE large black bass, the monarch of the Perkiomen, which for over two years was on exhibition in a large glass tank in one of the windows of Hoff & Bro.'s hardware store, reports the Reading (Pa.) *Times* of July 22, was found dead in the tank yesterday morning standing perpendicular with its head on the bottom. It is supposed the bad flavor of the city water killed it, but a physician, who is also well versed in fishculture, says it died of fatty degeneration of the heart from over-feeding. The fish was taken from the tank to the scales, and weighed 6¼lbs. and measured 23¼in. It was caught by Augustus W. Hoff in the Perkiomen Creek near Greater Ford, a few days after the opening of the bass season in 1894, and was brought here alive after great difficulty. The fish had several narrow escapes during its captivity, owing to low water, but was unable to cope with the present supply. His place is filled by another whopper caught by Mr. Hoff also in the Perkiomen below Schwenksville. It measures 21in. and weighs 4¼lbs.

Natural History.

HOW BIRDS AFFECT THE FARM AND GARDEN.

BY FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

IT is said that two hundred millions of dollars, that should go to the farmer, the gardener and the fruit grower in the United States, are lost every year by the ravages of insects—that is to say, one-tenth of our agricultural products is actually destroyed by them. The ravages of the gypsy moth in three counties in Massachusetts for several years annually cost the State $100,000. Now, as rain is the natural check to drought, so birds are the natural check to insects, for what are pests to the farmer are necessities of life to the bird. It is calculated that an average insectivorous bird destroys 2,400 insects in a year; and when it is remembered that there are over 100,000 kinds of insects in the United States, the majority of which are injurious, and that in some cases a single individual in a year may become the progenitor of several billion descendants, it is seen how much good birds do ordinarily by simple prevention.

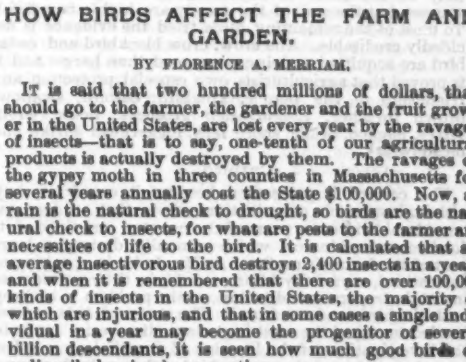
The good they do in cases of insect plagues, like that of the grasshopper scourge in Nebraska and Kansas, is still more marked. Then, as self-constituted militia, they fly to the scene of action and make away with the rioters. An interesting case of this kind was seen in an old orchard in Illinois. The cankerworm had so taken possession that the orchard looked almost as if overrun with fire. Forty different kinds of birds assembled in the place to feed upon the worms. One hundred and forty-one of the birds were shot and the contents of their stomachs examined; more than one-third of their food was found to have been cankerworms—the feathered army was simply wiping out the horde of worms. A similar case occurred in Massachusetts, and after the visit of the birds a good crop of apples was raised in the orchard which had been devastated.

It is well known that of the various groups of birds the majority live upon insects. Among the insect eaters are the flycatchers, warblers, woodpeckers, nuthatches, orioles, goatsuckers, hummingbirds, tanagers, waxwings, gnatcatchers, kinglets, vireos, thrushes, wrens, titmice, cuckoos, swallows, shrikes, thrashers, creepers and bluebirds.

It is not generally known, however, that the so-called seed eaters feed their young largely upon insects, and eat a great many themselves; nor is it realized how much good they do by eating weed seed. Prof. F. E. L. Beal has calculated that the little tree sparrow in Iowa alone destroys 1,720,000lbs. of noxious weed seeds every year. Moreover, in summer seed eaters eat blueberries, huckleberries, strawberries and raspberries, and distribute their seeds unharmed over thousands of acres which would not otherwise support such growth.

These facts show how important it is that the birds should be protected and encouraged, except in the exceedingly few cases where for a few weeks they eat some one cultivated crop to such excess that the loss is not compensated by the good they do in destroying pests the rest of the year. The Department of Agriculture, realizing the losses that might result from the ignorant sacrifice of useful birds, constituted the Division of Economic Ornithology a court of appeal where accusations against the birds could be received and investigated.

The method used by the division is the final one—the examination of stomach contents to prove the actual food of the birds. A collection of 26,000 stomachs has been made by the co-operation of hunters and collectors who have shot the birds for other purposes, and a reference collection of 800 kinds of seeds and 500 beetles and many other insects has been brought together for comparison



MAPLE CATERPILLAR.

in determining the character of food remains found. Already about forty different kinds of birds have been examined and reported upon. The examinations have been made chiefly by Prof. Walter B. Barrows, Prof. Otto Lugger, Mr. E. A. Schwarz, Dr. A. K. Fisher, Prof. F. E. L. Beal and Mr. Sylvester D. Judd, with the assistance of the late Prof. C. V. Riley and Mr. L. O. Howard, now chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture. The reports already printed or about to be issued by the Division of Ornithology are the reports of the ornithologist for the years 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892 (with notes on the Food Habits of the Cedar Bird and Horned Lark), 1893 (with notes on the Food of the Kingbird), 1894 (with articles on the Crow Blackbirds and their Food, and Hawks and Owls from the Standpoint of the Farmer); Bulletin No. 1, The English Sparrow, by Walter B. Barrows; Bulletin No. 3, Hawks and Owls, by Dr. A. K. Fisher; Bulletin No. 6, The Common Crow of the United States, by Walter B. Barrows and E. A. Schwarz (1895); Bulletin No. 7, Preliminary Report on the Food of Woodpeckers, by F. E. L. Beal (1895); Four Common Birds of the Farm and Garden, by Sylvester D. Judd; The Meadowlark and Baltimore Oriole, by F. E. L. Beal; The Food Habits of the Kingbird, by Walter B. Barrows; The Cedar Bird, by F. E. L. Beal.

After the examination of about forty birds, the only one actually sentenced to death is the English sparrow. Of all the accused hawks only three have been found

guilty of the charges made against them—the goshawk, Cooper's and the sharp-shinned—while the rest are numbered among the best friends of the fruit grower and farmer. Of the woodpeckers, the sapsucker and redhead may be beneficial or injurious, according to circumstances, but the rest of the family are highly beneficial. To most of the remaining birds tried the evidence is decidedly creditable. The crow, crow blackbird and cedar bird are acquitted as doing more good than harm; and it is proved that agriculturists owe especial protection and friendship to the phœbe, kingbird, catbird, swallow, brown thrasher, rose-breasted grosbeak, house wren, vireos, cuckoo, oriole, shore lark, loggerhead shrike and meadowlark.

Catbird.

The catbird is persecuted because it eats fruit; but, although stomach examinations show that it does eat considerable in some parts of the country, one-third of its food consists of insects which annually destroy a large part of the farmer's profits. As Mr. Judd, in speaking of the catbird, says: "By killing the birds their services as insect destroyers would be lost, so the problem is to keep both the birds and the fruit." The study of this matter has led to one of the most important discoveries made in the investigations of the Division of Ornithology. It has been demonstrated that some birds—the catbird among the number—actually prefer wild fruits to the cultivated, and that most of the complaints of depredations come

CATBIRD.

from parts of the country where there is little wild fruit, so that by planting berry-bearing bushes and trees it may be possible to prevent losses to cultivated fruits and at the same time to attract the birds and so secure their much-needed help in destroying insect pests.

The catbird is an excellent example of this. Experiments show that he prefers the red mulberry to cherries and strawberriers, and stomach examinations show that he eats twice as much wild fruit as cultivated, while one-third of his food is made up of insects. A slight idea of the good he does in destroying pests may be had from the fact that thirty grasshoppers were found in each of five stomachs. Reports show that he does much more harm in the central United States, where wild fruits are scarce, than near the coast, where they are abundant. Mr. Judd suggests that the crops of cherries and strawberries can be protected by planting the "prolific Russian mulberry, which, if planted in hen yards and pig runs, will afford excellent food for the hens and pigs besides attracting the birds away from more valuable fruit."

The verdict in the case of the catbird is, that he is already one of the farmer's best assistants, and that by a little effort the small amount of harm he does might be counteracted so that he would do unalloyed good in the farm and garden.

Kingbird.

The kingbird has been so long accused of destroying honey bees that careful examinations have been made of 218 stomachs. Insects formed about 90 per cent. of the whole food, but only fourteen of the 218 stomachs contained any trace of honey bees. Furthermore, nearly all the bees found were drones. On the other hand, the kingbird had destroyed a number of the worker bees' worst enemy, the robber fly, which has been known to kill 140 honey bees in a day; so this bird's reputation stands well cleared. More than this, the good done by this industrious flycatcher does not end with the death of the robber fly. Nearly 60 per cent. of his food consists of insects well known to be injurious. Among them are the gadfly, so terrifying to horses and cattle; the cloverleaf weevil, the destructive rosechafer, ants and grasshoppers.

ROBBER FLY.

Of the little fruit the kingbird eats only three or four kinds are cultivated, and if he were to harm one kind of fruit it would be easy to plant something that he would eat instead, as he feeds on wild red and black cherries, choke cherries, elderberries, mulberries, wild grapes, spice bush, sassafras, cornel, red and ground cedar, buckthorn, magnolia and pokeberry.

The conclusion reached from the examination of the 218 stomachs is that the kingbird is one of the best helps the farmer has in the destruction of harmful insects. One correspondent exclaims fervently, "I honor and esteem this bird for the millions of ruinous vermin he rids us of!"

Swallows.

The swallows are probably the greatest flycatchers in the eastern United States, but in addition to this they destroy great numbers of flying ants, aquatic leaf-eating beetles and weevils.

Barn Swallow.

Mr. Judd says, "The barn swallow is the most noted destroyer of flies, especially those kinds which torment tock."

Eave Swallow.

This useful bird builds under the eaves of our barns and eats enormous quantities of winged ants and also mosquitoes, injurious wheat midges, spotted squash beetles, and beetles that work under the bark of trees.

Chickadee.

In an article on "Birds as Protectors of Orchards," Mr. E. H. Forbush, of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, says of the chickadee: "There is no bird that can compare with it in destroying the female cankerworm moths and their eggs." He calculated that one chickadee in one day would destroy 5,550 eggs, and in the twenty-five days in which the cankerworm moths run or crawl up the trees 138,750 eggs. Mr. Forbush attracted chickadees to one orchard by feeding them in winter, and he says that in the following summer "it was noticed that while trees in neighboring orchards were seriously infested with cankerworms and to a less degree with tent caterpillars, those in the orchard which had been frequented by the chickadees during the winter and spring were not seriously infested, and that comparatively few of the worms and caterpillars were to be found there." His conclusion is that birds that eat eggs of insects are of the greatest value to the farmer, as they feed almost entirely on injurious insects and their eggs, and are present all winter, when other birds are absent.

Cedar Bird.

The cedar bird is also known as the cherry bird, but cultivated cherries have been found in only nine out of 152 stomachs examined, which, as Prof. Beal says, "hardly justifies the reputation which the bird has gained as a destroyer of cherries." He adds that this supposed cherry habit "to the careless and unobservant would condemn the bird to destruction, but the closer observer looks further." Investigation shows that more than half of the whole food of the cedar bird consists of wild fruit which has no value, and that one-eighth of its food consists of insects, among which are some of the worst pests of the country. Furthermore, since the nestlings are fed largely on insects, the greatest number of insects are eaten when fruit is most abundant. The cedar bird eats caterpillars, spiders and grasshoppers, but does most marked good in destroying the elm leaf beetle that strips our village and city trees of leaves. Mrs. Mary Treat writes of one town in which the elms had been ruined for several years before the cedar birds came, and which were afterward comparatively free from beetles. From one calculation it is shown that thirty cedar birds would destroy 9,000 worms during the month when the cut-worm caterpillar is exposed.

To prevent the cedar bird from eating cultivated fruit it would be well to plant some of the common bushes upon whose berries it feeds, such as blackberry, wild cherry, choke cherry, sour gum, flowering dogwood, rough-leaved dogwood, chokeberry, red cedar, June berry, hackberry, black haw, black elder, huckleberry, frost grape, barberry, mistletoe, or pokeberry.

Crow.

The charges against the crow are (1) that it pulls sprouting corn; (2) that it injures corn in the milk; (3) that it destroys cultivated fruit, and (4) that it feeds on the eggs and young of poultry and wild birds.

Nine hundred stomachs have been examined, but while it has been found that the crow does eat the forbidden food, it has also been seen that the quantity he eats is so small that it is more than counterbalanced by the good he does in destroying injurious insects and harmful animals. Only 3 per cent. of the total food of the crow is sprouting corn and corn in the milk; the rest that he is credited with is mostly waste grain picked up here and there mainly in winter, and so of no economic value. The injury the crow does to cultivated fruits is trivial. Moreover, the eggs and young of poultry and wild birds which he eats constitute only 1 per cent. of his food for the year. The

HOUSE WREN.

prejudice against him is based on an exaggeration of the harm he does, for in each instance it is proved to be insignificant.

Some intelligent farmers who realize the money value of the services of the crows either feed them old corn during the time when the growing corn is in the milk or else tar the corn before planting, in both cases protecting themselves from the injury the bird may do, and at the same time insuring his help in destroying the pests that will surely menace the maturing crop. Tarring must be done carefully to be successful. The best methods are given in the Crow Bulletin (No. 6), pp. 89–91.

But while protecting ourselves from the possible sins of the crow we must credit him with the good he does; 26 per cent. of his entire food consists of insects, the majority of which are grasshoppers, May beetles, cut worms and other injurious kinds. Another of the most important items of the crow's food is mice, and when rabbits and other harmful rodents are added to the list it becomes obvious that the good the bird does exceeds the bad, and that he is deserving the patient encouragement of the farmer. When we consider the work he does as a scavenger, our debt to him becomes still more apparent.

It has been well said that we do not shoot our cows and horses, although they eat our grain throughout the year; and it seems strange indeed that we should be unwilling to feed the birds during a few weeks when they spend the rest of the summer as unpaid day laborers in our farms and gardens, freeing us from pests which threaten to destroy all our profits.

Bluejay.

Like the crow, the bluejay is accused of pulling corn and eating young birds and eggs; 280 stomachs have been examined. In these remains of birds' eggs were found in only three, and of birds in two; 17 per cent. of the food of the year was found to be corn, but on the other hand 22 per cent. was made up of insects, such as grasshoppers and caterpillars, which shows that the jay does more good than harm.

In the matter of grain, the jay seems to take corn when nothing better offers, but evidently prefers mast, the large seeds of trees and shrubs, such as acorns, chestnuts, beechnuts and hazelnuts. This preference is shown by the fact that in the two months when the most corn is to be had—October and November—the bluejay stomachs show only 1 per cent. of corn against 64 per cent. of mast. Moreover, when corn is actually thrown out to the jay, as it often is on beds of chaff by New England farmers in winter, the moment the bare spots appear so that he can pick up his favorite food from the ground he deserts the corn.

The conclusion is that the bluejay has been unduly censured in the matter of eating young birds and eggs, and that, as he does not eat corn when he can obtain mast,

BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

he does less harm in eating corn than good in destroying insects.

House Wren.

The house wren is exclusively insectivorous and therefore highly beneficial. Half of its food is grasshoppers and beetles; it also destroys ants, caterpillars, crickets and spiders.

Cuckoo.

The cuckoo eats so many caterpillars that the walls of its stomach are filled with hairs, making them look like pieces of a felt hat. One cuckoo was found with forty-three caterpillars in its stomach.

Black-Billed Cuckoo.

In sixteen stomachs examined there were 328 caterpillars, fifteen grasshoppers, spiders, etc. The caterpillars were most of them hairy ones, many of them of a kind that lives in colonies and feeds on the leaves of apple and other trees.

Yellow-Billed Cuckoo.

In twenty-one stomachs there were 355 caterpillars, twenty-three grasshoppers, saw flies, potato bugs, locusts, etc. One stomach contained twelve tent caterpillars, and another had 217 fall web worms.

Oriole.

Green corn has been found in one of 118 stomachs and peas in two; but one man who reports that the bird eats grapes adds that it is worth its weight in gold as an insect destroyer. Mr. Lawrence Bruner, in his "Notes on Nebraska Birds," well says: "If we take pains to water our birds during the dry season, they will be much less apt to seek this supply from the juices of fruits that are so temptingly near at hand. Place little pans of water in the orchard and vineyard where the birds can visit them without fear of being seized by the house cat or knocked over by a missile from the alert 'small boy,' and I am sure that the injury to fruit to a great extent at least will cease." Speaking of the Baltimore oriole he adds: "As insect destroyers, both this bird and the orchard oriole have had an undisputed reputation for many years; and the kind of insects destroyed by both are of such a class as count in their favor."

Prof. Beal says: "The oriole is a most potent factor in the destruction of caterpillars, eating so many that if no other insects were taken it would still be classed as a useful bird. It does not, however, restrict its diet to caterpillars, but eats great numbers of injurious beetles and also many bugs and grasshoppers, including beetles that feed on locust and apple trees, and the wire worm, one of the most destructive insects with which the farmer has to contend. In fact the oriole is one of the most useful birds that we have."

Horned Lark; Shore Lark.

It has been complained that the lark eats newly planted wheat and oats, but the examination of fifty-nine stomachs shows that it does not do any appreciable damage to grain crops, and on the other hand it does great good by eating weed seed. As Professor Beal says, "Any bird which eats freely the seeds of such pests as pigweed, bitterweed, amaranth and sorrel should be given the most perfect protection unless it is clearly shown to have bad habits which offset the benefit thus conferred."

Butcherbird.

The butcherbird comes South into the United States in winter, and does good by destroying grasshoppers, mice and English sparrows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SPADE-FOOT TOAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The story of the frogs of Wyndham, in your last issue, reminds me that no one has suggested that some few spade-feet, if that's the proper plural, might have helped in making that great alarm. Few people know this singular animal, which can raise more din than almost any other animal. It is quite rare. It is solitary and lives underground, good reasons for not being well known. About April 18 or 20 last, a few days before I moved from Long Island, there was a great row one evening up the road. A neighbor stopped to ask if we had heard it, and thought that a great fight must be going on among some people living there; perhaps tramps were murdering them!

On opening the door a babel of yells, shrieks and howls greeted us. Imagine a dozen steam calliopes each playing a different tune, while hundreds of Salvation Army bands were trying to silence them, and thousands of bagpipers were screeching to be heard, and you have a notion of the sounds that came down the hill. Two more neighbors from across the harbor came to learn what the difficulty was, and one of them, who is hard of hearing and lived nearly a mile away, said that the noise woke him up. "They're killing somebody," said the deaf man. "What can it be?" asked another. I knew, had heard it years ago, but never before on Long Island.

"Gentlemen," said I, "that music comes from a few spade-foot toads, known to the scientific duffers as *Scaphiopus holbrooki*, and there are probably six or eight of them there, and they are singing their love song in the pond above."

"Six or eight million, you mean, don't you?" asked one; "no such racket as that could be made by toads anyway."

"What did you say his name was?" asked the deaf man.

"Get a lantern and let's go up and see what the row is," said another.

We went, but when the lantern came near them all was still. The light was put out, and soon a shriek rent the air that made the deaf man stand back.

"That's no toad," he said.

"More like the devil," remarked his friend, and then we got it at close range. We could see nothing, and soon left them. Next day I went there and caught two, and was satisfied that I was right. I had not heard them in over forty years, and then only once, but did not know what they were at the time.

This animal is hardly as large as the largest common toad. It is of a brown color, with a yellowish band on each side. It has a horny spade-like attachment to its heel, and is solitary and burrowing, except when it seeks the water for breeding. The question arises: If this noisy animal lived in the hills about me for thirteen years, why did I not hear it before when it was breeding? No doubt the scientists of the Brooklyn Institute, some of whom are now at the laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, could find the tadpoles of this toad in that pond, as it is close by and supplies the hatchery with some water.

After this description it seems possible that the Wyndam frogs might have employed a band of spade-foots to sing the wedding march in "Lohengrin," if it was at the time of year when that music would be appropriate.

FRED MATHER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Copperhead in New England.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reference to the copperhead snake in New England, the inclosed clippings, taken from this week's Sharon, Mass., *Advocate*, may throw some light on the subject. Blue Hill, Milton, has been noted for years as one of the places in Massachusetts for rattlesnakes.

ALBERT E. CRAFTS.

The *Advocate* records: "People who travel leafy woodland ways in this blithe summer time see strange things when they don't have their guns. Some of these things bite and some of them don't, but those discovered in the Blue Hill reservation of late decidedly do, if you give them a chance. Superintendent Hind has at his office near Houghton's Pond a croquet box with a glass top in which dwell three ugly customers, two rattlesnakes and a copperhead. With them is a 5ft. blacksnake, which keeps pretty quiet, and a poor little hop toad. The hop toad doesn't say much either. He seems to feel that he's got into the wrong bed. Blacksnakes and hop toads are well-known inhabitants of the reservation, even the rattlesnakes we have learned to put up with, but the copperhead is a new feature. He is about 2½ft. long, slender in build, with a slim neck and arrow-shaped head. The color is that of old copper, mottled light and dark, and the whole snake looks like a very poor thing to introduce into a Sunday-school picnic. He is an agile little chap and slips about in the box in a happy, careless way that gives the hop toad nervous prostration. He was captured by Supt. Hind himself in the part of the park over toward Quincy, and may be one of those which St. Faxon is busy driving out of Quincy boots. There are people who say that the coppernead is strictly a Southern snake and is not to be found in this section of the country, and that this is merely a harmless snake that looks something like one. When the reporter sees these unbelievers hold the copperhead on their knees and tickle his tail without getting a bicycle face on them he is prepared to believe their story; otherwise he takes the copperhead at his face value and doesn't require him certified."

"The copperhead, hardly heard from since the days of the war, seems again to be prevalent. Some years ago a Ponkapoag man declared that he had seen one and was promptly laughed at, people asking him if it came out of his boot. One has lately been captured in the park, however, and we quote the following from the Milton *News:* 'While mowing in the field the other day Peter McIntyre cut in pieces with his machine a large copperhead snake.'"

Wild Pigeons Bred in Captivity.

IN the last number of the *Auk* Mr. Ruthven Deane contributes an interesting note on some wild pigeons in captivity which are in the possession of Mr. David Whittaker, of Milwaukee, Wis. There are fifteen of these birds, six males and nine females, and the first pair of this flock was obtained by Mr. Whittaker in 1888. The pigeons breed with some regularity, laying only a single egg. The slow increase of the flock has been due to the destruction of the nest and eggs, at times by the female, oftener by others of the flock, and to the killing of young birds after they leave the nests by the old males. The period of incubation is fourteen days. Mr. Deane gives a number of interesting bits of information about the habits of these birds in captivity.

There are a number of records of the breeding of the passenger pigeon in captivity, and, if we recollect aright, Mr. Frank J. Thompson, now of Buffalo, N. Y., who formerly was in charge of the Zoölogical Gardens at Philadelphia and at Cincinnati, was quite successful in rearing these birds, and it is our impression that we published something on this point. In 1887 a note appeared in FOREST AND STREAM which told of the rearing of these birds in confinement by Mr. Ben Frost, a successful pigeon trapper residing in Michigan, not very far from Toledo, O. It would seem, therefore, that the rearing of the passenger pigeon in captivity presents no very great difficulties, and it is greatly to be desired that more extended efforts should be made looking to the breeding of these birds on a larger scale. Similar experiments might advantageously be made with the band-tail pigeon of the Northwest coast.

Game Bag and Gun.

MOOSE AND SOME NEW CAMPS.

AT various times during the past eighteen months I have received a good many letters from sportsmen in different parts of the country asking for information about good grounds for moose-hunting and also reliable guides. To one and all I wrote, describing grounds I knew and guides with whom I am personally acquainted. Many of my correspondents had never hunted moose, some had, but with no success. I have always endeavored to impress upon parties asking for information that there was a great deal of uncertainty connected with moose-hunting even on the best grounds. In calling time the weather may be unfavorable and remain so during the greater part if not the whole of the time you can spend in the woods, also in the still-hunting season a slight thaw or rain will often spoil what would otherwise prove first-rate snow.

Some four or five years ago I considered some parts of Nova Scotia fully as good if not the best moose region I knew of; since I have had reason to change. A friend, who is a resident of the Province, and who is a keen and successful sportsman, and who, although a comparatively young man, had killed twenty-two moose, and who rarely failed to get one or two bulls on every trip, wrote me some time since that his last two trips were failures and that in the future he should try New Brunswick. It was not on account of the scarcity of moose on his former hunting grounds, but for the reason of there being so many hunting parties that whenever he tried calling he would hear others doing the same. While I feel quite sure there are a good many moose now in Nova Scotia, I think it very uncertain about getting shots in calling season for the above reason. My last trip to the Province was to the region around the headwaters of Shelburne River in Shelburne county. I found moose and signs of moose scarcer there that season than I ever did in other parts of that country. Yet Mr. H. W. Hamlyn in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM speaks of the number he found there last season, and I also know that Mr. Hamlyn was successful in the same place for two seasons in succession previous to the year I was there. Again Mr. John Bower, who is game warden in Shelburne, writes me that moose have been plenty the last season, and at the time of writing (some two weeks before the closing of the season) he knew of eighty-two being killed in that part of Nova Scotia.

In my letters to parties who have asked about guides I have given the names of several whom I considered among the best. A. J. Spearen, whose address is Maro, Aroostook county, Maine, and C. R. Peavey, of Oxbow, are two of the number. Spearen is building some camps in a part of Aroostook which he says is good moose ground, and which has not been hunted. I take it he means but little hunted, as I think it would be rather difficult to find a section of Maine which had never been hunted, although I have heard of sportsmen who imagined they had found certain tracts which were unknown to others and of whose location they are very careful never to speak. The new camps of Spearen will be ready before the next season opens. They will be fitted with blankets, canoes and provisions. So much per day will be charged, which includes sportsman's board, guide and board, and use of canoe. The charges are not as high as I have paid in similar camps in western Maine. I shall not give the location of the camps or the route to them. They cannot be reached in a few hours from the railroad, as they are quite a distance back in the wilderness. They can be reached by canoe before the lakes and streams freeze. Spearen will furnish any information required by parties wishing to go there. Last November he took in two sportsmen. On the first trip they had but two days of still-hunting owing to noisy snow; killed a bull moose and two deer in the two days. The second trip was late in the month, and they found some 2ft. of snow with a sharp crust. One day it rained, and, starting out, they got very close to an unusually large bull moose, and the sportsman missed three shots at him. A cow and a two-year-old were seen at the same time.

Now as to Peavey. C. R. Peavey is well known all over Maine as a very successful guide, whether in calling or still-hunting. He writes me that there were nine bull moose killed in his region during the past season, and he was present at the killing of seven of them. He was with a party who killed four bulls, joining them after they had killed one and helping to get the other three in six days' hunting. From Oct. 1 to Jan. 1 he saw thirty-seven moose. Saw three with large heads get away after sportsmen had had good shots. Thirteen caribou were killed around his camps. He also killed one bear and wounded and lost six more. Peavey has just sent me a number of photographs of views at and around his camps. There is one of a moose in the water and one of some caribou on a bog, but the pictures are too small to be reproduced.

Should any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM propose to go on a hunting or fishing trip with either of the guides I have named, I have one request to make. Do not make an engagement with them unless you are sure to keep it. It is very discouraging to a guide to have a party engage him in advance for perhaps the best part of a season, and when the time draws near to suddenly give up the trip or perhaps go somewhere else. Of course there are times when owing to something unforeseen a sportsman cannot keep an engagement with a guide, and from no fault of his own, but I have known of instances where a guide got left in this manner, and when apparently there was no good and sufficient reason for it.

In writing as I have about these two guides I have no pecuniary interest in any sense. I should feel quite confident of shooting a bull moose should I go hunting with either of them, and perhaps what I have said may be of interest to parties wishing to kill their first moose during the season of '96.

C. M. STARK.

THE ALLING GAME PRESERVE.

TACOMA, Wash., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer has read with delight the graphic descriptions of the "Game Preserves of America," as they have appeared in your valued paper, and has noted with approval the extensive efforts which are evidently being made to save our native game from total extinction.

The spirit which prompts these efforts cannot be too highly commended. We have some of it here, though truth compels me to state that as a rule there is a reprehensible carelessness among sportsmen about the observance of the plain rules of game protection.

This tendency to wink at violations of the game laws, and to take a shot at a "hooter" or a flock of young ducks in August, is gradually giving way to a healthier moral tone, and convictions for illegal killing will be as easy here in another decade as they are, or should be, in more advanced society. One of the most potent agencies for the furtherance of this proper and refined spirit is the constant teachings of FOREST AND STREAM, and I am sure that I have witnessed a change of heart in an inveterate "poacher" by giving him my old copies of FOREST AND STREAM, and accompanying him in reading and interpreting the meaning of the words "game protection."

One of our citizens deserves especial mention in this connection, and the earnest and persevering efforts made by Mr. Frank Alling, both to foster the native game and to introduce exotic species, are deserving of the unstinted praise of every true citizen of this State. Fox Island, about six miles long and two miles wide, lies parallel to the mainland and about five miles off shore, a little to the southwest of this city. It is an island gem, well watered and timbered, and abundantly provided with all that profusion of natural bird food which characterizes this whole region. There are a few ranches upon this island owned by farmers who are eager to see its game preserved, and who lend Mr. Alling much valuable assistance in his efforts.

Mr. Alling is rapidly stocking this island with native and imported game, entirely at private expense.

He has liberated large numbers of ring-neck, golden, silver and Reeves pheasants, mountain and valley quail, and quail brought from the north of India. Deer are rapidly multiplying under his protection, and all the birds he has liberated are doing nicely, and are now leading about large coveys of young.

In his efforts at game protection Mr. Alling has the hearty approval and practical assistance of Governor J. H. McGraw, and that also of the local rod and gun club. And he needs all the aid he can secure, for there is a small gang of utterly depraved pot-hunters, one of whom is now in jail for illegal killing, who hang upon the borders of this island and constantly await an opportunity to destroy these beautiful birds. And worse than this, there is somebody even more lost to a sense of right, whose desire to put "Chinese pheasant" upon the bill of fare places a premium upon these illegal and disgraceful practices. It will not be the fault of his excellency, the Governor, nor the neglect of the gun club to prosecute, if these deadly enemies of the game interests of the whole State are not severely punished whenever they are caught.

It should be the earnest, self-imposed duty of every citizen to second the philanthropic efforts being made by Mr. Alling in this direction, and the miserable, selfish nomads, who lurk in the shadows of the "forest primeval" only to desecrate its sacred precincts by deeds unworthy of men, should be given short shift and a long term.

J. A. BEEBE, M. D.

More about Eggs and Albumen.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of the duck egg fake story I inclose a clipping from the mission publication of the Presbyterian Church, which explains where some of the eggs which furnish albumen for the arts really do come from.

J. H. FISHER.

The story as told by Rev. W. J. Nelson, of Tripoli, is of a Syrian egg gatherer: "A vacant room next to our church in Minyara has been made a store. One evening I saw a man come up with two donkeys, each carrying two boxes tied across his back. The owner asked some one to help him, and they very carefully lifted the boxes to the ground. Then came the owner of the store, and seating himself on an empty box removed the grass and straw from the top of one of the boxes and it proved to be full of eggs. Then began the counting and storing of all the sound eggs in other boxes ready for the city. In the four boxes there were 2,161 good eggs, besides about a dozen broken ones. The price of these eggs is thirty-two cents a hundred—less than four cents a dozen. The owner of the donkeys told me that he had been away three or four days collecting the eggs, and often he travels as much as fifty miles from home, going to each village and trading for eggs, in exchange for which he gives soap. But these eggs are not to be eaten. They are sent on camels or donkeys to Tripoli, a camel load being 3,440 eggs. There they go into an egg factory. The shells are broken, the white put in large tin trays and set on shelves to dry. The yolks are put into large casks with salt. These casks are then shipped away across the Mediterranean to France, where the yolks are used in preparing dressing for leather. When the white is dry it is packed up and sent away to Europe, where it is used in photography. So the chickens of Syria are useful to the people of Europe."

THE OLD HUNTER'S RIFLE.

Now rest, old friend, the chase is done;
No more this eye, now dimmed with age,
Shall glance along thy burnished steel;
No more shall hill and valley reel,
And echo back thy furious rage;
So rest in peace, thy work is done.
How oft I've rammed the bullet down
Thy ribbed throat, and primed the charge!
Together we have spent our day,
Alas! a day now passed away.
Together now we near the verge
Of final rest, our labor's crown.
The chase at last is done,
Our course is fully run.

THEO. F. BROOKINS.

ONTARIO GAME PARKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much pleased with the report on American game parks which appeared in your issue of July 18 last, not only because it furnishes the evidence of success in the way of preserving and increasing the large game of the continent, but also because it teaches many lessons as to the foreign animals which may be introdueed into this country with success.

The report of the Blue Mountain Park is a wonderful story of the increase of the different animals when protected and given a fair chance against their many enemies. The enterprise of the late Mr. Austin Corbin cannot be too highly commended on account of the many lessons it teaches, for no doubt his example will be followed to a greater or less extent by governments and private individuals with wonderful advantage to the country.

Under the impression that some of your readers might be interested in a short account of what we are doing in the Province of Ontario, Canada, in the same line, I am induced to send you a short report of the Algonquin National Park and the Rondeau Provincial Park, which the Government has set aside, as the act says, "as public parks and forest reservations, fish and game preserves, health resorts and pleasure grounds, for the benefit, advantage and enjoyment of the people of the Province, subject to the provisions of this act, and of the regulations hereinafter mentioned."

The great object is for the propagation and preservation of the original animals belonging to the Province which, as in other parts of the continent, are fast becoming things of the past. In the northern portion of Ontario we have now probably the best natural hunting grounds for large game on the continent, if not in the world, but each year such numbers of deer are killed by the destructive methods of hunting hitherto allowed that it was felt that something had to be done to prevent the great waste and perhaps total annihilation in the near future of our game animals and birds.

To this end the Government, by act of the Legislature, set apart in 1893 an area comprising the townships of Peck, Hunter, Devine, Biggar, Wilkes, Canisbay, McLaughlin, Bishop, Osler, Pentland, Sproule, Bower, Freswick, Lister, Preston. Dickson, Auglin, Deacon, and portions of McCraney, Butt, Paxton, Ballantyne and Boyd, containing 993,489 acres of land and 115 894 acres of water, in all 1,109,383 acres, equal to 1,733 square miles. The park is thus approximately forty-four miles in length from north to south and forty miles in width from east to west, and is to be known by the name of the Algonquin National Park. It lies between 45° 20′ north latitude and 78° and 79° 8′ west longitude.

In this territory, which is in the Nipissing District, there is a varied character of country, consisting of lakes, rivers, swamps, marshes, hills and valleys, the latter all densely wooded with pine, birch, maple, hemlock, cedar and tamarack, and at present a great resort for moose and deer. All the animals, birds and fish of this section are here in their primitive abundance, such as moose, deer, bears, beaver, wolves, mink, marten, fisher, otter, muskrat. Ruffed grouse are exceedingly plentiful, and Canada grouse or spruce partridge are also found there. The waters, which comprise rivers and lakes, are well stocked with gray or lake trout, salmon, and brook trout, and it is intended that, although this fine game preserve is unfenced, it will be thoroughly guarded by an efficient force of game wardens, who will prevent any disturbance of the existing state of things by hunters and others. It is also intended by the Government to allow the Game Commission of the Province to introduce as an experiment a number of capercailzie, black grouse and ring-necked English pheasants, which it is thought should succeed there. In the waters, too, desirable forms of fish will be tried, and wild rice is being sown largely to encourage the ducks and other aquatic birds. Everything is to be kept in its primitive condition as nearly as possible, except that the streams will be cleared of all obstructions and trails will be made on land, so as to facilitate the journeys of the wardens and tourists from one point to another. A telephone system may in the near future be established for the convenience of the superintendent and his staff of protectors. The only possible drawback to the introduction of foreign game birds will possibly be the length and severity of the winters, for the snow often reaches 4ft. in depth and the thermometer ranges as low sometimes as 30° or 40° below zero. The commission is nevertheless sanguine that the birds named will live and thrive, as all the other conditions are perfect; and if the experiment is successful it will be of incalculable benefit to the country; for, while the park will be a harbor of refuge for hunted animals and birds, which they will soon appreciate, the overflow of game to the surrounding country will be great and will undoubtedly postpone almost indefinitely the time when it will become extinct, more particularly now that the amendments to the Game Act prohibit the taking of deer in the water.

Section 7 of the act of establishment of the park provides that carrying or using firearms or explosives within the said park, except as provided by the regulations for the government and maintenance of the park, hunting with or without firearms or explosives, or trapping or spearing within the limits of said park, is prohibited under a penalty for each offense not exceeding $100, except under special license for the killing of wolves, bears, wolverines, wildcats, foxes or hawks, to be issued by the Commissioner of Crown Lands upon the recommendation of the Superintendent. Fishing is also prohibited under a penalty not exceeding $100 for each offense.

The Rondeau Park is smaller, and is situated on the north shore of Lade Erie. It is the peninsula known as Pointe aux Pins, contains about 5,000 acres, and is well wooded and very suitable for stocking with such birds as wild turkeys, Mongolian pheasants, prairie chickens, quail, etc., and of these a start has been made with one or two hundred, under the care of the Superintendent, Mr. Isaac Gardiner, Morpeth, Ont. The Pointe has long been a favorite resort for summer camping parties, being admirably situated for summer residence in a cool and healthful locality.

DR. G. A. MACCALLUM,
Ontario Game and Fish Commissioner.

DUNNVILLE, Ont., July 28.

MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual meeting of the Minnesota State Game and Fish Protective Association was held at the Windsor Hotel yesterday afternoon. The Association was formed one year ago, for the purpose of assisting the State game warden in the protection of the game abounding in Minnesota's forests and streams, and has at present an active membership of 200, including representatives from every county in the State. Its members are all devotees of the rod and gun, but they do not believe in the indiscriminate slaughter of game out of season in mere wantonness, and the efficiency of their Association may be judged from the following extract from the report of the State Game and Fish Commissioners for 1895:

In all its efforts the board has been ably assisted by the citizens, who are beginning to realize that it is to their advantage to have the game and fish preserved. No other agencies have done so much for the protection of game and fish as the different clubs throughout the State, which have been formed for this purpose. Perhaps none other has done so much as the State Voluntary Game and Fish Protective Association. These gentlemen have spent their money and time, with no hope of reward except to see that our game and fish were protected. The executive agent of the Commission feels personally under a deep obligation to each of the officers of this club, and the Commission as a whole take this opportunity of thanking the members and officers of the State Voluntary Game and Fish Commission for the splendid assistance rendered them. Perhaps most of the work fell on W. L. Tucker, the secretary of that Association; but the others have all worked faithfully, and reported everything that came under their notice to the executive agent. It would make this report too long to go into detail and mention all the members and officers' names; it is enough to know that they have worked faithfully and in harmony with the Commission, and had only one object in view, and that the preservation of our game and fish.

The chief subject before the meeting was a proposed amendment to the constitution providing for the admission of clubs through the State whose coöperation, it was considered, would be of vast good in furthering the objects of the Association. Heretofore there has only been provision for individual membership, and the members of clubs in the different country towns did not seem to desire an affiliation with the State organization, as their objects were the same, and a union would only increase their individual assessments. This objection was, however, done away with by the adoption of an amendment to the constitution of the State organization, which now provides for the issuance of membership certificates to clubs of more than ten members upon the payment of an annual assessment of $5; clubs admitted under the amendment will be regular members of the Association and enjoy all of the privileges heretofore extended to individual members, with the exception of having but one vote in the meetings. It is hoped by the new plan to gain an additional membership to the State Association of nearly 400.

By a unanimous vote it was decided to enlarge the executive committee from nine to fourteen members. The five additional committeemen will be appointed from St. Paul and Minneapolis, in order that, in case of the need of a special or hurried meeting, a quorum may be more readily gotten together.

With one exception the officers were all re-elected. C. S. Benson has become a member of the State Game and Fish Commission, and his place as first vice-president was filled by the selection of L. Theilman, of St. Cloud. The officers of the Association for the ensuing year, therefore, are the following: President, Uri L. Lamprey, St. Paul; First Vice-President, L Theilman, St. Cloud; Second Vice-President, F. F. Davis, Minneapolis; Third Vice-President, E. S. Palmer, Duluth; Secretary, William L. Tucker, St. Paul; Treasurer, William L. Wolford, Minneapolis; Attorney, H. P. Goodenow, St. Paul.

On motion President Lamprey was instructed to select the five additional members of the executive committee. Three will be chosen from Minneapolis and two from St. Paul.

The report of Secretary Tucker was brief, but encouraging. He cited the excellent and practically unrequited work of the volunteer wardens of the Association, and said that poachers were becoming afraid to violate the law because they did not know at what moment they might be under the watchful eye of one of the members of the Association. This, Mr. Tucker explained, was one of the benefits derived from keeping the names of members a secret. They could thus work in the dark, and were better prepared to catch poachers. With the change in the constitution, which will be taken advantage of by about seventeen rod and gun clubs in the State, Mr. Tucker said the membership of the Association would be greatly increased, and he predicted that next season it would be in a position to make its name and influence a wholesome check to evildoers.

President Lamprey commended the Association on its good work in his address, and he also spoke a good word for the State Game and Fish Commission, and said that great credit was due Executive Agent Fullerton for the promptness with which he follows up cases presented by the Association, securing convictions and promptly suppressing violations of the law. W. L. TUCKER.

[A description of the Tucker cup and report of the tournament are given in our trap columns.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at least by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

A Roedeer Hunt in Germany.

From a private letter.

GLAUCHAU, Oct. 21, 1895.—*My Dear Elmer:* I have only time to give you a few lines of the hunting trip—when I made the double on deer.

Arrived here 2 A. M. and found my faithful friend Carl Gunther at the station. Went to bed at 2:30. Was called at 8 and donned a hunting suit furnished by the same friend, and after breakfast drove into the country about three miles. Nine gunners—fancy such a crowd. This was not all. We had ten sturdy farmers with sticks and they were the drivers. In brief: the gunners surround a patch of timber, about 75 to 100yds. apart, and the drivers go in and try to frighten the deer and hares, which we were after. They invariably run out straight and cross a field to the next timber, and in this way they are hunted. It is seldom a hare gets away from these Germans. It is seldom that deer are killed here, as they are so scarce, but we brought in three deer and eight hares as the result of four hours' hunting.

I had a 16-bore hammer gun loaded with No. 3 shot. Fancy my disgust to be armed with such a weapon. Well, after missing five good shots on hares, I became disgusted with the gun, and said I would throw it away. One man had killed a deer. I was envious and mad; said I wouldn't fire my gun if I saw game. Well, we had surrounded the last little strip of timber, and within sight of a country tavern, where we were to dine. The drivers began their noise, and behold, 20yds. in front of me not one, but two deer jumped out and started tandem fashion across the field, running as only deer can run. I think I had been asleep all the morning, but this sight opened my eyes. My gun spoke twice and two deer lay dead, 10ft. apart, and both died without a struggle.

I was surrounded by hunters and drivers, and congratulations from all. In fact, they wanted me to drink a barrel of beer at the inn, but two glasses satisfied my thirst. I am the talk of Glauchau, and they point to me and say, "The American who made a *doubletta* on *reh*" (double on deer). To shoot a deer here is not strange, but to make a double on deer is extraordinary, and to have the opportunity, even once in one's life, is more than extraordinary. JOE.

Have Sportsmen Degenerated?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wrote you a letter which you were kind enough to publish in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 1, but which owing to a mistake in the heading switched the whole thing off at a foreign tangent. I put for a heading, "Have Sportsmen Degenerated?" and it comes out "How Sportsmen Originated." My penmanship has often been the subject of much sarcasm, the crow tracks and inked caterpillar comparisons doing noble service in that respect. But I feel a just pride in being able to write an article of such merit that it will fit any heading as nicely as a glove to the hand. My purpose was to show that we had no genuine sportsmen of the present day, but only flimsy imitations, and not to show their origin; for the dudish specimens we meet on their way to a day's outing for the purpose of playing hunter or fisher could not have an origin in the class of Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson and others. DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

[Our correspondent must of course have formed his notion of the old-time sportsmen (if the men cited were sportsmen) from his reading; and he appears to have drawn his notion of the sportsmen of to-day from hearsay.]

A Birch Bark Woods Note.

MR. WM. W. BLIVEN sends us a birch bark letter inclosed in a birch bark envelope, sent to him from Rainbow in the Adirondacks, and telling of the deer there. "Almost any evening," writes James M. Wardner, "one may see four or five deer by paddling up the stream. One evening I went up the stream with a gentleman who wished to see a deer; we saw nine and heard many more on the way back, when it was too dark to see. During one forenoon six deer were seen just across from the house."

New York Protectors.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTORS AND FORESTERS.

J. WARREN POND, Chief Protector, Albany.
William Wolf, Clerk to Chief.
John E. Leavit, Assistant Chief, Johnstown.
M. C. Worts, Assistant Chief, Oswego.
Sebastian Hesbach, Oyster Protector, Ozone Park.
Edgar Hicks, Oyster Protector, West New Brighton.
John Ferguson, Assistant Oyster Protector, Patchogue.
J. L. Ackley, Penn Yan, Yates county.
F. S. Beede, Keene Valley, Essex county.
George Carver, Lyons, Wayne county.
S. T. Clock, Bay Shore, Suffolk county.
T. H. Donnelly, Perry, Wyoming county.
L. S. Emmons, Oneonta, Otsego county.
Ira Elmendorf, Brodhead, Ulster county.
Eugene Hathaway, Harrisville, Lewis county.
Spencer Hawn, Cicero, Onondaga county.
James Holmes, Apalachin, Tioga county.
Carlos Hutchins, Indian Lake, Hamilton county.
Willett Kidd, Newburgh, Orange county.
A. B. Klock, Herkimer, Herkimer county.
J. D. Lawrence, Bloomville, Delaware county.
J. H. Lamphere, Weedsport, Cayuga county.
J. W. Littlejohn, Loon Lake, Franklin county.
E. J. Lobdell, Northville, Fulton county.
B. H. McCallum, Oswegatchie, St. Lawrence county.
Joseph Northup, Alexandria Bay, Jefferson county.
J. H. O'Brien, Plattsburg, Clinton county.
O. S. Potter, Sandy Creek, Oswego county.
F. M. Potter, Chautauqua, Chautauqua county.
S. M. Prouty, Whitehall, Washington county.
D. N. Pomeroy, Lockport, Niagara county.
W. L. Reed, Canandaigua, Ontario county.
R. M. Rush, Camden, Oneida county.
Bernard Salisbury, Ellicottville, Cattaraugus county.
Nicholas Shaul, Middle Grove, Saratoga county.
George B. Smith, Horseheads, Chemung county.
Alvin Winslow, Stony Creek, Warren county.
E. I. Brooks, Brookmere, Monroe county.
E. A. Hazen, Protector for the Thousand Islands, Hammond, St. Lawrence county.
James Green, Caldwell, Warren county, Custodian of Lake George Islands.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
TO FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

How the Lop-Eared Hound was Fooled.

Up among the green hills of Vermont two country ball nines were contending for supremacy one hot afternoon in an old pasture. Among the assembled spectators was a sad-faced lop-eared "houn' dog" which had previously been investigating the contents of a woodchuck hole. He had worked his passage in until no dog was visible, but a steady stream of dirt shooting out like the blast from the blow pipe of a sawmill proclaimed that the investigation was still on. Becoming tired of this, the hound was sitting down watching the home team getting "done up," when suddenly, without warning, he shot across the field with a trajectory as flat as a .32-40 and with nearly the same velocity. The cause was soon apparent. Several little girls were coming up through a hollow and one was just tall enough for her brown hat to show through the fringe of grass on the rising ground in front. When the hound came near enough for the supposed woodchuck to merge into a hat with a girl under it he stopped an instant with a look of horrified surprise. A yell arose from the assembled farmers who had seen the incident, and this so mortified the hound that he made straight for home and was invisible for several days. BAH-KO-NE GAD.

Coon Skin Currency.

Time was when coon skins allus had their vally in trade at the store an' 'most any shoemaker shop in Bullskin township. Prob'ly old Onc Lisha also knowed their usefulness for makin' whang luther, which is the best kind for strings and mendin' gears. You bet they was a kind of circulatin' medium nobody couldn't corner, mainly because speckilaters had to ketch the coons first, which animals don't circulate in Wall street, N. Y. Since the crime of makin' better money coon hides is demoneytized an' coons is gettin' a heap harder to ketch, which is natural.

Wampum was a fashionable kind of circulatin' money the Indians had plenty of, and it has been demoneytized too. Wampum is a little long kind of shells, about as scarce as hen's teeth, which they look a good bit like. Scratchin' gravel on the ridge huntin' wampum has gone out of fashion entirely, but most likely both wampum an' coons would be easier to get if they was recognized as money again. Maybe there are some other things besides wampum an' coon hides that would do for new kinds of money and would be easier to get, especially in bad huntin' weather an' in summer, when the fur is no good. We've long been wantin' more money on the ridge, and we jine in demandin' free coinage of everything suitable, specially coon skins and other precious hides. Then life will be wuth livin' again in Bullskin township, Fiatt county, Pennsylvany. Yours truly,

DEACON.

Sea and River Fishing.

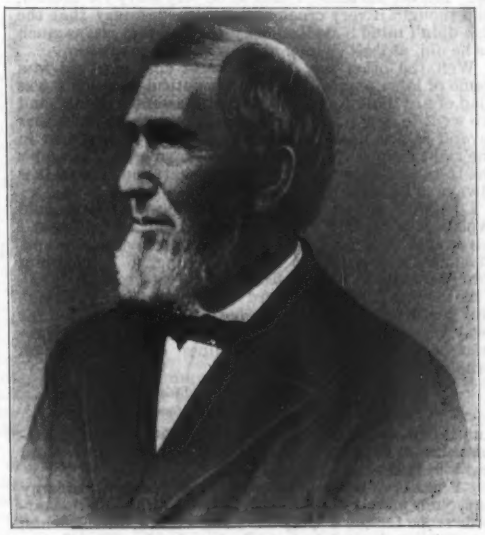
MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

V.—George Dawson.
VI.—Maj. George S. Dawson.

In writing the third article of this series it was recorded that at one time John Atwood and I went trouting in a small stream back of Kinderhook Landing, on the river, a place some eighteen miles below Greenbush. This trip led to my first fishing trip with George Dawson, who was a man twenty years my senior, and it came to pass in this way. About 1850 my people moved across the river into Albany, and I was a student in the "Classical Institute" of Prof. Charles H. Anthony, on Eagle street. Among the scholars was George S. Dawson, eldest son of George Dawson, who at that time was assistant editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*. Young George heard of that trip and told his father about the catch of trout in that stream, and it led to an interview. Mr. Dawson wanted to go, and we would take an early train for Kinderhook station, on the B. & A. R. R., and if the distance was too far to the brook he would hire a horse to take the three near the stream, for George S. would go. This seemed a reckless bit of extravagance to a boy whose whole expenditures for fishing had been a few pennies for hooks and lines and of leg muscle to get to the fishing places.

The only thing that serves to fix the time of year is the memory that pond lilies were in bloom: the cat-tails were just pushing up their curious blooms, and had not burst to scatter their seeds, and the black-cap raspberries were ripe. It must have been early in July, for the swallows were skimming the meadows, and had not begun to congregate on the telegraph wires. These things are recalled by Mr. Dawson's wish to take home the pond lilies, our picking berries near the railroad station, and young Dawson's doubt of my statement that swallows could gather on wires charged with electricity. What a thing is a man's memory, and by how slight a cord is it tied to the past! The exact year is forgotten, but it was before 1854, probably three years before. Mr. Dawson carried a short hand-made rod of some kind of wood, with ring guides, the first thing of the kind I had seen, and that gave me the impression that he must be a very superior angler, especially as he said that his father had brought expensive rods for trout fishing from Scotland, but they had been lost. This was a revelation! "Expensive rods"—he called them "rods"—and the idea of paying money for such things when we could cut an alder pole and thought it expensive to buy fish hooks and lines, but, like the Irishman's owl which he had bought for a parrot, I said nothing, "but kept up a devil of a thinking." If money had been more plentiful in boyish pockets it is doubtful if its expenditure would have been in the direction of "fish poles," which could be cut anywhere and thrown away after use. This was a bit of dilettanteism in angling that hardly seemed consistent with our primitive ideas of using only those things which nature furnished, always excepting hooks and lines. His hooks were also a revelation. We used only Limericks of large size, and boys usually prefer big hooks because they look so strong, and they fear that a big fish may break a small hook. Mr. Dawson's hooks were small and the wire was slim, but they were long in the shank, something like the hook now known as the "New York trout," if not the same, and the most wonderful thing about them was that they were neatly put on gut snells, another new thing. He rigged my line with one of the smallest hooks and discarded the sinker, which before seemed to be an indispensable part of a fishing outfit, and he showed us how to fish down stream and how we must keep a good distance apart. We fished with worms, and the slim, long-shanked hooks were perfect, because they did not break a small worm, and allowed the use of a generous bait on the long wire. How I treasured a dozen of these hooks which he gave me, and how some boys looked at them with envy, and others sneered at them, saying, "A big fish would bite 'em in two," are things well remembered.

The stream was small, in places one could jump across it; then it would widen out, sometimes in deep holes and at others in shallow riffles, through meadows most of the way and often fringed with alders, which troubled the angler to use his rod. In the latter case trout would be hauled in as on a hand line. There was no landing net in the party. At this time the existence of such an implement was unknown to us boys; we hauled in a fish, unhooked it, and either strung it on a twig and carried the string or let the fish hang in the water to keep alive. This day the latter mode was not practicable. The trout in this stream did not run very large, perhaps from 4 to 6oz.; but the new kind of hooks, the absence of a sinker and the consequent ability of the fish to fight, made it the grandest event in all my fishing and one ever to be



GEORGE DAWSON.

remembered. The day was perfect: a light breeze, the sun not too bright, and the fish taking the bait freely. Crawling through the brush or skipping the places where it was too thick to get a short rod and line in the water, we worked slowly down stream. I had let my hook drift under a log in a hole on the other side of the stream when a trout struck it hard. We had not arrived at that point in fine angling when reels were used, and the strike caught me with my tip lowered, and there was a struggle which soon ended in the line being fast to some immovable thing and a strong pull parted it, and for the first time the biggest got away. This has happened to others.

Surely it is hard to tell, at this late day, whether grief over the loss of a big fish overtopped the grief of losing one of those marvelous hooks, but that grief in solid chunks was abundant in a little clump of swamp willows is certain. The gut snell was frayed and had parted in the middle as if chafed over something rough; and after bending on a new hook I came upon young George near a little foot bridge, on which most of his clothing lay in a wet state.

"What's the matter, George?"

"Fell in. How many you got?"

"Nine, nice ones; but I just lost an old whopper and one of those hooks your father gave me. How many have you got, and how did you fall in?"

"I only caught three; the fish get scared as soon as they see you and scoot away. I was after one that started down stream, and stepped on a slippery stone and just plunked in, that's all."

After pointing out to him that trout must not be chased in order to make them take the hook, he was reminded of what his father had told him about not letting the fish see him, but in his anxiety to get a worm under a trout's nose all rules had been forgotten. The morning's work had brought on a first-class appetite on my schoolmate as well as on me, and Mr. Dawson had the material to alleviate and cure that gnawing sensation if he could be found. Leaving all my traps and fish at the foot bridge, I started down stream to find Mr. Dawson. Soon he hove in sight, coming up stream, and he had a string of about twenty fine trout. "It's getting near midday and the fish are not biting well, so we might as well rest and eat a bite," said he, "and then by the time we are through and walk back to the station the freight train will be along and we will go back in the caboose, as the agent said, for if we wait here for more fishing we will not get home to-night, as the fish will not be on the feed again before an hour or two of sundown."

Capt. George S. Dawson, Second New York Artillery, stationed in the defenses of Washington, near Alexandria, in 1863, came to visit me when my regiment occupied the forts from Tennallytown on the Harper's Ferry road to Fort De Russy, near the Seventh street road, and we had a grand review of the schoolboy days and of the only fishing trip that we ever had together. Said he: "That day will ever be remembered, for in my case it filled the proverbial measure of fisherman's luck, and that lunch! Did you ever strike anything so fine?" His regiment, in June, 1864, was in the Second Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac; while mine was in the Fourth Brigade of the same division and corps. While we lay in the trenches at Cold Harbor I sent him a note asking if he was catching many trout now, and he answered, in effect, that his regiment caught something else in the charge on June 3, and to the best of his knowledge the Seventh Artillery had some of the same brimstone. The official records show that the Second lost 215 officers and men killed, wounded and missing in that terrible assault on the impregnable works at Cold Harbor, mainly in the charge on the morning of June 3, 1864. My message had the desired effect, it showed that my schoolmate had lived through the storm and was still on duty. Twelve days later our brigades were halted near each other preparatory to forming for the battle which took place next day, and he sought me out. In the few minutes' chat he ran over several incidents of school days and referred to good old Prof. Anthony and our trouting. That day's fishing was firmly fixed in his mind. I never fished with him again and do not know that he ever went fishing after that time. In later years, while fishing with his father, we often talked of the Major, and he was a favorite subject with the elder George, but no reference to his fishing, except on that one occasion, was ever made.

A bugle call broke our conference, and with a hurried grip of the hand Capt. Dawson said: "I think we will intrench here and besiege Petersburg, and then we can visit often. Good-bye."

There was a siege of Petersburg after the assault on the enemy's works on June 16, but Capt. Dawson took no part in it. A rifle shot just above the left knee, which he thought only a flesh wound and which the surgeon termed "a thirty days' scratch"—meaning a furlough for that length of time—took him off the field; and twenty-four hours later, while on his way to the Second Corps hospital at City Point, he was strong enough to hold in his lap the head of a poor fellow whose leg had been amputated. Whether the wound was more serious than was at first supposed, or because of the jolting in the ambulance, his leg was amputated shortly after reaching the hospital, and he was sent by steamer to Washington, where he remained four months before he was allowed to be taken home. Shortly after reaching Washington his commission as major was received. "That's good," said he; "when my leg gets a little better I'll be mustered in as major, and then I can join my regiment as a mounted officer; for a fellow with one leg is of no use in the line, and I want to see this war fought to the end." Poor fellow! he died on Dec. 6, nearly four months after receiving his wound, aged twenty-six and a half years. The post mortem showed that the bone was injured above the amputation, and in army parlance he is still "awaiting muster." As a schoolboy he was very bright and studious, and although several years my junior he helped me out in my studies and "exams." many times. After leaving school he entered the service of Weed, Parsons & Co., publishers, and was a member of the Tenth Regiment, N. Y. Militia, before the war. Early in the war he offered his services as a private, but was rejected because of a defect in one eye from an accident in childhood, but he was bound to go in some capacity, and after the Second Artillery left Albany there was a vacant first lieutenantcy, and he got the appointment and joined the command at Staten Island, before it left the State, and was afterward made captain. No less a poet than Alfred B. Street wrote quite a long poem on "George Seward Dawson, Major Second New York Artillery, died from wounds received before Petersburg, June 16, 1864." After his death the Governor of the State forwarded to the bereaved father a brevet commission for his son (in memoriam) of lieutenant-colonel, "for gallant and meritorious conduct before Petersburg, Va." His regimental comrades bore witness to his soldierly qualities in a set of resolutions sent to his father, and Post No. 63, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, of Albany, is named "George S. Dawson," after the young soldier whose life of promised usefulness was, like so many others, brought to a sudden end, but cannot be considered wasted.

George Dawson, while a trenchant political writer, was also fond of depicting life in the woods and on the streams. With pleasure I renewed my acquaintance with him in later years, when peace reigned in the land, and by invitation accompanied him to the Adirondacks when both were familiar with the use of the fly in luring the trout. He was born in Falkirk, Scotland, in 1813, and came with his parents to America five years later. He had no early schooling, but learned the printer's trade before he was thirteen, and educated himself. Then he went to Rochester and worked for Thurlow Weed, editor of an anti-Masonic paper, and in 1836 Dawson became editor of the Rochester *Democrat*. Weed was afterward editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and in 1846 Dawson joined him as assistant editor. Weed retired in the stirring days of 1862 and Mr. Dawson took his place as editor and proprietor of the *Journal*, then as now one of the leading papers of the State of New York, and it soon became known that the pen of the new man was a most vigorous one. His love of nature was a most prominent trait, and fishing was his favorite means of enjoying this love. Once while on the way to the Adirondacks with him I remarked: "The woods to me is a place to loaf." If I had read Whitman then I would have added, "and invite my soul," but only added, "A couple of hours' fishing morning and evening is all I want; if the fish bite good it is well; if not, the trying for them suffices."

"My boy," he replied, "that is just exactly my own notion, and I have a dislike for the companionship of the bustling, busy angler who fishes as long as he can see to do it, morn, noon and dewy eve, in the hope of getting the last trout in the water. Such a man makes a labor of fishing; I go to the woods for rest and other attractions, purer, higher and more ennobling than the mere act of taking fish."

He put these same words down in a notebook, and while in camp wrote an account of the trip to the *Journal* and used them in its columns in June, 1873, now before me.

Once in writing of "how really garrulous are the silent men of meditative mood," and relating how, when in the woods, their faces would be illuminated by the passing thoughts while they were really communing with distant

friends, and their silence was only seeming, and musing in an abstracted way was a rare and pleasant gift, he said: "It is not so with the chronically absent-minded, who may be heavy-browed, but are vinegar-visaged and constitutionally morbid, and would no sooner think of angling than of robbing the exchequer of the realm. An editor's life is neither the best nor the worst in which to cultivate this rare gift. There are those in the profession who can so concentrate their thoughts that the pertinacious pleadings of a score of office-seekers cannot tangle the thread of their meditations. And sometimes even the least abstracted among us have to throw off sentences amid such persistent din that bedlam itself would blush at the clatter. What little of the art came to me by nature and compulsory practice has been strengthened by the opportunities for silent meditation afforded by the habit of angling." Thus spoke the weary political editor, and we read between the lines his disgust with the horde of office-seekers, who under the ante-civil-service laws rendered miserable the life of every man who had "inflocence" in the smallest degree; but the deduction which he draws, that the practice of angling conduces to deliberate thought, is one that should commend its practice to parents as the best of all sports for their sons. The murdering instincts of a boy are often satisfied with the death of a low form of animal life which cannot suffer as much pain as mammals or birds, under any circumstances, because their nervous organizations are lower. Shakespeare was greatly in error when he wrote, in effect, that "the smallest worm when trodden under foot feels pangs as great as when a giant dies." (Memory.) Suffering is entirely a matter of nerves. A worm which can be cut in two and go on living and perhaps grow into two worms cannot suffer much. Pull a lobster's claw from its body and a new one grows. Pull a limb from a mouse and the animal dies.

Under date of July 3, 1878, Mr. Dawson wrote me: "No pastime is so attractive to me as angling; and when not at it I greatly like to talk and write about it, ethically, not scientifically, for I have never been able to master an *ology* of any kind," and then he goes on to ask about the details of grayling fishing. Some time before this I called on him and enlarged on the pleasures of a trip to the Au Sable River, Michigan, with Mr. Daniel H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, and of the capture of the gentle grayling. He listened awhile and then asked:

"How large do grayling grow?"

"Those we took were fish that would weigh from ¾ to 1¼lbs., but some have been taken that would weigh as much as 2lbs."

"My boy," he seemed to be fond of addressing me in this way, perhaps because of the fact of the great disparity of years when we first fished together back of Kinderhook Landing, or because his son, George S., was my schoolmate, "you talk enthusiastically about this new fish, which never exceeds 2lbs. in weight; did you ever take a salmon?"

"No, but—"

"Well, I have, and the grayling may be a good little fish for those who have never hooked bigger game, but it seems rather small to one who has taken a salmon."

This was a setback from an enthusiastic angler, and after pulling myself together I ventured to suggest that his angling literature, as far as I had read it, rather placed the weight and number of fish in the background, and that, as the originator of the saying that "it is not all of fishing to fish," I had thought that the newly discovered grayling might interest him. He saw the point at once, became interested in the fish and went to Michigan to take them, an account of which can be found in his "Angling Talks," published by FOREST AND STREAM in 1883—a most interesting little work, full of flavor of the woods and waters.

Mr. Dawson died Feb. 17, 1888, after a few days' illness, aged seventy years. His life had been such an active one, and as a political leader he was so prominent, that his death produced a profound sensation. The Albany *Argus*, politically opposed to Mr. Dawson, said of him: "To journalism this man bore no undistinguished relation. He was a ready, wise, dangerous writer. He was a Greek to be feared when he came bearing presents. * * * He was very able in stating a case for a party; he was even abler in stating a case against a party. He was ablest in giving a man either a fatal defense or a fatal attack. His genius ran to combat; battle was his element. Routine tired him. Peace gave him a sense of *ennui*."

About five months before his death he retired from his editorial labors, although his well-knit frame and compact form showed no more sign of weariness than did his mind. The *Argus* said: "Pneumonia wrestled the life out of this Scot, they say. Doubtless it did. 'Twas pneumonia of which he died. But how came his constitution to take it? Through cold? Why, he had summered for years in water knee-high, or waist-high, putting up jobs on fish. Why, he had repeatedly slept on the floor of lumber cabins o' winter nights, his feet to a fire and his head under an open window, in the Michigan woods. He had the conquering will that defied wet and blasts. Did his prolonged labors undermine his constitution? Emphatically no! He was ever strongest in harness. When he went to press every day he went to bed every night to sleep the easy-breathing, refreshing sleep of a boy. Knocking off work unsettled this man's strength. Labor was a tonic to him. He would have lived through sheer love of labor had he remained a scalp taker, every day, armed with his keen pen and keener thought. None can be blamed. He quitted work because he said he wanted to quit it. He thought that lessening the tension would enable him to play in the youth of old age. And he loved to play. But work was his best play. Then he played with thunder."

Only once did Mr. Dawson hold public office. He was postmaster of Albany from 1861 to 1867, at a time when his pen was most actively engaged in the patriotic work of upholding the integrity of the Union. But he did not stop at writing editorials and equipping his eldest son for the army. He publicly announced that he would pay to the families of any six printers who would volunteer $4 per week during the time they remained in the United States service, and he did it. One of the six, Charles Van Allen, of Bethlehem, Albany county, went out with my regiment in August, 1862, and died in Andersonville prison Sept. 18, 1864. His wife received the pay for nearly a year after he died, or for the full term of his enlistment, some $624, all to one family.

George Dawson was a member of the Baptist Church, a Sunday-school teacher and lay preacher. A noble man and a most charming one to be in camp with. Entirely without ostentation, his acts of charity were known to but few, and if within his power his pencil would be drawn through most of these lines, written by one who is proud to have known him, and to have called him friend.

FRED MATHER.

THE FISH IN THE SWIM AND AFTER.

What he does and why he does it.

THE one particular fisherman is Rex L. I don't think there is any need for me to give you his name in full, is there now? And he it is who taught me all that I know about fish and fishing, at least about the scientific part of it. I adore science if the teacher only makes it interesting, but how many professors are there who have that happy faculty? I only know that if Rex, dear old fellow, had been the science professor in our school I should have known a great deal more than I do about many things.

I knew Rex ever so many years ago, when I was quite a little girl. I think I always knew him; but the longest ago that I remember clearly is one summer when I was ten years old and we were all in camp in the Adirondacks, and Rex had a camp near us and took me out in his boat fishing with him. I dearly loved the excitement of fighting with the fish, especially when it was a big fish, that rushed first to all points of the compass, then jumped into the air and dived down again, "flirting between zenith and nadir," as Rex says, which are really not points of the compass at all, although I don't see why they shouldn't be. But all the same, I used to be very sorry for the fish, and thought it very cruel, and Rex used to say that the fish didn't mind it at all and enjoyed the sport just as much as he did, at least as long as they were in the swim.

Well, the other day Rex came to challenge me to a game of lawn tennis. It was a beautiful day and I was glad of anything for distraction, so I assented gladly, and we went to the park and had a lovely game, or rather several games, until I was not exactly tired, but just in the right frame of mind for sitting down with Rex under the trees and enjoying a delightful chat; and Rex's talk is always so instructive and interesting.

I don't know how it happened. I dare say Rex could explain it to me if I were to ask him; but all at once I felt as if it were the old Adirondack times over again and Rex and I was sitting in the boat fishing, so I asked him if he were still as fond of fishing as he used to be.

At the mention of the word fishing a soft light came into his eyes—and Rex has beautiful eyes—and a far away yearning look, which made me realize the appropriateness of those charming lines of Campbell's on Arnold Winkleried:

> "You might have seen with sudden grace
> The very thought steal o'er his face."

And Rex leaned back against the tree in an easy, graceful attitude, with his hands clasped around his knees and began to talk.

"Yes, I love fishing," he said in a pleasant, dreamy way, "not merely for the sport itself, although that affords scope for the display of some of the finer talents; nor even for the indulgence of what may be scientifically characterized as the ultimate motive, that is the providing the fish for the pan; although the appetite engendered by a day's sport, and the admirable suitability of the fish to gratify and alleviate it at the same time, produce a sense of satisfaction with ourselves and our surroundings, which is really nothing more than an intuitive apprehension of the beautiful adaptation of means to ends which pervades all nature.

"But the real charm of fishing is in the accessories: collateral enjoyments, to which the instinctive impulse to go fishing is only an admirable provision of nature to guide us to higher pursuits. Nature allures us as we allure the fish, by holding before us an object which lures our senses, as the well-tied fly lures the senses of the fish; but having enticed us into the wilderness, away from the engrossing pursuits of city life, the scales fall from our eyes, which are opened to the calm enjoyment of the somber and stately pine forests, the sublimity of the mountain peaks, the busy hum of the omnipresent mosquito and the bright, laughing ripple on the face of the sparkling brook. The phenomena thus transmitted through the senses generate impressions upon the sensitive substance of the brain, which by reflex action upon half obliterated impressions of bygone experiences carry a man outside himself as it were, and cause his whole being to swell with mingled emotions. Yes, catching fish," he continued, "is not the whole of fishing."

There was a pause after this, during which Rex appeared to be recalling bygone scenes, while I was methodically engaged in committing his instructive lesson to memory.

"But about the fish," I asked at length, "is it not painful for them? I can't help putting myself in their place."

"That is where you err," he said; "you can only approach the problem objectively, and it is consequently impossible for me to analyze the precise state of mind in which the fish participate in the sport. Fish have brains, which, although smaller in proportion to their frames than those of the higher vertebrates, are nevertheless constructed on the same general type, and as function corresponds to organ, it is perfectly safe to conclude that they have intelligence; but no matter what the measure of their intelligence, they can reason only from the facts as they present themselves, and from their previous experiences.

"Now, what are the facts in the case of a fish taking an artificial fly? He tries to get away with it, and his first impression is doubtless one of astonishment that so small a creature should have so strong a pull, and his one dominant idea is to hold fast to him. His destructive impulse is in the ascendant. When he finds he can get no further, and that the fly is dragging him against his will, the combative impulse is aroused; he grasps the fly viciously, makes a determined plunge, and revels in the delicious sense of final triumph over his small but powerful foe, and in the pleasurable excitement springing from the healthy exercise of all his powers and the fierce ferment of his emotions. When at length he is momentarily exhausted with the struggle and finds the fly leading him whither he would not, he goes quietly, that he may recover his breath and be prepared for a renewal of the joyous struggle. His sensations as he alternately yields and triumphs presumably correspond precisely with those of the fisherman, the joyous excitement in both cases being tempered on the fisherman's part with anxiety lest the fish should ultimately get away, and on the part of the fish lest he should finally have to let go the fly."

"But surely," I objected, "the hook must give the fish great pain."

"Not at all," he replied. "In the first place, by a beautiful ordination of nature the horny plates of a fish's mouth are without any nerves of sensation, and even if a fish be hooked in some other part provided with nerves, the nervous sensibility of fish is very low, the only pain is in the momentary prick, and that is forgotten instantaneously in the excitement of the sport. No matter how much a fish's mouth may be torn, he is always ready to renew the struggle with a second fly, after he has had time to recover his wind."

"But surely," I urged again, "the poor fish must be filled with anxiety and alarm when he finds that he cannot get rid of the fly and recover his liberty."

"By no means," rejoined Rex. "You argue on the hypothetical presumption that the fish has your knowledge of the ultimate consequences to which it is all tending, providing, which is not always the case, that the fisherman triumphs; but these ultimate consequences altogether transcend the fish's experience. What can an inexperienced fish know about frying pans. No, the conclusions of science are that the fish experiences the most delicious excitement in angling which his nature is capable of, at least as long as he is in the swim."

"Yes," I retorted, "as long as he is in the swim. But what about his sensations after he is in the boat? Do not his struggles there indicate pain and anxiety amounting to terror?"

"No," rejoined Rex, "all his struggles after coming to the landing net are fairly attributable to reflex action. You know what that is?"

"Perhaps not quite clearly in the case of the fish," I replied, "please explain."

"Well, it is an activity which he is bound to engage in by the mere property of his physical constitution, irrespective of any mental effort—in fact an activity which his body must engage in whether his mind assents or not. In illustration: if you were to let me take off your boot and tickle the sole of your pretty little foot, you would draw it away immediately."

"Yes, of course," I retorted, "because I should feel it."

"No, not because you would feel it," he replied, "but because you couldn't help it. If a man's back was broken he would have no consciousness of any feeling in his feet, but if anyone were to tickle them he would draw them away precisely as if he did feel it, by what is called simple automatic reflex action, which means that one part of a sensitive substance, being touched, receives an impression which is at once communicated to other parts and sets them in motion. In your case it would be a double-actioned automatic movement, because the impression would be simultaneously transmitted to the brain, in which it would produce not only an impression, but a sensation also, and your will would give voluntary assent to a movement which under any circumstances would be made involuntarily. The struggles of a fish on a hook when he is being pulled in and finds he cannot get rid of the fly are also the result of double automatic reflex action, which impels him to reflect upon himself and upon the fly, but not to cast reflections upon the fisherman, whose character and motive and part in the programme altogether transcend the fish's experience."

Of course I wouldn't let him tickle my foot, because I know exactly what the sensation is; but I wouldn't have thought it possible that a person who couldn't feel it would act just as if she did, but Rex says so, and he knows. Apropos to this, I remember reading somewhere "that we are curiously and wonderfully made."

I adore science if it is only made interesting, as Rex knows how to make it, but although he had wrapped me up carefully when we sat down, I was getting chilly, and suggested a move homeward.

We talked very little by the way, for somehow the faster you walk the slower you think, but I was able to memorize his exact language carefully and was very particular to do so, especially that about the double-actioned automatism, which is very interesting and instructive. I don't pretend that I understand it exactly, but Rex has studied it and he knows. It is enough for me to accept the general conclusion to which the argument pointed—"that fish were created expressly for participating in the sport of angling, without sense of pain or appreciation of ultimate consequences"—those were Rex's exact words—and "that, lured by the fly precisely as man is lured by them, they engage in the struggle with as keen an appreciation of its pleasures as the fisherman himself." Rex remarked too on the way home, "that although when the fish jumps the act is due simply to conscious automatic reflex action, the fish always takes advantage of his position to effect a reconnoissance, and that having sighted the line his one idea is to snap it, which he takes a malicious and consequently intelligent pleasure in doing."

ALICE DEMAREST.

Cranberry Lake, Adirondacks.

CRANBERRY LAKE in the Adirondacks is furnishing some capital sport this year. Mr. George B. Wood, of Syracuse, writes to Mr. Fred Mather from Cranberry Inlet under date of July 26:

"Friday I caught a trout of 3½lbs. Yesterday, one 3lbs., one 2lbs, one 1½lbs. Last week three fellows caught twenty-eight trout, total weight 68lbs., including two at 4lbs. each. I supply two houses with trout for four, using only a fly, and am having great sport. This is the best all-round year trout-producing section in the Adirondacks, and the fish are larger than in any other place I know or have heard of. I calculate to leave here a week from Thursday, and to get home about Aug. 6 or 7. Two days before I shall fish for keeps; then look out. I want two or three 4 or 5-pounders. Thought sure I had one last night about 7 o'clock. A lunker took my fly (Reuben Wood) No. 4 hook, and when it struck it was like the side of a barn; he fought like a tiger. When near the surface a surge was made the size of a wash tub; in about ten minutes I had the fellow safe. If I had lost the fish he would not have weighed 1oz. less than 5lbs. He was hooked just near the pectoral fin, and I tell you he made a circus; actual weight 3lbs., length 18in. I have a copy of FOREST AND STREAM with me, which affords lots of fun and brings out a series of stories and fish lies.

GEO. B. WOOD."

LAKE TAHOE FISHING WAYS.

HAVING long been an ardent reader of FOREST AND STREAM, I think it only fair that I should endeavor to interest some of its readears, as their articles have done much to contribute to my entertainment.

I propose in this short article to give an account of the fishing to be had at Lake Tahoe and other adjoining streams and lakes. I am one of those fortunate individuals with whom it is a possibility to lay aside business cares for two or three months and go away to some charming spot in the great Sierra Nevada or Coast Range of California.

About the first week of last June I packed together my rods and tackle, rifle and shotgun, with all accessories, and left my Sacramento Valley home for an outing at Lake Tahoe. The route was by the Central Pacific R. R. to Truckee, thence by stage to Tahoe City. We have a magnificent view, ever changing, as we ride along up the cañon of the Truckee River. The road follows the Truckee the whole length to its starting point, where it flows out of the famous lake.

This river affords magnificent sport for the fly-fisher, and I must in some future article recount to you some experiences on the Truckee.

We arrived at Tahoe City after a three hours' staging over as fine a mountain road as one would desire. There we found the little steamer Tallac waiting at the wharf, ready to convey us to the Tallac House, situated almost at the extreme other end and necessitating a ride of twenty-five miles, which I anticipate with much pleasure as I look around me and observe the beautiful clear water, unruffled by wind and as smooth and shining as a mirror; and the snow-covered mountains which hem the lake in on all sides, clad in forests almost to the summit. Presently the whistle blows, and we are off. I eagerly hang over the bow watching for fish—several of which are pointed out to me by an old resident—for the bottom can be easily discerned in 100ft., so clear is the water, coming, as it does, direct from the melting snow. No wonder that innumerable trout thrive here unpolluted by drainage or factories. At length the wharf of the Tallac House comes into view; soon we land and find the genial host, Melville Lawrence, who tells us that the fishing is first-class.

The next morning I was up bright and early. On walking out onto the veranda of the little rustic hotel a sight greeted me which those who live cooped up in cities the year round never become familiar with. Here at an elevation of some 7,000ft. lay the magnificent sheet of water, surrounded by snow-covered mountains; the sun, rising in all its gorgeousness, sent its rays over the snow onto a sheet of glass, not a ripple disturbed the placid surface of the lake. Squirrels were chasing each other up among the branches of the huge pines; now and then a hummingbird flitted past me; I could hear the quack of the mallard from the marsh close by, and an occasional call from the mountain back of the hotel told of the presence of grouse and mountain quail.

Before recounting my first day's sport I will endeavor to describe the methods used at Lake Tahoe for catching fish. Trolling is almost the only means used, fish seldom if ever rising to a fly. The tackle mostly in vogue consists of a wire line made of eight or ten strands of very fine copper wire twisted together, which is very pliable and is from 100 to 200ft. in length. Attached to this are about 50 to 75ft. of heavy cotton or linen line; the whole is wound on a large hand-made wooden reel. This constitutes the hand line.

The spoon, which is attached to the wire by a ring and swivel, is very large, from 4 to 6in. long and from 3 to 3in. wide, with a dish of ¾in. The large end of the spoon is of course attached to the line to make it revolve. To the smaller end a long-snelled No. 3 or 4 Sproat or Carlisle hook is fastened by means of another ring and swivel, the spoon having a hole punched through it at either end to admit the ring. The length of the snell on the hook varies from 8 to 16in., as sometimes the fish seem to prefer the bait further away from the spoon. Sometimes a second hook is tied on halfway up the snell when a long snell is used. On this second hook a different bait may be used; on getting a strike it is not necessary to draw in the line at once to rebait, as the second bait affords an opportunity for the fish to bite again if not hooked the first time. The spoons are generally made of copper or brass. The color varies according to the season of the year. In early spring, say in April or May, a large nickel-plated spoon is used; later on a brass spoon is good; in the middle of summer an abalone shell, or a spoon one side nickel and the other copper, is largely used, while in the fall a dull-colored spoon is most effective, such as dull brass or copper.

This is the only place in my experience of fishing where I have ever seen such fishing tackle. My fellow anglers naturally ask, "What is the use of such an outfit? Why use a wire line and such an enormous spoon?" When I tell you the nature of the fishing you may pardon the Tahoe fisherman for using such a murderous rig. The wire line does away with the use of a sinker, by its own weight sinking the bait to the required depth. The usual depth for trolling is from 50 to 100ft., and the best places for fishing are around reefs and pot-holes, just on the edge of the very deep water. Now the water is so clear that one can easily see the bottom on a calm day in 60 to 75ft. of water, so that in coming to a shallow all that is necessary to keep from catching on the rocky bottom is to increase the speed of the boat, thereby raising the spoon near the surface. This must be done probably 100 times a day. With such a piece of lead as would be necessary to sink a line to the required depth, rowing faster would not raise it sufficiently to clear the shoals, and as a result numerous spoons and hooks would remain on the rocks. The wire line, as far as I know, does not seem to scare the fish more than a cotton or linen line would. When the boat is rowed at the right speed, the spoon has been found to sink to a depth equal to one-half the length of the line in the water. A knowledge of this is invaluable when fishing with perhaps 150ft. of line. The bait, which is strung on the hook, generally consists of a minnow, wood grub or angle worm. Minnows are used mostly. The spoon only serves as an attraction to the fish to bring them within striking distance of the minnow, although I often found that fish struck at the spoon and left teeth marks on it.

The boats, of which there is a goodly number at Tallac, are built expressly for preserving the fish and minnows alive. For the most part flat-bottomed skiffs are used, with a large water tank in the center, admitting fresh water through auger holes in the bottom. This tank, which rises flush with the seats, has in it a small compartment for minnows. The fish are placed in the tank and so kept alive until the fisherman returns home, when they are transferred to fish cars and kept alive until the steamer next day carries them away to friends less fortunate than the sender. The mode of fishing which I have attempted to describe is almost the only means adopted to capture fish, outside of still-fishing with grubs and live minnows.

Why wouldn't such an outfit catch maskelonge or bass in the Eastern lakes? Some of my brother anglers might express their opinion. If any desire to try it I will be pleased to furnish particulars as to its construction.

Although I am a devoted fly-fisher myself, I was greatly interested in this style of luring the speckled beauties to an untimely end, especially as I afterward hit on a scheme which made it seem more sportsmanlike. I attached large upright guides to my heavy greenheart trolling rod, and wound 250ft. of wire line on my salmon reel, putting in a small swivel in the line about every 15ft. to prevent kinking, and used this to fish with. I found that I saved more fish than with a hand line, as a matter of course, and had much better sport. The line I used was about one-half the size of the hand line and ran through the guides very well. Undoubtedly the wire line is a good idea.

After breakfast I found Dick, the boatman, awaiting me on the wharf with a complete outfit of lines and bait, and I caught a glimpse of a frying-pan and coffee-pot.

We rowed out into the lake for about 500yds. and then Dick told me to get my lines ready. I baited the hook with a medium-sized minnow, running the barb through the mouth and bringing it out again near the tail. I tossed the spoon overboard and began to let the line run out slowly, until about 100ft. lay in the water. Dick called my attention to a perceptible line of demarcation in the water, on one side of the boat the bottom was just visible and the water had a green appearance, while on the other side the water was deep and very blue. "This is the best place to fish," said Dick, "just on the line between the blue and green water. The fish lie on that ridge, and if they are biting at all you always catch them just on the edge of these pot-holes." I took good stock of what Dick told me, as I recognized that I had no novice with me.

As we were quietly rowing along, following the edge of the deep water, I got a strike, but the fish missed it. "She'll come back," said Dick, and sure enough the next minute I felt another tug, to which I replied by a slight movement in the opposite direction, and I had hooked him fast.

After three or four good runs in his efforts to disengage the hook, I commenced to haul in my fish, allowing the line to fall in coils in the bottom of the boat. I must here admit that this seems a clumsy way of fishing, but it is the method generally adopted. Dick produced a landing net as I brought my captive alongside the boat and skillfully dipped him up, placing him beyond escape.

"A 3lb. silver trout," said Dick to the tickled angler, and sure enough he was—a perfect model of symmetry and resembling in color a fresh-run grilse.

"These fish run in shoals," said Dick. "Put out two lines and take one in each hand, so that when we cross a shoal of them you will probably hook two."

I took his advice, putting a fresh minnow on my first line, and let it out carefully to avoid any kinks in the wire. I hardly had out 50ft. when I felt a tug. I struck slightly; had him on sure enough, and pulling in slowly I landed a nice trout of 1¼lbs. of the rainbow variety. This heavy tackle kills a fish very quickly and gives him no quarter.

After this we rowed on to a famous pot-hole, opposite Jimmy Walker's cabin, where the inlet from Cascade Lake flows into Lake Tahoe, bringing down lots of feed. I had both my lines out by this time and we trolled for five or ten minutes up and down this favorite lurking place for big fish without any result.

"Try a grub on one line," said Dick, and at the same time he produced a box of fine fat wood-grubs. I hauled in one line and substituted the minnow for a grub. With this new bait we tried our luck over the same ground again. Just as we were opposite a large reef of rocks at the mouth of the creek I struck something.

"I have fouled the bottom," said I.

"No fear, there is a hundred feet of water here." Presently that something commenced to move heavily and slowly away; I then realized that I was fast to a fish of no mean proportions, and began to haul in slowly, and then I moved rapidly, as the fish concluded to swim toward me, remembering the adage my father taught me: "Always keep a taut line on your fish." At last we caught sight of him about 30ft. away. He also seemed to wake up to the fact that a boat containing two determined fishermen was the cause of being jerked from his feeding ground so unceremoniously. With a twist of his tail he dashed away and began sounding, running out fully 80ft. of line without pausing. This kind of performance was kept up for several minutes, until he showed signs of exhaustion. Taking advantage of this, I slowly drew him toward the boat. As he came within sight Dick exclaimed: "I'll never be able to get him in this net!" I plainly saw that the landing net was wholly inadequate to land such a monster.

"You'll have to gaff him," said I. Dick hunted around in the boat for his gaff, but to my chagrin found that he had neglected to bring it along. All this time the fish was making frantic efforts to get a little slack line and throw his tail over it.

I soon made up my mind what to do. Tiring him completely out, I told Dick to pass his hand quietly along the side of the fish till he reached the gill cover, and then inserting his fingers underneath, he lifted this monarch of the lake into the boat.

"A 17-pounder!" said Dick. I produced a small pocket scale, and this magnificent specimen of a Mackinaw trout pulled down the spring until 16¼lbs. were registered. To say that I was elated over my capture would be putting it very mildly. Dick said that to capture a fish of this size was no rare occurrence, especially in the spring and fall of the year, and he told how some years ago a fish had been caught weighing 29½lbs., and had been shipped as a present to Gen. Grant. Undoubtedly there are fish of enormous dimensions in this lake.

We fished on until Dick suggested lunch; then selecting a beautiful spot on the lake shore near the mouth of Emerald Bay we landed. Dick prepared two of the fish we had caught for lunch, and building a fire among the rocks cooked them to a turn. My brother anglers who have experienced eating a trout taken right out of the water know how good they taste. After lunch we took to the boat again and trolled toward home, landing on the wharf about 4 o'clock with twenty-three fine trout to my credit, which weighed just 79½lbs. Thus terminated my first day's fishing on Lake Tahoe. I hope in a future article to tell of other experiences, both with the finny tribe and with grouse and deer. SIERRA.

CALIFORNIA.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES.

BOSTON, Aug. 1.—The salt-water fishermen are at it, and they seem to get a good deal of pleasure out of what Georges and Grand Bank fishermen consider the hardest of labor. As they make it, it is work and it is play. Mr. Mathew Luce keeps up his fishing at Cohasset and makes some big hauls in company with his boatman.

Almost every day a little steamer or two goes off from Boston to the various fishing grounds at Nahant, Cohasset, Scituate and all along the South Shore. The boats are very well patronized. They furnish bait and tackle and generally offer prizes for the largest fish for a trip. Bluefishing is also good off Hyannis and Nantucket. Something is also being done in that line in Buzzard's Bay. Mr. Walter Brown took eight good bluefish in Buzzard's Bay one day last week. He went out from Mattapoisett. Off Edgertown and Katama some good sport is mentioned. A Boston gentleman has just returned from Nantucket with a report of 300 bluefish being taken to one boat at one trip. I do not give his name for the good reason that I do not believe the story. Still it may be true, and if so, and the gentleman will explain through the FOREST AND STREAM, I will always believe him hereafter.

There are very few reports from the trout and salmon fishermen. The Messrs. Crane, of Boston, had reached Round Mountain Lake when last heard from, and the letter stated that "the lake was alive with trout." They were just joining their rods on the day of their arrival to try the evening fishing. Since that letter the record is quiet. Reports from the New Brunswick and Canadian salmon rivers say that the fishing is poor, and sportsmen who have been there and had good luck suggest that the season is about over. One noted salmon fisherman suggests that the early run of the majority of salmon rivers is all that is "worth quarreling about."

Great sport is mentioned on the Maine bass lakes and ponds. At Cobbosseecontee there are many Gardiner and Augusta fishermen. A couple of Boston gentlemen returned from that lake last week. They stayed but one day and took no bass. The weather was too hot, and there were "too many native fishermen."

Most remarkable reports of game seen continue to come from Maine. Thirty deer seen in one day at Big Spencer Lake were none too many for a guide to write me about. But he signed no name to his postal card, except A Guide. Of course he wants me to believe the story and to publish it. They have caught a little fawn at the Middle Dam, and those who have seen it declare that it is doing well, is very tame, etc. It came down to the Rapid River, where Steve Morse and a Brooklyn gentleman were fishing, and was easily caught in the brush. A cow moose and her calf have frequently been seen in the same locality. Some boys fishing in Roxbury Pond, a few miles from Andover, were startled by a large bull moose suddenly appearing in the water the other day. Report says that the boys left their tackle and ran for home. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, July 27.—Rev. W. H. Allbright and son, Manley, left Boston July 28 for club camp Big Moose, Adirondacks, on their annual vacation for the month of August. Being enthusiastic anglers in this noted region, an excellent report is expected. J. P. W.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 1.—The sensation of the day is the arrest of Senator James A. Bradley by Fish Warden James F. Edge for having in his possession two sturgeon in violation of the law of March 23, 1895, which is prohibitive between June 30 and Dec. 1. At the hearing the Senator secured a non-suit on grounds that the law was inoperative until the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware shall have passed corresponding laws. The warden, however, takes a different view of the case, and asserts that the exemption clause pertains only to the waters which would by affected by the passage of such a law by the sister States, and inasmuch as they were taken in waters of the State other than those so affected the law is in full force and virtue, and has appealed the case to higher authorities. The outcome of the affair is looked forward to with great interest by all parties. An amusing feature is the fact that the Senator voted for the passage of the bill and was enthusiastic in its support.

Surf-fishing continues much the same as for the past three weeks. The rivers and bays, however, give good results and are liberally patronized. Sheepshead are in Barnegat Bay now, and may be taken if the proper course is pursued. The tackle needs be good and patience liberally exercised. There is perhaps no fish more uncertain in their feeding habits than the sheepshead. The necessary equipment is a stout rod and line and a 3-0 and 4-0 Virginia hook secured to a good wire snood, with hard clam or gray mussel for bait; do not remove the meat from the shell, simply cracking and working the hook well in is all sufficient; the fish being superlatively suspicious, this method is much more certain of success than when the clear bait is offered. When the bite is felt (which is never sharp), being a peculiar drawing motion, time must be given to allow the fish to work out the bait and gorge the hook, or else all will have to be gone over with, and here is where the novice will find the trying point. To strike at once means the loss of nine out of every ten fish, and when well hooked there is work for both man and tackle, as they are capable of the most determined resistance. I have had them thrust their iron-like jaws so deeply in the mud in their endeavor to disgorge the hook that even in 10 to 12ft. of water the surface would soon take on a muddy appearance. A landing net is a necessity. If possible bait the grounds for two or three days prior to fishing, as they are attracted thereby; besides they take the bait with a greater degree of confidence. But the capture is worth all the pains taken and the fish is right royal when properly cooked and served. LEONARD HULIT.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE IDA.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—It is said that the anticipation is nineteen-twentieths of the sport and this in many cases is no doubt true. Perhaps it is this very anticipation that buoys up the hopes and spirits of the unlucky fisherman who sits all day, rod in hand, waiting for the bite that never comes.

Rarely does a fisherman's success exceed his anticipations and desires. It was late in the season. We were at Lake Ida, that paradise of the small-mouthed, red-eyed, gray bass, and in the boat with the writer was friend Cole, the same who performed the wonderful feat of casting a minnow, four times out of five, upon a lilypad 200ft. away.

We had fair success during the day, although we were obliged to keep shifting continually; the bass ran in pairs, we rarely taking more than two at any one anchorage.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain, and donning our rubber coats we braved the storm, forgetting all about the rain the moment we got a strike.

The rain ceased at 6 o'clock, the sun shone out bright and clear, tingeing the clouds with gold and converting the surface of the lake into a mass of molten copper. The distant hills were encircled by a rainbow which formed a most gorgeous natural frame for the beautiful landscape. The foliage of the trees at the water's edge wept crystal tears which glistened in the afternoon sun.

The wind had now gone down, there was not a ripple upon the surface of the lake. We allowed the boat to drift lazily where it pleased, we being for the time more interested in the beautiful scenery than in anything else. Just ahead of the boat the fin of a large bass appeared above the surface of the water, then another and another, plainly showing that a school of bass were slowly moving around us.

The anchor was dropped at once, and before it had reached the bottom two of us had a strike, the reels instantly setting up a vigorous screech, indicating that the fish were good ones.

Our oarsman, not wanting to be outdone, had thrown his line over as soon as he had relinquished the anchor rope, and he too got a strike at once. Three rods in the boat and a bass at the end of each!

Both my friend and the oarsman used heavy rods and stout lines, so, as far as the bass were concerned, it was simply a case of "Come along" the momont they were hooked. There was no fooling, no time wasted; a taut line, and before the bass had a chance to show his mettle he was in the fatal landing net and thence transferred to the boat. Without a moment's loss of time (there were hungry bass waiting for the bait to reach the water) a fresh bait was thrown out and a bass hooked and landed without ceremony.

Were it not for the large hooks, strong lines and stout rods "something would have been heard to drop" in the water, but a dextrous use of the landing net cut matters short as far as the antics of the bass were concerned.

The writer was fishing for sport, not for numbers, and used a two-jointed 7½oz. split-bamboo rod, as pliant as a coach whip, a small multiplying reel, a fine silk line, a short, slender gut leader and a single hook.

Now, when one realizes that with such tackle a strong man cannot lift a pound weight from the ground, it can be readily imagined that there was no chance of landing a bass until the fish was first thoroughly conquered.

But what sport! The bait would be cast over, either a frog or a minnow (a split shot was used to carry it beneath the surface), and slowly sinking until the line became straight, the rod would at once begin to curve gradually until a foot or more had been drawn under the water. The bass had "struck" soon after the bait reached the water. Now setting the hooks, which, with so light a rod, had to be done sharply, the "circus" forthwith commenced.

Away plunged the bass, carrying the threadlike line whizzing through the still water with the speed of a locomotive, causing the reel to whir like a dynamo and sing like a soprano.

Without the slightest warning the reel ceased to run, the music stopped, the rod straightened, the line became loose and stright up, 5ft. in the air, leaped the lordly bass, shaking his massive head, every scale on his graceful and beautiful body glistening in the sunlight like so many diamonds.

The hook is too well set to be shaken out, and with a splash the cunning fish falls squarely across the leader, which, being purposely allowed to rest loosely for the moment, is not snapped in twain.

Tightening the line upon him, off he rushes, jerking yard after yard from the reel, making a zigzag course through the water in his mad efforts to tear loose from the hook, failing in which he once more leaps into the air and, frantically shaking his body, gets the leader in some unexplained manner twisted around him. Seeing the danger, a yard or two is hastily drawn from the reel, giving the fish momentary freedom on a slack line, which results in his freeing himself from the tangle.

Cautiously plying the rod, the line is taut once more. That moment of anxiety and doubt has started beads of perspiration on my face. With a vicious tug he shapes his course for the middle of the two-mile-wide lake and starts; yard after yard of line follows him, he swerves neither to the right nor to the left, keeping straight on. In fact he acts as if it were 2:55 P. M., and, having raised the funds with which to take up his note, was hurrying to the bank across the lake with a determination to get there, at all hazards, on time.

The reel kept up its whirling and singing, and the line began to grow beautifully less upon the reel. Thinking he would tire of himself, and not wishing to unnecessarily cut short the sport, the fish was given a free reel. However, with but few yards of line now left on the reel, and no apparent abatement of speed on the part of the bass being observed, something had to be done.

Thumbing the line (the reel was below the hand), the tension becomes stronger, the rod gracefully bends, and the fish putting forth fresh exertions makes the tip of the rod vibrate as the line still runs out. Unless he is stopped, his course changed or progress in some way interfered with, he will use up the remaining line and, tearing himself loose, make a farewell leap out of the water, and waving his tail as he re-enters the lake, bid us a piscatorial adieu.

Increasing the friction in the line until firmly held between the thumb and forefinger, the butt of the rod is gradually pointed in the direction of the fish—"giving him the butt," in other words.

The strain shows plainly in the quivering of the pliant rod, the tip and butt under the ordeal forming almost a true oval. The line begins to lift out of the water, yard after yard, until there is seemingly none of it immersed, when, again finding his progress firmly checked, he once more breaks water. On disappearing beneath the surface he at once takes a diagonal course toward our boat.

When it seemed as if he wanted more line than the reel contained, and as if we would have to make up in rowing after him what was lacking in line, the anchor was lifted and the oarsman, resting on his oars, awaited orders.

Being now unrestrained, the fish sped toward the boat, working slightly to the left. He seemed to fly through the water. Instructing the oarsman to pull from the fish and working the multiplying reel, a moderately tight line was kept on him.

The strain was at last beginning to tell; his course through the water became irregular; he began a series of short leaps; he would swim toward the bottom and then near the surface, all the time coming nearer until within 20ft. of the boat. He was now allowed to make his last fight preparatory to being landed with the net. After sulking for a few moments he made a frantic effort to dive to the bottom and there seek aid of some friendly snag or sunken log, around which to twist and tear the leader asunder; but a tight line interfered with his project. Making one more leap in the air, he plunged gracefully back into the water, gave up the fight, and resting upon his side allowed himself to be gently reeled, without a protest, within the safe meshes of the landing net.

What a fine, gamy fellow! He made a fight such as to almost entitle him to his liberty. The indicator on the scales points to 4lbs. 8oz. Truly a noble fish!

During this time the other occupants of the skiff worked against time, the bottom of the boat resounding with the flopping of bass after bass yet full of life and vigor. For one hour this kept up, frequently two bass being landed at one time.

The supply of frogs giving out, minnows were used, first the live and then the dead ones, and this supply failing strips of skin taken from a rock bass proved tempting bait for those hungry bass.

At 7 P. M. the fish stopped biting; we reeled in our lines, disjointed our rods and stowed them away, while the oarsman counted and strung the fish. Seventy-five bass for that hour's fishing.

Was such fishing ever had before or will it ever be our good fortune to enjoy the like again! I have, however, one regret. Having repeatedly attempted during previous trips to take these bass with a fly, and having repeatedly failed to raise them, on this particular trip I left my flybook at home and missed what might have turned out a golden opportunity.

In closing let me say to those who have fished the lakes adjoining St. Paul, catching large-mouthed bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike and croppies, that if they desire a new experience and a day's fishing which they will long remember let them go to Lake Ida, at Alexandria, and try conclusions with the small-mouthed bass, giving the fish a fair chance for his life, discarding all triple hooks, spring hooks, gangs and such unsportsmanlike traps, using but one hook and using such other tackle that if the fish prove himself more artful than the fisherman he can break loose.

After once landing a good-sized bass with rod and reel, drowning him by skill and careful handling and not by main force of hook, line, rod and two arms, a new book will be opened to the fisherman.

The lake is half an hour's drive by day from Alexandria, on the Great Northern R. R. A postal to Frank Kent, liveryman, a day or two ahead will insure his meeting you at the train, and a note to C. Bedman, Lake Ida, will smooth the way for bait, boat, carsman and accommodations. C.

[Regarding the remarkable and unparalleled casting referred to, the thinking reader will at once come to one of two conclusions, viz.: that a person who could make such a cast wouldn't "yank" bass out of the water; a person who would "yank" bass out of the lake couldn't make such a cast.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Largest Bass of the Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 1.—The largest bass of this season hereabouts, so far as known, fell, or rather rose, to the rod of Mr. W. C. Beddome, the agent of the Boyce Building of this city. Mr. Beddome took this fish last Saturday at Hastings Lake, one of the many lakes of the Fox Lake system in northern Illinois, and has a right to be proud of it. Its length was 21½in. and it weighed 5lbs. 1oz. The fish was a singularly handsome one for a large-mouth, very bright, clean and shapely. It was taken on frog, on an 8oz. rod and a cheap 30-cent line. Mr. Beddome went up to the lake to get cooled off, and had no intention of taking a 5lb. bass, but the latter insisted upon it. Mr. Beddome never caught so large a bass before in all his life, and the fact that he did is probably due to the fact that the FOREST AND STREAM office was recently moved into the building he represents. I have no doubt all the firms officing here will catch large fish now.

The Kingfishers.

The camp of the Kingfishers, of Cincinnati, is this year to be located at Presque Isle Lake, near Marinisco, Mich., and the advance agents of the aggregation, in the form of Kingfisher himself and the "Colonel," have gone on ahead to make the arrangements about ice, eggs and other necessities. These two gentlemen arrived in Chicago Sunday evening last and passed north via Chicago & Northwestern Railroad the same evening, after only a brief sojourn. The others of the noted party will be along later, after Kingfisher and the Colonel have smoothed the bumps off a little, as is the duty of all advance agents. I hope FOREST AND STREAM may hear from the company, and trust they will play to good business.

Frogs.

The frog is the standard bait of the Chicago fisherman, and for big-mouths will usually kill more fish than any other bait. The supplying of frogs for bait was long a considerable industry in the Grossman family, who lived down near Sixty-seventh street. The staple was retailed at 35 cents a dozen, and a great many hundred dozen were sold during a season. It was not until this season, however, that I ever noticed the frog as a periodical, or perhaps more definitely speaking, as news matter. This description I presume fairly to be given to the goods handled by the train boy representing the R. R. News Co. That annoying butcher usually troubles one by offering bad cigars and worse novels, and rarely has enterprise enough to vend anything really useful. Yet on a recent train I took over the Wisconsin Central road north to the fishing lakes I was surprised to see the train boy offering bags of frogs along with Zola's novels and fresh-buttered popcorn. He had a dozen frogs in a bag, and was selling them at 50 cents a bag, not very good ones at that. And he sold a lot of them too, mostly to the out-for-a-day sort of city angler who doesn't know much about fishing, but feels he ought to have anyhow a bluff at bait. The train boy had a big basket full of the little frog bags, each of the latter being about as big as a peanut bag, and very likely he took mercantile risk with so perishable a lot of property, for you can't keep a live frog on ice successfully—not unless you hold him there.

One or two of the tackle houses here tried the experiment of keeping frogs on sale for bait, but could never get a regular supply, so gave it up. Yet this morning as I came down town I saw in a window on Madison street, in the business part of town, a sign announcing "Live frogs for Sale, 35 cts. cash a dozen." Singularly enough, this sign was displayed in the window of a building which seemed to house a saloon, a sign-painting establishment and one or two other lines of trade. I am at a loss to know whether a frog is to be properly classified as news matter or wet goods or what.

Ephemeral Flies.

I am much obliged to Mr. Cheney for setting me right upon the difference existing between the May fly and the caddis fly, or between the drake fly and the sand fly. Curiously enough, I was just on the point of asking somebody about this, for the other day the question came up in practical form. I was in the camp of the Western Canoe Association, on Mullet Lake, in the upper part of the Michigan south peninsula, and a friend and I were sitting at a camp-fire in the dusk of a warm evening. We were assailed by a heavy flight of these summer flies, and I caught some of them and examined them. I found that they had an extra set of wings, or two pairs (which sometimes are good), and that these wings were veined and membranous, instead of soft and delicate. The body was shorter and darker than that of the fly I had seen earlier in the season in Wisconsin, and the long filaments of the upright tail were absent. I saw that this fly was not the same as the one of the Wisconsin waters. It is not quite the same as the Chicago "sand fly" either. And now will Mr. Cheney or some one else tell me what is the "willow fly," whose larvæ we used to find in little gravel cylinders hanging to the rocks under water, in our New Mexican mountain streams? We used them for trout bait with great success in July and August in that country. And then again, what are the "devil-scratchers," or "crawlers," which live and have their being in much the same fashion, even in the month of March, in the Boiling River of the Yellowstone Park, and in the Yellowstone River later in the season? The trout are very fond of these fellows at any stage of their *entwickelung*, as they say in Germany, also at any stage of the game, as we say in Chicago. I would also like to ask, why is a May fly when it is born in July called a May fly, and why is a May fly a drake fly anyhow? I get all tangled up over these natural history matters sometimes. But all sorts of fish love to eat these soft-shelled dainties, who can tell a tale of two worlds, and know more about reincarnation and transmigration than any of the rest of us? Is it not thus that trout gain that weird and uncanny wisdom at which all men have betimes marveled—catching these two-lived insects both going and coming, so to speak?

Indiana and Maine.

Mr. A. H. Weed, of Anderson, Ind., is just back from a vacation trip in Maine, and says he saw more deer there than he ever did. He saw over 100 in a day, and they were so tame that he often paddled up to within 25 to 75yds. of them as they stood near the shore. Mr. Weed is good enough to give me a box full of his stove-pipe bullets to kill my grizzly with. That patient animal is still waiting for me out in the mountains, and I would not blame him for getting mad and going away.

The Passing of the Grayling.

There has of late been somewhat diverse opinion as to the numbers of the grayling in the streams of the southern peninsula of Michigan. Some have declared that that rare and beautiful fish is almost extinct to-day, while others have said that the grayling was holding its own and could be taken even yet in some numbers in certain of the streams, if one knew where to go. The cry of the extinction of the grayling dates back more than ten years, and began with the publication in one of the monthly magazines of an article on fishing in the Au Sable River. Although that was many years ago, it was then said that the grayling was doomed to early extinction in that stream, always known as the best of all the grayling streams. That report was a trifle premature, but it can probably not be criticised as essentially inaccurate. The grayling, so far as I have been able to learn through recent investigation of an all too brief and unsatisfactory nature, is not extinct, but is in process of extinction, and soon must pass away. This belief I base not upon my own experience, for I have been too unfamiliar with these lower Michigan streams to be able to speak of them, but upon the expressions of residents of the south peninsula who are experienced and observant anglers.

It has been my unfortunate experience never to have caught or to have seen a grayling, though I have set that down to be one of the accomplished things before very long. In an earlier issue of FOREST AND STREAM (of last February, I believe) I spoke of a visit at my office of Mr. F. A. Mitchell, G. P. A. of the Manistee & N. E. Railroad, who lives at Manistee and has long been a faithful flyfisher in the streams of that region. Mr. Mitchell told me to come to his country this spring for a trip, and assured me that we should have no trouble in getting my grayling and several others in the little Manistee, or in Bear Creek or some of those streams which formerly carried this fish. Last week it chanced that I was over in that part of the world, in the upper portion of the south

peninsula, and I wrote and asked Mr. Mitchell how the situation was. He replied, "I shall be glad to see you, but I cannot promise you a grayling. Have caught none this season myself, and others are getting very few. You would be more certain of one on the upper waters of the Manistee River." This seeming not of sufficient promise and my time being short, I did not try Mr. Mitchell's country, and was not able to get upon the upper Manistee that trip.

At the little summer town of Oden-Oden, on that prince of angling railroads, the Grand Rapids & Indiana (the Fishing Line), I fell into a delightfully beautiful piece of angling country, and at once began inquiring about the grayling. The local anglers at Oden-Oden all said that in the Maple River, which empties into Burt Lake near Oden-Oden, the grayling was by no means extinct, but on the contrary very abundant and could be taken at the expense of very little pains. All one had to do was to get on the morning train and run up to Brutus, a distance of eight miles or so, and then fish down the Maple, which runs near that town. There was about twelve miles of water between Brutus and the mouth of the stream, I was told, and in that distance one could get all the trout he wanted and a few grayling at least, perhaps a good lot of them. I was crowded for time when I first struck Oden-Oden, but as I thought it would be so easy to get a grayling out of there, I resolved to go on and finish my other business and then come back there and catch my grayling. So I went on in over the beautiful Inland Route, through Crooked Lake, Crooked River, Burt Lake, Indian River and Mullet Lake—some thirty odd miles, I believe—to the camp of canoeists in search of whom I was. At this camp I met an old-time canoeist and angler, "Grandpa" Gates (T. S. Gates, of Columbus, O.), who had fished a number of those streams, and who told me that it would be no trouble at all to get a grayling on the Maple. "Four years ago," said he, "a friend and I got an Indian to take us a boat over to the Maple River from Indian Point, and we ran the river from our entry point down to its mouth in Burt Lake. We fished from the boat, letting our lines swim down stream ahead of us, and we caught all the grayling we wanted. We found the stream too swift to wade, but kedged our boat down, dropping anchor where we saw a good fishing spot ahead. I should say there were grayling in the Maple—lots of them. If you go over there you are sure to get one. I may go over myself again this year."

This looked pretty good. A little later I was down at the Topinabe Hotel, on Mullet Lake, and they told me there that the Pigeon River—which I knew was once a famous grayling stream—ran into Mullet Lake just across from the hotel. At the hotel I actually saw several preserved grayling fins (the trophy of that fish is the dried back fin), which was the nearest I had come to a grayling yet. But I was sure I was going to get nearer still.

A little later than this I was invited, in company with Mr. O. A. Woodruff and Mr. W. H. Yardley, to visit the club preserve of the Fontinalis Club for some trout fishing. Of this visit I must speak later and at length, for that blessed spot is worth extended mention, but all the way over I was asking about that grayling. We were sidetracked at the little lumber town of Wolverine, which is right on the banks of the Sturgeon River. Now the Sturgeon River, I had been told by Mr. Carter H. Harrison, Jr., of Chicago, was a good grayling stream, for he had caught them there very often. At Wolverine I asked how about it. I found one young man who was intelligent and who had fished grayling in the Manistee, the Au Sable and other grayling streams. He told me that the grayling was almost entirely gone from the Sturgeon. He said the trout very soon drove the grayling from a stream, and that the two fish couldn't long live together. "The trout are as numerous as ever in the Sturgeon, if you get away from town," said he, "but you won't get any grayling now, not one chance in a thousand for it." This same young man told me it was not worth while to try the Pigeon, for though there were perhaps a few grayling in that stream, the lumbermen were flooding on the river that week, so it was no use trying to fish there. I gave up the Pigeon and began to have doubts about the Sturgeon, although it was a noble stream and looked capable of any kind of sport. I could learn of no grayling actually caught this summer at any place on the Maple, the Pigeon or the Sturgeon. This last fact set me to thinking.

At the Fontinalis Club we were received by Mr. George L. Alexander, of Grayling, Mich., as ardent and skillful a fly-fisher as ever wet a line—and, in passing, as kindly a host. Mr. Alexander lives on the banks of the Au Sable. Why then, I asked myself, does he come a hundred miles away from home to fish here? I asked Mr. Alexander about the absorbing topic, telling him I had lost a grayling. He replied:

"If you want to get a grayling you had better not wait very long about it. That fish is passing away, and will soon be extinct in all these waters. Could I get you a grayling? Yes, if you would come with me for a few days. I could not promise it for the first day, now. It might need two days, maybe more. I should have to send you some distance away from Grayling, but you might get your fish. Get him soon. Before many years it will be too late."

My heart sank a bit at this, but I recognized in Mr. Alexander one whose opinion is very practical and valuable. He was not guessing at things at all, but spoke from experience.

At the Fontinalis Club I met a gentleman from Chicago, Mr. C. Valentine, who was for a long time the fishing companion of Mr. Harrison on his trips to the Sturgeon, the Maple and other streams of this region. Mr. Valentine told me that he would advise my going to the Maple. He had two years previously found the Maple a very good grayling stream, having then taken a number there, one very large one, whose fin he showed me, carefully preserved in his tackle box. Mr. Valentine had taken many grayling in the Sturgeon. Asked how long ago, he said it was three or four years back. He had not fished there last year. He advised me to go not to Brutus, on the Maple, but to Pellston, the next station above; then to take the river, which he said could be waded easily there He thought I would be sure to get a grayling there. My heart bobbed up a few degrees again.

A little later I found myself at Oden-Oden again, and this time I stopped at another hotel and engaged the clerk in solemn consultation. He admitted that he had not heard of the taking of a single grayling in the Maple or any other stream of that locality this season. He said the Maple was too treacherous to wade, that I would get drowned, that there were no grayling. My heart sank again.

None the less I got upon the early morning train of the G. R. & I. bound north from Oden-Oden, and determined to get off at Pellston. On the train I found the station agent for Pellston, who fishes some. He said he had not heard of a grayling being caught in the Maple this year. "There are trout," said he, "but no grayling. The trout have driven the grayling all out in the last year or so." My heart went still lower. Here I was, all alone in a strange country, after a fish which was not going to be there.

But my spirits rose temporarily when I was accosted by a fellow traveler who had some fishing tackle along and who saw that I had some fishing tackle also. In a few minutes we were good friends and had decided to fish together that day, as he also got off at Pellston. My new friend told me his name was Mr. Cassius Drake, of Grand Rapids, and he added that he had fished the Maple for years. My next question may be imagined. He answered discouragingly. "I have no idea you can get a grayling in the Maple now," said he. "I have fished this stream for years, and for ten years have watched the trout steadily increase and the grayling as steadily disappear. I have taken none for some time. I have heard of none taken in the Maple this year. I have taken them in the Little Manistee, in the Manistee, in the Sturgeon and in the Maple. If I were in your place I would go to Hopkins Creek, on the G. R. & I. road. I have caught many fine grayling here. That is a branch of the Manistee, and I took grayling there two years ago. I can't say there are any now. It is too bad the Fish Commission ever began planting trout in these streams. Before the Maple was planted with trout it was alive with the grayling. The two fish can't get on together and the trout drive the grayling out very soon."

My heart was now very poor, and I began to think it was all up with my ambition for the time. It proved so in the end, for I saw no grayling at all during my stay on the Maple, and every angler I met on the stream—which we found fished to death near the railroad—laughed at the idea of a grayling in that water. Inquiry at the hotels and other points at Pellston proved that no grayling had been heard of there this year. Everybody said "the trout had driven the grayling out." I found Mr. Drake, my new friend, a trout fisher of good grade—a fact recognizable as soon as I saw him in the stream. And I found the Maple as lovely a stream as ever lay out of doors. It was a comfort to fish it, even had we found no fish, though we got about thirty legal fish between us. This was one of the few streams hereabout where one can wade and cast a fly and catch fish. It is all wrong about its being too wicked a water to wade, at least in the stage at which we found it, though it was quite low, I was told. It is just the prettiest, most gentlemanly river I ever got into. As we went along down it in our day's fishing, Mr. Drake broke my heart by pointing out the places where in the past he had taken baskets full of grayling. He said that when the railroad went through there first the stream was full of grayling, and he had filled his basket in an hour. He said it was a certainty that the trout meant the going of the grayling. Of trout there are an abundance in the Maple now, though, as I said, one should not fish right up against a railroad town to get them. I would advise going about six miles from Pellston for trout. Of the trout fishing in this region I shall say more next week. It is the grandest trout fishing locality I have ever personally seen in the East, this upper part of the south peninsula.

But I had not my grayling. Mr. Drake and I sat on the hotel stoop that night and talked of the past, and I was not happy. The next day was Sunday, and I concluded to go up to Mackinaw City to spend the day, as Pellston is not metropolitan in size. I found Mackinaw City the very end of the world, the jumping-off place, and the same as Pellston in metropolitan respects. In my mind was the horrible feeling of disappointed ambition. I had come after a grayling and had not gotten him. Everybody knows how that feels—at least, everybody does nowadays. I reflected that it was only 100 miles to the town of Grayling, which was named after this very fish, and that Mr. Alexander had lived there long enough to know what he was talking about, and that I could get my grayling if I would just run down there. It was a a pleasant vision, and my spirits rose at it. Against this came conscience, with sundry offsetting visions of a desk at Chicago with a lot of things in it that I ought to be knowing something about. It was hard, but I finally turned my face away from the grayling country, and came home beaten, without any grayling—without seeing one, without hearing of one, without any information which would lead a fair-minded man to suppose there is any practical supply of that fish left in the Maple, the Sturgeon, the Manistee or the Pigeon, at least for this season; and next season may be worse yet. Of the Jordan River I heard nothing more this time than I did once before, when I wired the station agent there and got the reply, "There are no trout in the Jordan; never heard of any grayling there." Yet that was once a famous grayling stream. The Boyne River was also famous. I heard nothing of it this time.

The last word I had about the grayling was just three minutes before the train pulled out south from Mackinaw City. There I met Mr. McArthur, of Cheboygan, who was just off the boat from Mackinac Island. Mr. McArthur has lived all his business life in the grayling country.

"No, you wouldn't be apt to get a grayling in the Maple," said he. "There may be a few in the Sturgeon, but it is a slim chance there. There would be a better chance in the Pigeon, if you got the water right. I presume the Au Sable is the best stream now, but I am told they are getting very scarce there now."

At Mackinaw City Mr. Drake, who accompanied me there and begged me to join him on a trip to the Carp River after trout, met a friend of his who had often fished the Au Sable at the town of Grayling. This gentleman told him that one would be almost certain not to get any grayling within twenty-five miles of that point. He said it was necessary to take a boat and go down the stream, camping out, before one could get a look at that fish now. He knew of no other stream at all where it could be found.

This is all I could learn about the grayling, and I consider it a fair review of the grayling situation, in part at least. I do not believe that one can step in there to-day and get a grayling very easily. The fish seems to have grown suddenly much scarcer within the past two or three years. Of course, fishing there for either trout or grayling at any point near the railroad, except on a preserved stream, is just what it is everywhere else. You find a path along the bank. If you are able to get away from that path, on the Au Sable, on the Upper Manistee, on Hopkins Creek, perhaps on other streams of which I did not hear, you may get your grayling. But I believe Mr. Alexander was right when he said, "You would better get him pretty quick."

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

ANGLING NOTES.

A Salmon Score.

MR. ARCHIBALD MITCHELL, of Norwich, Conn., sends me a series of photographs taken on the Restigouche River in New Brunswick during the time that he was fishing the river this season. One of the photographs is of the log that rolled over Mr. John Mowat, and it seems marvelous that the brave old man escaped with his life as one looks at the great log shown in the picture. A postal card from Mr. Mowat, written on July 11, says: "I got to the doorstep yesterday and enjoyed it. I feel now that unless some complications turn up I am going to master this accident. I may not be able to kill another fish unless my bones come together on the spot that the log struck.

"I read FOREST AND STREAM to-day on the Cascapedia. It is nothing to our river. Five of the reserve party are now here to finish off with thirty to fifty fish. Fish are still running in from sea. My son shipped 150 yesterday, and they will run more or less until Sept. 1. Is it possible that there will be too many fish in the river at spawning time? I say it is. They tear the spawning beds all to pieces, exposing the eggs."

Mr. Mitchell sends me his salmon score, to which is added the score of his son, all made with one rod from the same canoe. The fish which most interests me is the one killed on June 29, as it is the one I had. It is what may be called a very tidy score for a single rod:

SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE RIVER, P. Q., CANADA, BY ARCHIBALD MITCHELL, SEASON 1896.

	Salmon.		Pounds.
May 29	2	28, 22	50
May 30	3	19½, 14, 30	63½
June 3	1	24½	24½
June 4	1	24½	24½
June 8	3	21, 22½, 24	67½
June 9	4	23, 23½, 24, 25½	96
June 10	3	23, 22, 19	64
June 11	3	21, 21½, 22	64½
June 12	8	22, 20½, 20, 26½, 22½, 26½, 24, 23	186
June 13	7	23, 21, 22, 14½, 12, 22½, 25½	140½
June 15	1	21½	21½
June 16	2	13, 19½	32½
June 18	1	21½	21½
June 19	4	20½, 20½, 19, 19	79
June 20	2	23, 22½	45½
June 22	3	24, 31½, 25	80½
June 23	3	28, 10, 23	60[illegible]
June 24	1	25	25
June 25	3	25½, 23½, 24	73
June 29	1	28	28
Total	56	Average, 22¹/₈ lbs.	1217½

ARCHIBALD MITCHELL, JR.

	Salmon.		Pounds.
June 24	1	22½	22½
June 25	3	22½, 22, 14	58½
June 27	1	22½	22½
June 29	3	13, 11, 18	42
Total	8	Average, 18½lbs.	145½

All taken on one rod and from one canoe. The intervening days were either blank days or Sundays, and in several instances days on which I did not fish at all. In addition to this ten kelts were beached and returned to the river, making in all seventy-four fish to the one rod.

Salmon Fishing.

A friend who has killed salmon in many waters in Europe and Canada—one of the best salmon fishermen in the country to-day—writes me: "I have read your criticism in FOREST AND STREAM of the salmon fishermen in the syndicate letter and agree with your remark that it was very moderate, for I have seen and read the letter you refer to, and the writer shows plainly that in a number of instances he talks of what he knows little or nothing about. For instance he says: 'I had forgotten the rudimentary rules of fishing. My tackle would stand perhaps 15 to 18lbs. pull, and this I had evidently exceeded.' Such a statement is wrong, and for the benefit of future novices should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Some one should tell the writer of that statement to take any compact object weighing about say 4lbs., and tie the end of his salmon line to it and then try and lift it with the rod. After he has tried the experiment he will be able to form an approximate idea of how much strain he had on the fish when his hook broke in the bend, and he will arrive at the conclusion that it was a good deal less than half of 15lbs. His rod must have been a very light one, measuring 16½ft. and weighing only 20oz. I think he or the printer must have made a mistake in the weight. It is absolutely funny to a salmon fisherman to read of using a large multiplying reel on a salmon rod and an E line for salmon casting, as it is much too light for the purpose."

Personal.

During an absence of two weeks in the Adirondacks a great many letters accumulated on my desk. I had barely time to glance at their contents when I was again called away, and to-day I am at home only for a few hours. Some of the letters require an answer in this column, but it is a physical impossibility for me to give the answers at this time. Later they will all have proper attention.

A. N. CHENEY.

Tarpon on the Florida East Coast.

DAYTONA, Fla.—Tarpon fishing in the Halifax is just now engaging the attention of our fishermen. John Gibson holds the record with a fish which weighed 108lbs. and measured 6ft. 3in. We do not have the fish here in the winter and early spring months, so tourists do not count tarpon in the list of fish here; but if some of the anglers from the North would come down here now, they would find not only good fishing, but pleasant summer surroundings.

COQUINA.

"Boys Together."

GREENSBURG, Pa., Aug. 1.—I seem to have known that man whose picture you printed last week and did not spoil by explaining. We must have been boys together.

DEACON.

Carp Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Recently FOREST AND STREAM invited information concerning carp fishing. Ithacans have for the past two or three years had ample opportunity to study the habits, edible qualities and fighting propensities of the carp.

Through some source not clearly established the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake has become densely inhabited by this species of fish. They have wallowed well up into the larger lake tributary streams, so that at the present time it is no unusual incident in the serene and uneventful routine of the angler's life to catch carp of from 8 to 20lbs. The average weight, however, runs from 2½lbs. to 5 and 6lbs. There seem to be two distinct varieties inhabiting the local waters, the regular German or scaleless sort and what is locally termed English or the scaly variety.

The fellows who claim to know a thing or two about the edible qualities of carp, who apparently linger as blissfully over a plate of plebeian carp as over a dish of the dainty and roseate brook trout, stoutly adhere to the contention that a bit of properly served carp is a delicious morsel, the German slightly leading the English variety. Certain it is, at all events, that the people who make it a business to market these fish encounter no difficulty in disposing of the supply. Personally I am not disposed to go upon record in favor of the carp as a food fish. In an unthinking moment I exchanged 15 cents of hard-earned coin for its supposed value in a carp, scaleless, short of stature and thick set, which I joyfully conveyed home, where, according to the directions of those experienced in cooking these finny specimens that have to be seawater-logged, parboiled and otherwise reduced to a state of palatability, the fish was prepared and finally reached the table. I took a moderate section of him, and in due time succeeded in passing my plate for a second installment. But candidly, the fish was far from savory, in the way I have been used to measuring the significance of the word. Insipid, dry, vapid, the flesh of the carp is amply deserving of all the consideration implied in Shakespeare's line, "flat, stale and unprofitable." And a great many people living hereabouts so regard him.

The most alluring bait for trout, as applied to the fishing in this locality, consists of chunks of potato boiled slightly, or, in the language of the rural *chef*, "done hard."

Attach the sinker to the end of the line, according to the style of the veteran carp catcher, fasten two or three ordinary No. 3 hooks by leaders onto the line some 18 or 20in. above the sinker, slip on a big, highly colored bobber, and there you are, ready to successfully angle for carp, provided you have some sort of a pole handy to tie the line to.

Those who use fly-rods solemnly aver that the carp is a sturdy fighter. I have repeatedly witnessed some pretty sharp struggles between heavy-weight carp and an excited party using a light fly-rod. Even the party with an ordinary stiff bait rod frequently has to do a lively turn to land some of the big ones common to these waters. The general verdict is that Cayuga Lake carp are a good bit gamy, and that a fine dash of sport seasons the catching of them. As the cricket's voice grows louder and autumn draws on apace, the carp will again begin to bite freely. They appear to be taking a midsummer snooze at present.

M. CHILL.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 28.—Can you tell me the method of catching German carp and bait used? I am expecting to visit a place where they are plenty, and my friends tell me they are unable to catch them. F. A. W.

[For carp fishing use black bass hooks, 0 to 4. Grasshoppers, maggots, larvæ of wasps are used for bait; also grains of wheat or barley, or pellets of wheat or corn bread mixed with cotton.]

Lake Cobbosseecontee Black Bass.

BOSTON, July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If any reader wishes "a week off" for black bass fishing he should not hesitate to visit Lake Cobbosseecontee, and stop with Mrs. Jackson at East Winthrop, Me. I have just returned after five days of the best bass fishing I ever experienced. Caught them every day. Friday, A. M., had five fine ones to carry away as evidence, three weighing respectively 3½, 3¾ and 4lbs. each; also caught two pickerel, each weighing over 2lbs. This was my morning catch.

Strangers should get Archie Jackson to show them where to fish the first day or so, and then you can go it alone.

The best way to get there from Boston is via Kennebec steamers Sagadahoc or Kennebec, leaving Boston daily at 6 P. M. Buy ticket via Hallowell or Augusta to Winthrop, Me., but stop over when you reach the Cobbosseecontee House, near the East Winthrop post office.

When you arrive at Gardiner the large river steamer stops, and you are transferred to the Della Collins for Hallowell or Augusta, where a stage line connects with the boat for East Winthrop and Winthrop.

At Gardiner, to relieve one, you can take the electric car for either Hallowell or Augusta, and there await the arrival of the Della Collins.

Both stage lines wait for the arrival of the boat, and your baggage can go up via boat.

I think the route via Augusta to East Winthrop is preferable.

This is one of the places where their "claims" are not greater than the sportsman will realize.

GEO. REHWALD.

Gogebic Bass.

MR. W. B. KNISKERN, of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, sends us this report of bass at Gogebic Lake, Wisconsin:

"Fishing is much better than it has been for years during July. Since the 11th inst. twenty-seven small-mouth black bass have been brought in, weighing 3½lbs. and over; total weight, 120½lbs.; average weight, 4.47lbs. This does not include those weighing less than 3½lbs. I want to call your special attention to the remarkable average of nearly 4½lbs. The number of boats that have been out daily during that time has been from one to three. This unusually good fishing in July is very encouraging for August and September."

Mr. Von Lengerke's Bass.

MR. J. VON LENGERKE, of New York, has taken a day or two off each week, for several weeks, devoting them to bass fishing in some of the waters in Sullivan county, New York. He reports satisfactory success, and the season has been one of his most successful. On his return from each trip he has been able to show a string of fish of enviable size and number. He reports that the small-mouth took the fly greedily up to three weeks ago. His star performance was the catching of a 4½lb. small-mouth bass on a 6½oz. rod. In his store he has an outline drawing of this fish, a true pattern taken from life, though bulbous in places and of tremulous outline in others, as if it were nervous when having its portrait taken. The said portrait bears all kinds of legends of a scoffing or doubting nature, written by several of his friends. Mr. Von Lengerke stoutly maintains that he is strictly truthful about his shooting and fishing stories, and that the fish was 19½in. in length, though as he pressed the rule a bit too close when measuring it, it was fairly 20in., and it thus was a good fish. This is worthy of the attention of those who try to make their fish larger.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates, Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.

Sept. 7 to 10.—Binghampton Industrial Exhibition's sixth annual bench show. C. H. Barrett, Supt.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-18.—Orange County bench show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robt. Johnston, Sec'y.

Sept. 21 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 22 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.

Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Coutinental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 28.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Aylen, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D.

Oct. 21.—Altear Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

WHAT BECAME OF FIGARO?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Everybody in St. Augustine and all the regular winter visitors for many years well knew Mr. Pierron, a French photographer, whose home was in the ancient city. For the last seven years of his life Mr. Pierron's constant companion had been his dog Figaro, which he had raised from a puppy. Figaro seemed to be a cross between a pointer and a large hound. His master lived alone in a building standing apart from others and close by the bay. Behind the studio was his bedroom and kitchen, so that Figaro grew up accustomed to French cooking and understood both French and English, although he was more attentive to the former, as it was for the most part the means of communication between him and his master.

So they lived as inseparable companions until one day Mr. Pierron was stricken with paralysis and was taken to the hospital. Even then a most unheard of concession was made, and Figaro was admitted to his master's ward and scanned every face that approached him.

After a while Mr. Pierron recovered so that he could leave the hospital, and with Figaro was once more seen about the streets, Figaro keeping close watch over his master's feeble steps. While at the house of a friend Mr. Pierron was again taken ill, and it soon became apparent that it was his last illness. He lingered several weeks, growing slowly weaker, with Figaro almost always at his side. He would lick his master's face and hands as he lay on the couch and then lick my hand, seeming to understand that I was trying to do his master some good.

As Mr. Pierron neared his end he became anxious as to what was to become of Figaro, and arrangements were made for him after he should pass away.

A few days before his death he relapsed for the greater part of the time into a state of semi-consciousness, and Figaro all at once disappeared.

He went over the Sebastian River to the house of a Frenchman—a friend of his master's—who at first thought Mr. Pierron was dead and that the dog was wandering away. So he took him in, and learning that Mr. Pierron was still alive kept him for a day or two, although he refused all food, and then at evening, coming in to see his old friend once more, brought the dog along. After he had crossed the bridge over the river, Figaro disappeared in the darkness, and the man, thinking he had merely hastened on ahead of him, thought nothing of it; but he did not appear again at his master's bedside, who lived but a day longer. Nor has he ever been seen since by any one, although inquiries and search have been made everywhere. He was a dog so well known that he could not have been seen anywhere without being recognized.

It is now some months since Mr. Pierron died, and the mystery as to the disappearance of Figaro is as great as ever.

Did he recognize that his master was dying and so went away himself to die? His utter refusal to eat at the house of his master's friend looked like it. It is only another example of that most mysterious bond which binds dogs to men.

W.

Chicken Dogs.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We gilt-edged sportsmen of America are not a little proud of our chicken dogs—setters and pointers—in the year 1896, and it is not strange at all that we think them the best in the world. At least we think them better than the dogs of the past. Our dogs now alive are more in evidence than the dogs which are dead and it is natural that we should think the better of the ones which are alive.

It is doubtful whether the English setters of to-day, with all their fine feather and pretty color, and pedigrees bristling with the names of famous dogs, some so by merit and others by favor, could approach in practical usefulness the old natives or cross breds of twenty-five years ago. Many of those dogs would hunt day after day and sometimes week after week. Such hunting was not deemed as especially remarkable. A dog which would work but an hour or two, after the manner of our latter-day ornament dogs, would not be considered as worth his salt. They were sensible dogs, too. They knew how to find birds by good management and were cool and free from excitement in their work.

Take for example Bismarck, owned by David Brooks, of Philadelphia. He was a dog famous from one end of the hunting country to the other as long ago as 1875. He galloped over the prairie in a steady swing without any distress, and could find chickens in a marvelous manner. And yet he was not much for breeding, being a kind of cross bred Irish with no great pretensions to beauty. In his eighth year he hunted with the same wonderful endurance which always distinguished him. His owner hunted him day after day on chickens, and claimed that he preferred to hunt at all times rather than ride in a wagon, and that he excelled all his companion dogs, finding from three-quarters to all the birds each day, regardless of what dogs were against him.

Alas! poor Bis. In his eighth year he fell a victim to the crowded express car, being suffocated with another dog while *in transitu* from State Center, Ia., to Philadelphia. So died one of the greatest of America's bird dogs, but not having the frills of fashion which so far transcend real merit, his name is unknown to a later generation.

OLD TIMER.

Queens County Agricultural Society.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All the gentlemen who were invited to judge at the first show of the Q. C. A. S. have accepted, with the exception of Mr. W. H. Joeckel and Mr. C F. Leland. Mr. Robert H. Burroughs, of East Orange, N. J., secretary of the St. Bernard Club, has kindly consented to take Mr. Joeckel's place, and a judge of Boston terriers will be announced as soon as possible.

Most of the specialty clubs will contribute club specials, and among those already heard from are the following:

The American Mastiff Club offers three club cups: One for the best American-bred mastiff (competition open to all), and one each for the best dog and bitch owned by club members.

The St. Bernard Club offers a club medal for the best American-bred rough dog, one for the best American-bred rough bitch, and one each for the best American-bred smooth dog and bitch owned by members of the St. Bernard Club.

The Fox Terrier Club offers $5 for the best smooth dog and $5 for the best smooth bitch in the open classes, also $5 each for the best wire-haired dog and bitch in the open classes (open to members of the club).

The American Spaniel Club donates the usual prizes which accompany the adoption of its classification.

The Boston Terrier Club offers three silver cups, value $10 each: one each for the best Boston terrier dog and bitch and a third for the best brace.

Mr. Perry Tiffany offers $10 each for the best American-bred bull terrier dog and bitch over 30lbs.

Mr. A. C. Pickhardt offers a silver cup, value $25, for the best pointer in the open classes.

There will be many more to follow, of which I will notify you.

JAS. MORTIMER, Sec'y and Supt.

PENINSULAR F. T. CLUB'S

Breeders' Stakes.

POINTERS.

W. E. HALL'S l. and w. dog JO-HE (Plain Sam—Blondie); breeder, M. C. Ketchum.

A. Harrington's b. and tkd. bitch FLIT (Cobwebs—Diablanche); breeder, owner.

C. H. Creighton's l. and w. bitch CLIO C. (Plain Sam—Blondie); breeder, M. C. Ketchum.

Leamington Pointer Kennel and W. D. Wigle's b. and w. bitch MAUD W. (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie), and l. and w. dog JOE HANDY, same litter, and l. and w. bitch KATE FIELD (Count Graphic—Nellie Lansdowne); breeder, owner.

Nat Stewart's b. and w. bitch BLACKSIE (Plain Sam—Blondie); breeder, M. C. Ketchum.

James Black's l. and w. dog PAT B. (Mont—Nell); breeder, V. Bachelor.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

H. Marshall Graydon's b., w. and t. bitch HEATHER BLOOM (Dash Antonio—Bly); breeder, Stephen Lusted.

Fishback & Baughn's lem. and w. bitch GRACE DARLING (Gladstone's Boy—Gath's Belle).

T. G. Davey's lem. and w. bitch GRACE (Prince—Lady Brighton); breeder, owner; and b. and w. bitch LUCY (Brighton Tobe—Norah); breeder, owner; and b. and w. dog JOE (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie).

IRISH SETTERS.

Albert Drouillard's dog FRANK (Fingaln—Fawn); breeder, owner.

J. B. McKay's dog DRENAGH (Finglas—River Roe), and FOYLE, same litter; breeder, owner.

The Bicycle Dog.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us, in friendly words of disapproval, in respect to our manner of treating the bicycle dog in FOREST AND STREAM of July 25. He holds that ridicule may discourage the breeding of such dogs and thus deprive man of dog's companionship in diversions awheel which are most enjoyable; that is, in going forth for long rides through the boulevards of the great cities, or through the more pleasing roads of the country.

The companionship of the dog and the added enjoyment which his frolic and delight afforded as he galloped joyously to and fro, enhancing the charm of the picture, would, he maintains, be much of gain to this healthful form of recreation.

Our friend is laboring under a mistake as to the possibilities of a dog's speed and endurance, is inattentive to the cruelty inflicted, and undoubtedly is but one of many others in that respect. While walking along he has seen his dogs roam happily about him, and the zest of enjoyment and affection of his faithful friends added much to his own pleasure. The speed capabilities and endurance of the dogs so far exceeded his own that the possibility of limitation never entered into his mind.

When out with a bicycle rider the conditions are changed. The pedestrian's rate of speed is from three to six miles an hour, the latter being compassed only by the swiftest walkers. The bicyclist at a moderate rate of speed goes ten miles an hour, and at that rate or even less the unfortunate dog which may be with him has no time for frolicking. He must attend strictly to traveling, and if the weather be hot and the roads dusty the poor dog, being close to the ground, suffers intensely, for the closer he is to the ground the more he is in the densest dust and greatest heat, direct and reflected.

If in the city, the bicycle dog is constantly in the way of other wheelmen, if not in the way of his master, and is therefore entirely out of place.

In the country the bicycle dog's powers are taxed too much. It would be nearly as absurd to propose that there is a need of a dog to follow a passenger train so that his owner, who is riding comfortably within, may enjoy his dog's companionship. Dogs fitted especially for hard work could not maintain the pace of the average bicyclist for any long run, and if the dog be physically in the ordinary condition of the city or country dog, requiring him to follow the bicycle is the infliction of a wanton cruelty.

Of course, if the bicyclist takes his dogs out for exercise, and carefully adjusts his pace to the dogs' capabilities, taking them home when they have had work enough, such is commendable, but it is a different matter from requiring the dog to follow in long rides through heat and dust at the wheelman's pleasure.

The enthusiast, who intends no cruelty, should consider that the exalted pleasure that he himself feels from riding a wheel may not be possible to the dog afoot, extended as he is at his utmost. The happiness the dog feels, when his master goes afoot and permits him to romp freely, is not possible when he is racing at his utmost and suffering much distress. An owner is truly without any genuine affection in his heart who can enjoy his dog's companionship under such circumstances.

No doubt ignorance or lack of observation of the dog's distress when following a wheel, or inattention to the changed conditions between awheel and afoot, may be plead in extenuation of the suffering inflicted by many.

There is no need of a bicycle dog. There is enough of interest, and enough to tax the attention seriously of the bicyclist, without the added responsibility which a dog entails. And our correspondent and others who may feel any interest in the subject will grant that in the proposition of breeding a bicycle dog there is something of the ridiculous.

The Snaring of Foxes.

CHICAGO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of July 11 I notice an article in regard to the snaring of foxes, also comment that snaring the fox is not sport. Perhaps it is not, but it puts an end to the fox just the same, and I for one believe in getting rid of the animal. I was raised within fifty miles of this city, and no more than ten years ago the prairie chicken could be found on any piece of stubble. All at once people began to talk about seeing foxes, and they became numerous. Where they came from no one seems to know, and there are still a good many throughout Kendall and Grundy counties. With the coming of the fox commenced the slaughter of the birds on the nest. The eggs were destroyed and the young also.

In my travels of the last two years I have come across localities that would be a perfect home for grouse, quail, woodcock and all other birds of like nature. I did not there see a bird or hear a single note uttered by any game bird. I asked the reason of it. No one seemed to know. I asked if there were any foxes in the country. Oh, yes; lots of them. They steal our chickens every night. I find by inquiry that about one-half dozen men in the country were in the habit of hunting the fox with hounds, but would not allow any of them killed. Now shall every one in that county give up to a few fox hunters?

I am a lover of the gun and rod, and believe in game and fish protection, but the fox will get it in the neck whenever I get the chance for a shot. L. PLATT.

Central Beagle Club.

SHARPSBURG, Pa., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Central Beagle Club held their July meeting and elected Dr. W. E. Johnston, of Etna, Pa., and Harry Louis, of McKeesport, Pa., as their judges for their trials, which begin on Nov. 10.

Greene county, Pa., has been selected as the place to hold the trials, which will be at Waynesburg or Carmichaels. The field committee expect about Sept. 1 to take several braces of beagles, draw the grounds and decide which of the two places will be the best, as both are very good. They thought this way the better to decide. The entry will close Oct. 20. The club is getting a very fine silver cup to be competed for as a special, and everything points to a successful trial. L. O. S., Sec'y.

A field trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York, at 3:15 P. M., Aug. 11. George W. Rogers, Secretary, 250 West Twenty-second street.

B. M. Stephenson.

WE regret to learn of the death of Beverly M. Stephenson, of La Grange, Tenn. He was killed at Somerville, Tenn., on July 27 while resisting arrest. He was the independent candidate for sheriff of Fayette county, Tenn. Col. L. S. Gallaway is chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of that county. There appeared to be some opposition to B. M. Stephenson's candidacy from the Democracy, and this led to a personal encounter between the two parties mentioned. They met in Somerville on July 27 and quarreled. Col. Gallaway was unarmed, and when shot at fled for safety to the shelter of a nearby drug store. Deputy Sheriff Hunter soon afterward entered the drug store and asked who did the shooting. Stephenson replied that he did. The deputy sheriff told him he was under arrest, whereupon Stephenson fired at him twice, missing each time. The deputy sheriff returned the fire, putting two bullets into Stephenson's body, either one of which would have been fatal. B. M. Stephenson was well known to all field trial patrons. He handled such well-known dogs as Bob Gates, Ollie S., Noble C., Ben Hill, Lillian, Corsair, Tribulation, Lady C., Rubicon, Lady Zeal, Galena, Tennessee Charley and others. He was in the middle years of life, of great personal beauty, but was afflicted with an ungovernable hot temper, which often resulted in trouble to himself and others.

Toronto Show.

AT the coming dog show of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held at Toronto Sept. 7 to 11, the following changes have been made by the American Spaniel Club with their specials: The Saybrook trophy, offered by Mr. Rowland P. Keasby for the best American field spaniel, has been substituted for the American Spaniel Club trophy for the best field spaniel at the show; and the brace challenge bowl, donated by George R. Preston, Jr., for the best brace of spaniels over 28lbs., has been substituted for the Bell cup prize. Lists are now ready and can be procured from the secretary, C. A. Stone, 82 King street, Toronto. The entry fee for all classes is $2, not $3, as published. C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

Brunswick Fur Club.

ROXBURY, Mass.—The eighth annual foxhound field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 19. These trials are open to the world and all fox hunters are invited to be present and enter their hounds.

The secretary will be glad to send copies of the running rules upon application and to give any further information that is desired. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The portrait of the famous pointer dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen), which we publish this week, is notable for its fidelity to color, expression and form, and for the admirable selection of his best attitude on point. Jingo's most famous achievement was the winning of the International Championship Stake of the Northwestern Field Trials Club at Morris, Manitoba, last year, his competitors being Minnie T., Musa, Bonny Dan of Colehill, Pitti Sing,

JINGO.

Delhi, Ightfield Mentor and Tony Boy. He also won first in the Pointer Derby of the Central Field Trials Club, 1872; second in All-Age Pointer Stake of U. S. F. T. C.; second, All-Age Stake of Continental F. T. C.; second, All-Age Stake of Manitoba F. T. C., 1895, and fourth in the U. S. F. T. Club's All-Age Pointer Stake this year, he being ill at that time. The portrait is from a photograph of a painting made by Prof. Edwin H. Osthaus, who, besides being a master of his art, is a practical sportsman, and infuses the true spirit of the woods and fields in his productions.

The premium list of the great international bench show of dogs and cats enumerates a most attractive list of prizes and specials. Address C. A. Stone, Secretary, Toronto, Can.

The premium list of the Crystal Palace bench show, Kingston, Ont., can be obtained of Mr. H. C. Bates, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sept. 15 to 18 have been claimed for the Orange county bench show, Newburgh, N. Y.

The Canadian Fox Terrier Club will accept our thanks for a copy of its rules, standards, stakes, list of members and conditions governing the competition for the club's cups. It is neatly and artistically gotten up. Mr. H. P. Thompson, Secretary-Treasurer, 31 St. Mary street, Toronto.

In our business columns this week a trained setter and pointer are offered by A. H. Carter, Lebanon, N. H. A. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., offers coon and rabbit hounds and our partridge dogs. F. E. Bosworth, Easthampton, Mass., offers deerhounds. H. Barnard, Jr., Rome, N. Y., wants a pointer dog. Ward M. Langdon, Copake, N. Y., offers greyhounds. Rudolph Mueller & Son, Chicago, offer a mange cure.

The following circular letter, bearing date of July 28, has been issued to the members of the American Spaniel Club by the secretary, with the approval of the executive committee: "In reference to the subject of holding spaniel field trials your executive committee begs to report as follows: In May last a circular notice was sent to all the members of the club, asking for entries and opinions on the subject. In reply thereto but six answers have been received and only four entries made—these coming from one member of the club. As nearly one month has elapsed since the date named in the notice for receiving replies, your committee does not feel authorized to keep the matter open longer, and is reluctantly forced to abandon the project, at least for the present. In view of the manner in which this subject has been discussed your committee regret that their efforts to hold trials have not received your support, and while two specials have been kindly offered, the above entries are the only ones made or suggested."

Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the Continental F. T. C., has received the following letter from Mr. Thomas Johnson, the true ring of sportsmanship being so self-evident that comment is unnecessary: "Please find inclosed check for $15 (with 25 cents added for collection) for three entries in your Northwestern Stake, as per annexed form. I do not think I shall be able to attend your trials, but this stake commends itself so much, viz., as an encourager to amateur sportsmen, and your club giving starters and entry fees in prizes (less a fair amount for expenses), shows an evident desire to popularize field trials. This is why I give the stake a moral support in a slight practical manner."

The programme of the U. S. F. T. C.'s winter Derby, to be run at West Point, Miss., is announced this week in our business columns. The prizes are liberal, and the club desires that special note be made of the advantages offered setters and pointers in separate stakes, the breeds running independently. Entries close Aug. 15. Full information as to forfeits, etc., can be obtained by referring to the advertisement. The judges are Messrs. J. D. King, W. B. Meares and George Eubanks. Field trial supporters should note the advantages offered for a competition in the best time of the year for good field work (January), and information on any subject pertaining to the trials can be obtained of the Sec'y-Treas., Mr. W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.

Mr. James B. Baker, New York, lost his pointer bitch Westminster Zoe (King of Kent—Westminster Ina), recently, from difficult parturition. She had been bred to Rip Rap, and much was expected from the result of the union. Zoe won first in All-Age Stake of Philadelphia Kennel Club last year, and third in the same club's Derby, 1894.

A dog described as a half-breed spaniel, mangy in exterior and miserable in circumstances, ensconced himself on the steps of the American Title Co., in the Mutual Life Building on Nassau street, New York, Saturday forenoon last. The approach of callers one after another awoke the dog, and his growling and hostile attitude drove them away. This was taken as sufficient evidence that the dog had constituted himself guardian of the building, but it is more probable that he was making himself comfortable. A policeman was called to remove the dog, a task which he presumed could be done in a moment. In response to his "good doggy" he received a growl, and in response to his jocular club poke in the ribs he received a bite on his thumb. Sucking his thumb, he held council with the managers of the office, and then he shot at the dog, and here is really the extraordinary part, he killed it and not a bystander. The "middle of the road" policy is a good one for dogs on Nassau street.

Keys, the canine employee of the Union Iron Works, met with an accident recently by which his front right leg was broken, says the San Francisco *Examiner*. Keys has been looked upon by the officers of the iron works as one of the regular workmen for about four years. He is a dog of no particular beauty, and his pedigree would not be considered by dog fanciers, but he possesses wonderful intelligence. He makes the Potrero Police Station his home and he is the pet of Lieut. Bennet, but nearly every workman in the shipbuilding concern claims the friendship of the dog. At the first tap of the gong every morning Keys has reported for duty at the gates of the Union Iron Works, and he has never left until a full day's work has been accomplished. He was particularly useful in the shipyard and in the boiler shop, and the foremen of these departments say he was more valuable to them than a man for doing certain kinds of work. He could crawl through small holes in boilers and about ships, and his particular work was to carry tools, bolts, nuts, rivets and other small articles needed by workmen who had crawled into such places, and to have them creep back and forth for which would have caused considerable loss of time. Keys thoroughly understood his work, and he was always on hand when needed. Recently a steamer was placed on the dry dock for repairs, and the dog, realizing that his services might be needed by the workmen, was climbing a ladder to the deck when he slipped and fell about 20ft. The men picked him up, and making a stretcher of some pieces of canvas carried him to the police station and sent for a physician to set the broken limb.

Under date of July 30, Mr. J. B. Stoddard, who is now staying at Thomasville, N. C., writes that the thermometer reaches the 100° mark every day. Still, that is far less than it is possible when the matter of 16 to 1 is settled.

We are informed that the outlook for birds in Manitoba this year is not favorable as compared with former years. The spring season was very wet, and in consequence it is supposed that many nests were destroyed.

"Did Mrs. Jones give up her bloomers to please her husband?"

"No, her pug dog wouldn't come near her when she had them on."—*Chicago Record.*

Mr. N. B. Nesbitt, of Mississippi, and Mr. D. E. Rose, of Tennessee, arrived in Manitoba on July 26, each with

a string of dogs, nineteen all told. They are preparing for competition in the Manitoba Field Trials Club's trials in September. Mr. Chas. Barker, after an absence from field trial affairs for several years, is due in Manitoba in a few days with the dogs of the Del Monte Kennels, of which he is now the trainer. The old grounds of last year at Glen Lea, found so satisfactory for training purposes, will be used this year by Messrs. Rose and Nesbitt.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Belle of Piedmont, Jr., English setter bitch, July 20, to champion Antonio.

WHELPS.

Mr. W. W. Mills, Jr.'s, Yawtacaw Dodo, fox terrier bitch, whelped, July 14, seven pups, by Halifax Revival.

SALES.

Mr. G. W. Patterson has sold
——, St. Bernard dog, to Mr. Jas. A. Howson.
——, St. Bernard dog, to Mr. C. Juel.
——, St. Bernard bitch, to Mr. Howell F. Wilson.
——, St. Bernard bitch, to Dr. Wesley Mills.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

THE CARE OF THE CHAIN.

UNDER the best conditions, as every wheelman knows, a large percentage of the power applied to propelling a bicycle is lost through the friction of the chain. Many devices have been invented for minimizing this friction, such as ball-bearing chains and sprockets, and the so-called chainless systems, where power is transmitted by means of a rod working on level gears at either end, but none of these devices have as yet attained any great vogue. The cyclist is obliged therefore, if he wants his wheel to run easily, to pay constant attention to his chain and see that that runs as freely as possible. It would be a good thing if the English gear guards were more common on this side of the water, for by protecting the chain from mud and dust they would save a great deal of the dirty work of cleaning and lubricating that is now necessary. Americans, however, do not take kindly to the idea at present, and this is only one example where solid comfort is sacrificed for lightness.

To give the best service a chain should be perfectly limber, and when removed from the wheel every link should bend with the utmost freedom. If there is stiffness at any point the wheel is bound to run hard and the rider to suffer. Sometimes through faulty manufacture one or more links in a new chain will refuse to bend, and as this is generally due to imperfect pivots or the fact that the rivets are too tight, the chain should be returned to the bicycle manufacturer or sent to the repair shop. At other times the stiffness comes from rust or dirt, and in this case the chain needs a thorough cleaning. It should be immersed in a can of gasoline or kerosene oil and left over night for a thorough soaking, or if the rider is in a hurry he can stir it around or put a tight cover on the can and shake it for a few minutes, occasionally renewing the oil. When cleaning a chain at night he should use kerosene, on account of the danger of explosion if the gasoline vapor reaches a light, but the latter is more satisfactory, as it is free from the corroding effects of the kerosene.

When the chain is wiped clean and attached to the wheel, it should be oiled and lubricated with graphite. It is a common mistake to believe that graphite alone will make a chain run smoothly. Graphite, unless in combination with some oil, only acts on the surface of the chain and does not help the joints at all. The oil should be applied to the joints separately, and after the wheel has been revolved several times to help it work into the crevices it should be wiped from all exposed portions, after which the graphite is applied. Chains may also be cleaned by boiling in a solution of cyanide of potassium and water, which removes dirt and rust very effectually and makes them look like new. Chains are apt to shorten under certain conditions, such as lack of lubrication, or riding in the rain and collecting sand and mud, or simply from rust. In such cases every link as it passes over the small sprocket forms an elbow, and all the slack of the chain is taken up. In severe cases the rear fork is sometimes bent by the tension, but danger from this source is very apparent and may easily be guarded against.

WORK SPENT IN PRESSING PEDALS.

IN a recent communication to the Paris Académie des Sciences M. Bouny gives particulars of a series of experiments made to determine the power exerted in propelling a bicycle at different speeds. The method adopted was to take an autographic record of the total force exerted on the pedal throughout a complete revolution. To this end a disk was mounted on the bicycle crank concentric with the pedal pin. The pedal itself was mounted on stiff springs, and points fixed to it traced curves on the disk already mentioned. If no pressure was exerted on the pedal, these latter curves were simple concentric circles; when, however, the rider began to work, the springs on which the pedal was mounted yielded proportionately to the pressure applied, and the curves then drawn showed, by their deviation from the circular form, the value of the force applied at any part of a revolution. One of the pointers in question measured the force applied in a direction perpendicular to the plane of the pedal, while the other showed the pressure applied parallel to this plane. The latter is by no means an insignificant quantity, as all good riders shove their pedal forward as well as down. The angle the pedal made at any moment with the crank was also automatically recorded.

An examination of the diagrams thus obtained showed, in the first place, that there was no absolute dead point, such as occurs with an ordinary connecting-rod and crank motion, and secondly that there is always some pressure on the pedal during the rise, the negative work due to which has to be subtracted from that done during the down stroke to obtain the net amount used in propulsion. The experiments were made at speeds ranging from 10½ to 21¼ miles per hour, the machine being run on a wooden racing track. The results, reduced to even English measures by means of a formula of interpolation, were as follows:

Speed. Miles per hour.	Work Done per Semi-revolution. Ft. Lbs.
10	18.58
10⅝	20.96
12.5	33.98
15.0	47.50
17.5	56.75
20.0	63.62
21¼	66.08

It will be seen from the above figures that the average pressure of the foot required on the pedal increases rapidly with the speed, being at twenty miles an hour nearly three and one-half times as much as at ten miles per hour. Unfortunately the gear used is not noted by M. Bouny, and so it is impossible to deduce from the above figures the average tractive resistance of the machine at the different speeds. Probably at the higher speeds named a large proportion of the total work done was expended in overcoming atmospheric resistance, and the run of the figures might be changed considerably if the trials were conducted on a roughish road instead of on a smooth track.—*Engineering.*

POSITION AND POWER.

IN the Swiss normal bicycle, illustrated in a recent issue, it will be remembered that by a peculiar arrangement of seat and pedals the rider is given a point of support at his back designed to enable him to exert a much greater power for propulsion than when he depends upon his weight solely as a basis.

This same idea is responsible for a device called a "speed producer," which has just appeared. The speed producer is intended for attachment to any ordinary bicycle, and is simply a light, strong, back support of steel, which when clamped to a tee saddle post reaches 6in. above the seat. It is said to keep the rider from "slipping back in his saddle," and appears to be intended chiefly for racing wheels, where the rider bends forward and pushes back, in exact opposite to the position assumed on the so-called normal bicycle.

While we admit that there is something to be said in favor of both these devices, we are inclined to doubt their practical utility, for two reasons, which are, first, that the rider is very rarely called upon to exert a power for propulsion greater that his own weight; and secondly, that when so called upon he already has in his handle bars a point of support which will enable him to properly utilize the great lifting power of his legs.

We print elsewhere a table showing the power required to propel a bicycle at varying rates of speed. An analysis of this table shows that while increasing the speed from 10⅛ to 12⅞ miles per hour the average increase in work per mile per hour is nearly 7 foot pounds for each downward thrust of the pedals. When a speed of twenty miles per hour is reached the average increase per mile is less than 2 foot pounds. Between these extremes the effort required to "hit it up," as measured in foot pounds, decreases at a constant ratio, and accordingly we are justified in assuming that at speeds greater than those given in the table the force required to increase the speed for each succeeding mile per hour is less than 2 foot pounds.

Assuming that it is exactly 2 foot pounds, a speed of thirty miles per hour, or a two-minute gait, would be reached at an expenditure of force of 83.62 foot pounds, and a mile-a-minute gait would result from a push of 103.62 foot pounds, which is considerably less than the weight of the average racing man.

From these figures it will be seen that if weight were the important factor in a trial of speed most riders would be able to do a mile in a minute, point of support or no point of support. Such argument, however, is a waste of time, for every one knows that speed depends on the muscle and pluck of the rider, and that as the thrust which he exerts against the pedal is well within the limit of his weight, tieing him to the seat would not make him go the faster.

There are occasions in hill climbing, and possibly at times during races, though we doubt it, that the rider exerts a force greater than his own weight, but on these occasions his handle bars serve as the required point of support. Bracing against these, the wheelman can push to the full capacity of his leg muscles, and if he does not climb the hill it is nobody's fault but his own. He fails through lack of physical powers, and not because he is handicapped by his machine. So much for the "point of support" argument.

As regards the claim advanced by the promoters of the bicycle that owing to the position of the rider, with his legs nearly horizontal, "his forces are far more effectually utilized and with considerable less fatigue" than those of the ordinary rider, we do not believe that this is borne out by the experience of manufacturers and wheelmen in general. In the old safeties the riders were forced to assume a somewhat similar position, and that they did not find it conducive to the effectual utilization of their forces is indicated by the fact that such models were long ago discarded.

Moreover, the best modern practice, which is the result of years of experiment, is all in favor of a perpendicular position in riding, or one leaning slightly forward. The nearer one reproduces the condition of walking, the less will be the resultant fatigue. With one's legs held out at right angles to the body, the stomach and leg muscles must be taxed for purposes other than propulsion, and we fail to see how such a position can rightly be called normal.

Bicyclers and Bear.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., July 31.—I am glad to see that you have started a wheeling department. It ought to be a great success, and doubtless will be. Last fall while riding in company with a friend I had the good luck to run within 30yds. of a black bear. The fellow made off at a great clip as soon as he saw us, and we were surprised that so unwieldly an animal could get along so fast. It was fortunate for us that he ran, for we were riding down hill very fast and did not see him till we rounded a curve almost on top of him. He saved a collision by getting out of the road. Three or four times I have stolen up on foxes that were hunting along the road, and once had the fun of measuring speed with one that attempted to escape by running down the road instead of jumping into the bushes. For a quarter of a mile I did not gain or lose an inch as far as I could see and the fox was about 20yds. ahead of me. Then he took to the cover, and the chase was over. BRADFORD S. TURPIN.

WHEEL NOTES.

The bicycling trousers made with the so-called "golf bottoms" or "cuffs" appear not to have become popular. From the West we hear that they have never succeeded in reaching much sale among the cyclers of the large cities, such as Chicago. The objection urged against this style of finish for the knickerbockers is that the cuff of moleskin or other heavy cloth is apt to wrinkle and lose its set after short wear. Moreover, some of the fastidious claim that to wear knickers with the golf bottom argues that one can afford only one pair of short clothes for golf, tennis and the wheel, whereas each sport is entitled to its own garment. At any rate, the form of garment has not been generally adopted for the wheel.

More and more one sees the knickerbocker garb edging its way into business dress. In the Government offices at Washington hundreds of the clerical force go to their work dressed in short dress, and the "mufti" of the wheel is coming more in evidence in many large cities. Why not? No one who knows the comfort of knickerbockers ever willingly goes into long trousers. As to sightliness there is no comparison between the two. We do not pause to realize what slaves we are to fashion. If this be true, let us hope fashion shall always be as rational as in the garb of the wheel.

If one ride, he should ride fitly. To ride without the proper dress is to lose more than half the enjoyment of the wheel. The beginner is placarded by his outfit.

There are few railroads in the West which do not check bicycles free—and very gladly.

In the sandiest of the sandy pine country of upper Michigan and Wisconsin the wheel is in general use, even in little villages about which the roads are so deep in sand that the rider must perforce walk many a mile in going a few hours' journey.

The summer tour to a fishing place now is incomplete without the wheel in the outfit.

Picnic parties, with gypsy camp attachments, are a popular diversion in Chicago among wheelmen. At that city may anglers go into the country wheelback.

In southwestern Iowa the country is quite hilly, but the bicycle is used by everybody. The gear there averages about 63, and when one of these riders, who began to learn in the middle of the hills, strikes a rider who has never had any experience except on the flat, he has fun with the latter individual.

Southern Michigan has hundreds of miles of gravel roads. In Wisconsin the roads average very good, in the lower part of the State especially. Upper Indiana is gravel and sand in many sections. Illinois runs more to black dirt.

WIT OF THE WHEEL.

"Uncle Bob, what is a pedestrian?"

"Why, he is a fellow what makes a row when a bicycle runs over him."—*Exchange.*

FALLING FROM GRACE.

A young man in this city has named his bicycle Grace—not after his girl, but because he falls from it so often.—*Utica Herald.*

HAD NEVER SEEN PNEUMATICS.

Little Girl—See, mamma; the poor man must have come an awful long way! See how swollen the wheels are.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

FASTEST ON RECORD.

"You are charged," said the judge, "with riding your bicycle through the streets at a rate exceeding ten miles an hour."

"Ten miles?" said the man whose new wheel had run away with him—"ten miles? I'll bet I was going 300."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

ROAD RAMMERS.

Wheeler—This idea of taxing bicycles as vehicles is simply outrageous. A bicycle doesn't damage the roadway a bit.

Walker—It isn't the wheels that do the damage; it is the fellows who fall off.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

HONORS EASY.

Papa—So, Bobby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you?

Bobby—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.—*Harper's Round Table.*

BOUGHT BY WEIGHT.

Dealer—I'll sell you that wheel for $50. It weighs 22lbs.

Rude Scudder (from Cearfoss Crossroads)—Why, my boy Ab bought one for $25 t'other day that weighed 90lbs. You can't soak me, by gum!—*Judge.*

HARD-HEADED, BUT——

"Hear about Barrick? Fell off his wheel last night on to his head and was unconscious for more than three hours."

"You don't say? Well, well! I never thought it would affect him that way. I have so often heard him spoken of as such a hard-headed business man.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Only love makes life worth living.—*Troy Press.*

Oh, no. There are pie and bicycles, not to mention other beautiful things.—*New York Sun.*

KNEE WASN'T IN IT.

Molly—There is one thing about these bloomers of mine that I think commendable: they won't bag at the knee.

Myra—No; I notice they seem to be above it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. J. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mullet Lake vs. Ballast Island.

Dayton, O., July 30.—I first attended the meet of the W. C. A., at Ballast Island, in 1886, and have attended every one since, with the exception of that held at Ballast in July, 1895. I have always been an advocate of alternating, in regard to location, holding the meet one summer at Ballast Island, and the next summer at some other favorable spot. We held two meets in Wisconsin, one at Lake Winnebago and one near Madison, on both of which occasions we met a very fine lot of fellows, who proved to be good canoeists, but unfortunately for the Association were not able to follow us when we returned to Ballast Island or to Mullet Lake; therefore it is a question with the Association to-day whether this policy will be successful in the future, and if not successful, it is my opinion that the old original members should rule and hold the meets where it pleases them most. In this connection, I want to speak my little piece in regard to the meet just finished at Dodge's Point, Mullet Lake. A few of us who were present are like the two remaining members of the Ruckawa Canoe Club, a sketch of which appears in the year book of the W. C. A., the end of which reads, "There are only a few of us left, but we are stayers." While the stayers are few in number, they made up everything that was lacking, in enthusiasm and a grand, good time.

In the ten meets I have attended I do not think that I ever had a better time. The place was an ideal one for a camp situated in a most beautiful grove on a point extending out into the waters of Mullet Lake. The weather could not have been more desirable if it had been ordered especially for the occasion. The accessibility of the spot by boat or rail made the journey there very delightful, while the accommodations at the Waldemere Club were something that the W. C. A. members have not been accustomed to at their meets on former occasions. Last, but not least, by any means, the hospitality shown to us by the members of the Waldemere Club and their friends.

When we arrived in Cheboygan we were taken charge of, and the question was many times asked of us, "Now what can we do for you?" and while in camp the spirit of hospitality and cordiality were so marked that it made the small attendance all the more embarrassing to those of us who were there.

The sailing winds, I am told by those who are competent to judge, were all that could be desired, although somewhat heavier than we have been accustomed to. The water was fine for swimming, and the boys who took advantage of the magnificent sand beach will long remember the fun it afforded them.

The fishing in Mullet Lake was quite good, one gentleman taking ten fine black bass in one afternoon at the mouth of the river, 2 miles distant from the camp.

Another pleasant feature of this occasion is the accessibility to the various trout streams, which you are familiar with.

The telephone, telegraph and express were all conveniently arranged for us, which is quite an item with a good many when attending a canoe meet.

Taking it all in all, I am satisfied that we have never found a place so desirable, and I feel that it is due the members of the Waldemere Club, as well as ourselves, that we go there again with a full representative crowd of canoeists, such as we have had on former occasions' and in doing so we could not find a location that would give better satisfaction, everything being considered.

I still cling to Ballast Island as the home of the W. C. A., but I feel that as an alternating point Dodge's Point, on Mullet Lake, is the place for the W. C. A. W. H. Crawford.

Hurrah for Grindstone.

The seventeenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association will be held on our old camping ground on Grindstone Island, from Aug. 14 to 28.

Does not this announcement call up many pleasant recollections of the meets of 1884, '85 and '86, and do not all of the men and women who attended those meets look forward with pleasure to the opportunity of once more camping on old Grindstone, and sailing or paddling on Eel Bay? I hope to see a goodly number of those old boys whose heads must be getting gray perhaps, but whose hearts are ever young and in the right place. Can't you hear one of them now saying to another, "I'm just as young as I used to be." Then, too, I hope the younger men will turn out and show the old boys that there are just as true canoeists now as there ever have been. Come and hear the old fellows tell what they used to do in camp, and how they had faster boats than any of the modern ones, and then go out and sail all around them and capsize once in a while just to show them how easy it is to right your canoe and go on again. Let them open their eyes when they see the batswing sails, the sliding seat and self-bailing cockpit, and then let's all go up on Nob Hill and have such a rousing old campfire as was never seen before, except when we burned all the tent floors on that memorable night in August ten years ago.

Old Grindstone is still there, and Eel Bay and the islands are more beautiful than ever. Let us see if we cannot once more see the bay white with sails, as it was in 1886. Take a canoe, a tent and some blankets, and take a train that will bring you to Clayton or Gananoque on the morning of Aug. 14 next; then take the steamer for camp and spend two as happy weeks as you have ever spent, and renew your acquaintance with the best lot of fellows anywhere to be found, the members of the American Canoe Association. If you are a new member and do not know a single A. C. A. man, come just the same and see how quickly you will get acquainted with them all and find out what a good time you will have. An Old Boy.

Royal C. C. Challenge Cup.

The following account of the victory of W. W. Howard is from the *Field*. We are obliged to defer the *Field's* comments to next week:

Friday, July 17.—Race for the Royal C. C. challenge cup, and challenge cup, value £50 (tenable for the year), and £5 prize; course, from the London Sailing Club round buoy in the Roach, twice round, 10 miles.

Start, 2:30; wind, N. to N.E., fresh. The entries were:

Canoe.	Owner.
Yankee (winner)	Mr. W. W. Howard (British Canoe Association).
Prucas III.	Mr. G. U. Laws (Northern C. C.).
Dragon	Mr. R. F. Lawson (Royal C. C.).
Vanessa	Mr. B. de Q. Quincey (Royal C. C.).
Solitaire	Mr. A. E. Wall (Midland Sailing Club).
Viper	Mr. C. C. Lyman (Royal C. C.).

Vanessa was first over the line at 2:30:05, followed by Yankee at 2:30:15, then came Prucas III., Solitaire and Dragon. Yankee soon took the lead, and, sailing very fast, she had a lead of nearly 13m. at the end of the first round, and finally won by 27m. 51s. It is, however, only fair to the holder of the cup, Mr. C. C. Lynam, to state that he was unable to start, owing to exhaustion consequent on his sailing his canoe round from Southend the day before when there was a gale of wind blowing, and the only wonder is that he arrived at all. Vanessa gave up at the end of the first round, as she was leaking. Solitaire lost her mast soon after rounding Bramkist Spit Buoy, and was towed back by the Dorothy. Although Prucas III. had been practically rebuilt since Wednesday, she was leaking badly, and was half full of water when she finished. Dragon was also leaking, and, although she was sailed right up to the last, it was a hopeless stern chase. It might here be stated that, although Mr. Howard was at Burnham during all the races, this was the only race he started in, which was thought by most, if not all those present, to be rather a strange kind of 'proceeding, considering how easily his canoe is fitted for racing.

Grindstone Island.

AUG. 14-28.

Next week being the annual pilgrimage of all good canoeists to the old camp ground last visited in 1886, everything possible has been done by the officers to make their stay a pleasant one, as were those of former years, and we hope that many will be present. The details of the arrangements are as follows:

TRANSPORTATION ARRANGEMENTS.

The Trunk Line Association, the Boston Passenger Committee (covering New England territory) and the following Canadian lines, C. P. Railway, G. T. Railway (Northern and Western Divisions), Erie & Huron Railway, Central Ontario Railway, Kingston & Pembroke Railway, Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Co., Michigan Central R. R. (also Buffalo, N. Y.), and also Hamilton, Ontario, have granted the customary concession, viz.: A round trip of one and one-third fare to Clayton and Gananoque. Members will pay full fare to the points named, obtaining from the selling agents certificates, which, when indorsed and vised at camp, will enable the holders thereof to return to the point of starting by continuous passage at one-third of the regular rate. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to and during the camp, and certificates will be honored for return trip (without stop-over) for three days (Sunday excepted) after the close of camp, Aug. 28.

Members arriving at Clayton via R., W. & O. R. R. or by steamer (the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.) from Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec and intermediate points, will find the steam yacht Pastime at the railroad dock, running on the following schedule: Leave Clayton 6:30 and 10:30 A. M., and 2:00 and 5:15 P. M.; arrive at camp 7:15 and 11:15 A. M., and 2:45 and 6 P. M. Leave camp 7:30 and 11:30 A. M., and 3:15 and 7:30 P. M.; arrive at Clayton 8:15 A. M., and 12:15, 4:00 and 8:15 P. M.

Members arriving at Gananoque can leave by steamer Valeria at 5 A. M., 3:15 and 7 P. M.; returning, leave camp for Gananoque at 11 A. M., 5:45 and 9 P. M. This steamer will connect with the principal trains on G. T. Railway via Thousand Islands Railway at Gananoque Junction.

The fare on the steamers from Clayton and Gananoque to camp will be reasonable for members and their equipment.

The free carriage of canoes and duffle on railways must be made a matter of arrangement direct with the railway agents by the members, as it is out of the jurisdiction of the railway associations. It is probable, however, that most of the roads will agree to carry canoes and duffle free, or as part of members' baggage, the limit being 150lbs., and excess baggage rates paid on overweight. The N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and R., W. & O. R. R. have agreed to this, canoes being taken, however, at owner's risk. Excess rates per 100lbs. vary according to distance and can be obtained from railway agents. As a rule, a guarantee of eighteen tickets from any one locality to Clayton or Gananoque will entitle the holders to the entire use of a free baggage car. Members of clubs, or individuals, should consult together and try to arrange this, allowing time for securing the use of such a car. A baggage car, or, if necessary, two cars will be provided by the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. for the accommodation of members from New York and vicinity, including New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The car or cars will be at the Thirtieth street station of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. about Aug. 11, and will leave in time to stop over at the Knickerbocker Canoe Club at 138d street, Yonkers and Sing Sing. Thence direct to Clayton, arriving Saturday morning, the 15th, and returning by same route. Members from points outside of New York can ship their equipment by local express, freight or truck to Thirtieth street station, care of James K. Hand, where everything will be cared for and stored in the cars. Those who desire to do so may send their canoes and duffle by water or by truck to the K. C. C. house, where they will be cared for until the arrival of the car. The exact leaving time of the car from points named will be given in the Forest and Stream, and upon application to the undersigned, to whom advice should be sent regarding the quantity of duffle to be carried in the car, number of canoes, etc., as soon as possible.

A sleeping car for the exclusive use of members and their friends will be attached to the train leaving New York on the evening of Friday, Aug. 14, at 7 P. M., if a sufficient number will send their names in prior to Aug. 10. Already nearly the requisite number have responded and accommodations will be given as the names are received.

Any other particulars regarding the whole scheme for transportation will be gladly given by the undersigned, as well as advice regarding the best means of securing favorable transportation from the railroads in regard to the handling of canoes and duffle.

The Transportation Committee, James K. Hand, Chairman,
Grand Central Station, New York City.

A. C. A. CAMP.

The 1896 meet will be held on the old A. C. A. camping ground at the foot of Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River. The camp is about five miles distant from Clayton and the same distance from Gananoque. The main camp will be located, as formerly, in the grove along the north shore and also on the open field fronting Eel Bay.

Squaw Point will also occupy its old location on the point south of the main camp. There is an open grove, and those that prefer can camp just outside of the grove on dry and nearly level ground.

The camp mess will be located near the southerly end of the main camp and will be conducted by Mr. D. McElveny, the well-known Albany caterer, who had charge of the mess last year at Bluff Point. The usual rates of $1 per day will be charged. The mess will be in a large tent erected over a substantial floor. The walls of the tent will be arranged to lower in pleasant weather and can quickly be replaced when desired. It is thought that a tent is much more appropriate for a camp than a wooden building and quite as comfortable.

It is hoped that the members generally will avail themselves of the camp mess, as Mr. McElveny has made extensive preparations for us, and it is hoped that his efforts will be rewarded by a generous patronage.

The camp store will be located near the dock and will keep in stock the usual camp supplies, and will take orders for things not kept in stock. The store will be managed by Mr. Wm. L. Delaney.

Mails will be distributed in camp at the secretary's tent, A. C. A. headquarters. The address for mail and express matter will be A. C. A. Camp, Grindstone Island, Clayton, N. Y. Letters and express matter from Canada should be addressed A. C. A. Camp, Grindstone Island, Gananoque, Ont.

Office hours of the commodore and secretary for the transaction of business will be from 9 until 10 A. M., and 1 until 2 P. M., each day.

Carpenters and laborers have been engaged, lumber purchased, and floors, skids, etc., will be built for members at reasonable cost on application to the camp site committee. Lumber and nails will be sold to members who desire to build their own floors. Flag poles can be furnished at a reasonable price. Members desiring floors, and who can do so, are earnestly requested to send their order, stating size desired, by Aug. 7, or as soon after as possible, to John R. Robertson, Chairman of the Camp Site Committee, A. C. A. Camp, Grindstone Island, Clayton, N. Y.

Customs Regulations.—We quote from letter of F. N. Potter, Collector of Customs at Cape Vincent, regarding the introduction of camp equipage:

"We will allow the Canadian members of the A. C. A. to bring their canoes and camp equipage to Grindstone Island without formal entry, the same to be returned to Canada. Cannot grant permission for free entry of provisions and supplies, as there is no authority for so doing. Will have the deputy collector at Grindstone to look after the camp, and the wants of the A. C. A. will be attended to promptly."

Entertainment.—It is expected that many general camp-fires will be given, and in order that these may be a success it is hoped that all who play, sing or have any specialties will come prepared to do their share toward entertaining.

Illuminations.—Members are requested to bring colored lanterns or other means of illuminating the camp at night.

Signals.—The A. C. A. signal code will be used to convey all intelligence from headquarters to the entire camp, the signal station and poles being located at headquarters. Copies of the code may be obtained from the secretary. Price 10 cents.

CAMP RULES.

1. A member of the executive committee will be appointed each day as "officer of the day," who will have charge of the camp and will appoint four members as pickets to assist him. The officer of the day will wear a red badge and the pickets blue badges.

2. A member-at-large and two associate members will be appointed in charge of the ladies' camp.

3. Members will register, pay their dues and obtain badges at headquarters immediately on arrival.

4. The commodore and secretary will be at headquarters for the transaction of business from 9 until 10 A. M., and 1 until 2 P. M., on each day.

5. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at sunset. After 11 P. M. quiet must be maintained in camp.

6. Tents may be located by owners, subject to the approval of the camp site committee. Tents and grounds must be in order by 10 A. M. A wagon will make the rounds of the camp before that hour for the removal of all rubbish.

7. Neither guests nor members from the main camp will be expected in the ladies' camp before 10 A. M. or after 6 P. M., except by special invitation. Ladies will not be expected in the main camp before 9 A. M.

8. Visitors may be invited to the camp, but a guest's badge must be obtained for them, and their names registered at the secretary's tent. Before 10 A. M. and after 6 P. M. no guests will be expected in camp, except on invitation for occasions especially announced on the bulletin board.

These rules are few and simple, and it is requested that all members co-operate in enforcing them.

Wm. R. Huntington, Commodore,
Grindstone Island Meet, 1896.

A. C. A. BY-LAWS, SECTION 2, CHAPTER 1.

Every member attending a camp shall pay for camp expenses; for general camp $1, and for Division camp such sum as may be determined upon by the executive committee of the Division, provided such sum does not exceed $1. Visitors, when accompanying members, may be admitted to the general camp at the discretion of the commodore and secretary-treasurer, and to the ladies' camp on the invitation of an associate member and at the discretion of the committee governing it; provided that if they spend more than two nights in camp the member introducing them shall pay $2 each, the same dues and camp charges as regular members. But this shall not preclude the admission of any of the immediate family of a member.

THE A. C. A REGATTA PROGRAMME, 1896.

Event No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made paddling.

Event No. 2. Paddling, ½ mile straightaway.

Event No. 3. Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note.—Events Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are record races under Rule 5 of sailing regulations.

Event No. 4. Trophy, paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 5. Unlimited sailing, three classes, 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Starters in trophy sailing race to be selected from this race according to elapsed time.

Event No. 6. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See Rule 5.

Event No. 7. Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 8. Hotel Champlain cup, 4½ miles.

Event No. 9. Orilla cup, 7½ miles. Limited to members of Northern Division.

Event No. 10. Jabberwock trophy, 3 miles. Limited to members of the Central Division.

Note.—Events 9 and 10 are to be sailed providing a Northern and Central meet is not held. Events Nos. 7 and 8 may be contested for at the same time, in the discretion of the regatta committee.

Event No. 11. Club sailing, three classes, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any club to count. A club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1896 meet.

Event No. 12. Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Sail area limited to 100sq. ft., and sliding seat prohibited.

Event No. 13. Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1895.

Event No. 14. Unclassified sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note.—The regatta committee reserves the right to handicap in this race.

Event No. 15. Paddling; open canoes not under 30lbs. weight, ½ mile straightaway; single blades.

Event No. 16. Tandem paddling, ½ mile straightaway; decked canoe; double blade.

Event No. 17. Tandem club paddling, ½ mile straightaway; open canoes; single blade.

Event No. 18. Club four paddling, ½ mile straightaway; canoes not to be less than 28in. wide and 16ft. long.

Event No. 19. Hurry-scurry; swim, paddle, run.

Event No. 20. War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 25ft. long, nor contain more than nine persons.

Event No. 21. War canoes, 1 mile; canoes not to be over 35ft. long, nor contain to exceed sixteen persons.

Event No. 22. Ladies' paddling, open canoes; ½ mile.

Event No. 23. Ladies' tandem, open canoes; single blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 24. Mixed tandem, open canoes; single blade, ¼ mile.

Event No. 25. Novice paddling, open canoes, ½ mile; open to men who have never paddled a race outside of their own club races.

Event No. 26. Open four; tug of war.

Event No. 27. Tail-end race; open canoes, single blade, paddler to kneel in bow and paddle with the wind, bow first, 200yds.

Event No. 28. Hurry-scurry, obstacle or tournament.

Note.—The committee reserve the right to call any, except the more important and older A. C. A. races, at any time during the meet when in their judgment the conditions are right.

Note.—The right is also reserved by the committee of following the system of handicapping that was used at the last meet.

All events at which less than two starters present themselves at the line will be canceled.

W. C. Witherbee, Chairman Regatta Committee.

OFFICERS FOR 1896.

Commodore, William R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.; Secretary-Treasurer, Thomas H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.; Librarian-Custodian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

Board of Governors: R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, Canada.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Atlantic Division: Vice-Commodore, J. K. Hand, Grand Central Station, N. Y. City; Rear-Commodore, W. C. Lawrence, Trenton, N. J.; Purser, Henry M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Executive Committee, H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.; P. F. Hogan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. H. Smythe, New York City.

Central Division: Vice-Commodore, H. D. McVean, Rochester, N. Y.; Rear-Commodore, Albert T. Smith, Albany, N. Y.; Purser, Geo. J. Keyes, Rochester, N. Y.; Executive Committee, H. V. Backus, Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. W. J. Nellis, Albany, N. Y.

Eastern Division: Vice-Com., J. W. Cartwright, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Rear-Com., Howard Frost, Worcester, Mass.; Purser, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.; Executive Committee: Howard Gray, Dover, N. H.; L. S. Drake, Auburndale, Mass.; A. W. Todd, Hartford, Conn.

Northern Division: Vice-Com., A. H. O'Brien, Toronto, Canada; Rear-Com., D'Arcy Scott, Ottawa, Canada; Purser, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada; Executive Committee: F. C. Johnston, Montreal, Canada.

Regatta Committee: W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y. (Chairman); E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, Canada; Butler Ames, Lowell, Mass.

Camp Site Committee: J. R. Robertson, Auburndale, Mass. (Chairman); J. G. Frazer, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.; J. S. Wardell, Rome, N. Y.; F. F. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y.

Transportation Committee: J. K. Hand, N. Y. city (Chairman); C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.; F. S. Rathbun, Desoronto, Canada. Signal Officer, H. M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.; Fleet Sugeon, Dr. W. J. Nellis, Albany, N. Y.

A. C. A. Membership.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the Forest and Stream.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Residence.*	*Club.*
Wayland Ross	19 Felton Hall, Cambridge, Mass.	——
Louis E. Mendenhall	Peoria, Ill.	——
Geo. C. Chambers	Peoria, Ill.	——
Walter Milner	Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.	——

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Louis Simpson	Yonkers, N. Y.	Yonkers C. C.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

AUGUST.

8. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An., Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
8. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
8-9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
M 10-11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
12-14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.

15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
S. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
7-22. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.
18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
18. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special knockabout, Marblehead.
19. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special, Marblehead.
M 20. American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
21. Kennebuckport, open, Kennebuckport, Me.]
M 21-22. Wellfleet, open. Wellfleet.
22 Beverly, 4th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
M 23. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
23. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
24-26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
S 5. Stamford, An., Stamford, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
7. New York Y. R. A., An., New York Bay.
7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
7. Hempstead, open.
7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
10-13. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

THE malicious attack of the Boston *Herald* upon the 15ft. class this week takes the form of a statement which is absolutely untrue and devoid of all foundation, as follows:

"Already there is a muddle in the matter of an international challenge cup for ½-raters, for at the present time there are two cups up for international competition, and the question now to be decided is: 'Which is the preferred cup?' Is it the one raced for at Oyster Bay or the one sailed for at Ogdensburgh, where Paul Butler beat all comers, even three boats from Montreal, the Sothis being sailed by Duggan, who won with the Glencairn?

"This small boat racing for 'international challenge cups' is liable to turn out seriously funny. True, such boats should be raced on ponds or bathing tanks, but that is no reason why any and every club may not put up 'a challenge cup,' to be raced for internationally. The question as to which is the proper cup to-day will have to be settled some time, and even while this matter is in doubt rumor comes from the Boston Athletic Club that a cup is to be offered for the little ones to race for upon our own frog pond."

No such dispute as this has arisen, nor is it possible, as the announcement has been repeatedly made that the cup given by the Ogdensburgh Y. C. was to be the absolute property of the winner of the one race scheduled for it. It was offered to all comers, the Canadian as well as American yachtsmen, and though in this way an international cup, no attempt whatever has been made by the donors to exploit it as a rival to the Seawanhaka cup. A long familiarity with the methods of the Boston *Herald* has led us to be prepared for almost anything, but in spite, malice and misstatement its attacks on the 15ft. class have been a surprise to us. To cap the climax, the *Herald* has now set to work to induce one of the older, but inactive, of the Eastern clubs to come forward and offer an international challenge cup for the extinct 21ft. class of 1891, of which Alpha was the most conspicuous success.

American and British Steam Yachts.

BATH, Me., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The correspondence published in your issue of July 11 concerning the Payne bill is certainly interesting, but some of the sweeping statements made are decidedly erroneous; therefore I embrace this opportunity of writing still another letter on the subject. In the letter of Wm. B. Collier, Jr., published in your issue of July 11, he states that the clause from the Republican platform, "Product of American labor employed in American shipyards," should read, "Product of foreign labor employed in American shipyards." This, I suppose, is sarcastic wit. It is true that a large number of foreigners are employed in our shipyards, but I guarantee that the majority of mechanics employed in our iron shipyards to-day are American born, and moreover the percentage of American as compared with foreign mechanics is steadily increasing.

There is one shipbuilding firm in this country that can claim to be thoroughly American, and that is the Bath Iron Works, of Bath, Me. This company is officered by Americans, the foremen and draftsmen are all American citizens, also at least 75 per cent. of the mechanics. About six years ago there were but few American citizens employed in this shipyard, but owing to the favorable attitude of the Bath Iron Works officials toward American labor the number has rapidly increased, with the result that the steam yachts recently constructed at these works were plated by Bath-born mechanics.

You state in your reply to Mr. Joy's letter that when a builder receives a contract for a vessel he "ignores the designer entirely and starts on a mode of procedure that is nothing short of a disgrace to the name of American shipbuilding," and you furthermore state that "if the commercial man wants to convert a small margin between profit and loss into a balance on the right side, he must look to the expert designer and not to a mere builder." Now this is a good advertisement for the professional designer; but what about the naval architect and shipyard superintendent connected with the firm? You certainly cannot mean to say that he has not the ability to design even a successful steamer? A shipbuilding firm have connected with them generally a first-class naval architect who acts as superintendent. Under him there is usually an efficient force of draftsmen. The superintendent and the chief draftsman (who is often himself an able naval architect) make the preliminary calculations and drawings, and these are placed in the hands of experienced draftsmen, who work out the complete design under the supervision of their superior officers. This certainly seems to me to be a proper mode of procedure. Because a prominent shipbuilding firm on the Delaware have built a "modern steam yacht" from plans about fifteen years old, and also used their patterns of an old compound engine which has long since gone out of date, it does not follow that this is the usual custom. No. I am glad to say that this is an exception and not the rule.

The reason that many of our vessels when built do not prove as successful as anticipated is because the naval architect seldom has the opportunity to use his own judgment as he would like. He has to cater continually to the owner, and there are but few owners in our country to-day but what think they know much about a ship and could almost design it themselves. The result is the designer is handicapped continually, and the vessel when built is usually far from being the boat he would have liked to have produced. Mr. Geo. L. Watson, of Glasgow, has much more scope to work in than has the designer in our own country, and he has an advantage that but few people understand and appreciate when he designs and has constructed in Scotland steam yachts for American gentlemen. Mr. Watson designs the boats himself, and not being bothered day by day with the owner's whims and peculiar fancies he ought certainly to turn out rapidly a very shipshape vessel. Whether he does this or no I do not care to say, but it is a well-known fact that but few of our yachtsmen who go abroad for their yachts know what they are getting until the boats are completed, and then they are not always satisfied with the result.

Some of our yachtsmen who have gone abroad for the construction of their yachts have stated that they wanted them as quickly as possible, and therefore they found it necessary to place the contract for its construction with British firms. This certainly does not excuse them for their lack of patriotism. We can build here in this country any type of pleasure craft as rapidly as can any British firm, and what is more, our workmanship will be superior. The Bath Iron Works, although severely handicapped by fire, which almost destroyed their shipbuilding plant, built Eleanor, the largest American yacht afloat, in just one year. Peregrine was also constructed by the same firm in about six and a half months, and Illawarra in five and a half months, while Josephine, recently built at Lewis Nixon's yard at Elizabethport, was completed in about nine months.

And now just a word as regards workmanship. It is surprising to see what a large number of different standards for good workmanship are placed by so-called experts. The old Semiramis and Margarita (now Narada), Sylvia, Hermione, Columbia, Thespia, etc., have been described as showing excellent workmanship, and yet it takes a millionaire's resources to keep some of these boats in anything like good order.

There is one great fault to-day in steam yacht construction, and that is, the boats are built so light that they are soon shaken to pieces. It is not surprising that some firms cannot build steam yachts as cheap as other firms can, when we consider the great difference in the standard of construction.

Eleanor circumnavigated the globe with hardly $1 spent in repairs. Does not this prove that the workmanship of her hull and fittings throughout must have been excellent? Compare the scantlings and the strength and durability of Peregrine and Illawarra's steel hull fittings and wood hull, etc., with those of any British or other American steam yacht of their size and class, and you will find a great difference. One is built for seaworthiness, service and durability, as well as beauty and gracefulness, but in the other the former qualities seem to be generally ignored, and reduction in weight substituted.

DETROIT, Mich., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest your comments on my letter. I cannot agree with you, however, that American shipyards are entirely to blame for turning out some poor craft. I think it is rather the owner who orders a yacht direct from a shipyard instead of from a designer who makes a study of yacht designs.

If a man of sense were going to build a house he would not go to a builder and order him to construct a house. He would first go to an architect and tell him what he wanted, and then get plans and specifications and bids on those plans. That is what a man of common sense would do, but a man who just wanted a house and did not care how it looked would rather go to a builder, who would sling him up something which would keep the cold and rain out, but which might not be pleasing to the eye. I think that is what some of our yacht owners have done, judging by the appearance of some of our yachts, but is that a reason for condemning all the yacht work turned out on this side of the water?

You say that you would like to see the "art of naval design in America placed where it was fifty years ago, ahead of the world," and pray let me ask what placed it there. Was it not the system of protection by discriminating duties that encouraged American ship owners to build their ships at home? The famous American-built clippers would never have been heard of if Americans had permitted England to build their ships. One of the first acts of the first Congress of the United States was to grant American ships the benefit of discriminating duties and forbid foreign-built ships American registry. Since this system of protection has been denied American ships, our merchant marine has declined until at the present day our commerce is carried in vessels flying English colors, and how have our designers been benefited? Has such a system raised American naval designs to the highest point of perfection? I fear that our designs have degenerated simply because we are out of practice, and yet you say that the same course will raise American yacht designs above those of the whole world.

I do not believe that a government "for the people" has the right to grant any privileges to any particular class of men, and much less to those unpatriotic enough to build their yachts abroad, and I think that the American people in general think as I do.

If those who want yachts persist in going direct to the shipbuilder whose business is to construct merchant vessels, they will undoubtedly receive just such craft as you refer to. If they are willing to pay for a good design they can obtain it either on this side of the water or the other, but let the yacht be built at home and the money spent in this country.

RICHARD P. JOY.

Our first correspondent, W. A. F., as in his previous letters, deals with but one of many American shipyards, and that one situated at a considerable distance from the heart of the shipbuilding industry, and possibly governed by different conditions. Without disputing his statements as to the proportion of native-born mechanics there, we can only say that this is not the case in the majority of yards. Let him visit the Cramp yard, Roach's, Harlan & Hollingsworth's, Lawley's, Herreshoff's, Piepgrass' or Nixon's and look at the men; a glance will disclose the fact that the majority are not of American birth, and that much of the most highly skilled labor is in every sense of British birth. While the proportion is decreasing and is likely to do so in a more rapid ratio from year to year, it is thus far much too large on the wrong side to admit of any such boasts as to the superiority of American over British yards, as first called forth our statement.

We are quite well aware that there is a superintendent connected with each shipyard, and as this is a free country, he may write U. S. after his name if it pleases him, but the trouble is that the education of these men is too narrow and limited. This great country has thus far offered no opportunities whatever for such technical education in naval architecture as is considered absolutely essential in other similar professions, such as civil, mechanical and electrical engineering, architecture, chemistry, etc. It is generally considered that the young student in any of these branches requires the aid of the most eminent specialists as teachers, backed by a costly and elaborate plant such as the larger colleges and universities afford. It is only within the past five years that attempts have been made by Cornell University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to teach naval architecture in the same way that mechanical engineering, for instance, is taught, and it promises to be many years before this great country will be able to rival the foreign, especially the British, schools of naval architecture.

In too many cases the education of the men who fill the highest positions in the shipyards has been obtained solely in the one yard where they have spent their lives. With the fullest appreciation of the necessity for actual shop practice, and the hard, dirty, greasy grind of the cape and chipping hammer and ratchet drill, we consider that this is but secondary to a thorough course of study under competent instructors. The young man who grows up in the best of American shipyards has little to help him but dusty models and musty traditions; his work is so severely practical that he is completely shut off from all knowledge of what is going on outside the gates of his own yard, and especially on the other side of the water, and he naturally grows up in the belief that what he and his fellows do is the height of perfection. It would be strange if after building the ordinary passenger and freight coaster of 2,000 to 3,000 tons by the hundred, and river and sound steamboats by the mile, some good results were not evident, but at the same time the number of serious failures in well-beaten lines is far too great.

The course of training of the American naval constructor has been immeasurably improved and broadened within less than a dozen years by the Government sending young men abroad for such thorough courses of study as were not to be had at home; a still greater advance has been made in yacht designing since the proper inducements were offered to such men as Burgess, Herreshoff and A. Cary Smith to devote themselves to designing as a profession. This appreciation of the value of a technical education has not yet penetrated the private shipyards, in spite of all that our correspondent says.

It is quite true that both builder and designer are hampered by the owner, and that much of the blame for the existing state of affairs is due to the failure of private owners and large corporations alike to appreciate that the designing of a large vessel is a task demanding the highest professional skill, and that such skill is worthy of a special remuneration. The average ship-owning firm would look with horror on a proposal to pay $1,000 to a designer, even though assured that it would result in a saving of that sum in coal bills every year; and the order would as a matter of course go to some firm which nominally furnished the design for nothing.

The conditions of modern shipbuilding are radically different from those existing half a century ago; they call for a wider range of knowledge and for a high degree of skill that now at least cannot be obtained in the yard alone. At the present time the American builder has not learned that he must possess such skill in the form of a competent naval architect, whatever it may cost; and the owner has not learned that it is true economy for him to pay a reasonable price for the same skill. Under these conditions it is impossible that thoroughly satisfactory progress can be made.

The question of quality and workmanship is a difficult one to discuss, depending very much on the honesty of the builder and the willingness of the owner to pay a fair price. While it sometimes happens that men to whom the price—even of a large steam yacht—is of no consideration are victimized by builders, it is often the case that a fair bid by a reputable and responsible builder is rejected by an owner and the work turned over to one who through ignorance or dishonesty puts in a very low bid and later fails to do the work. This matter hardly figures in the present discussion, as it is the same on both sides of the Atlantic. There is to-day no reason whatever why American yards cannot turn out quite as good work as foreign ones; they have equally good material and the same skilled labor.

As regards the three yachts specially mentioned by our correspondent, we are quite ready to admit, from all that we have heard, that Eleanor is excellently constructed, and the other two are probably of the same character. As to their grace and beauty, while we have failed to discover them after an earnest effort, it may be that we are wrong, and that a spike nose and dishpan stern are indeed the beginning and end of the beautiful in steam yacht designing.

Our second correspondent, Mr. Joy, brings up the same question of the responsibility of the owner versus the builder. While the owner is undoubtedly to blame in many cases, it is also the fact that the American builder professes to design as well as to build the highest class of steam yacht, superior to anything that can be had abroad. There is nothing modest or retiring about this claim, it is made every time a new keel is laid, in the lengthy and padded accounts in the daily papers.

Mr. Joy repeats the same argument used by us in the past, substantially that a capitalist about to build a twenty-story building would, as a matter of course, put himself in communication with the leading architects in the country, men who had been successful in the same line of work; if, however, the same man proposed to build a steam yacht, it would never occur to him to consult a yacht designer, but he would go direct to a builder. This was once the case in sailing yachts, but it is so no longer; the necessity, under a "free yacht" law, of competing with such foreign designers as Watson and Fife has brought to the front a number of most successful American designers.

Mr. Joy's second point opens up a very wide question—far too wide for our columns, which are of necessity immediately devoted to yachting. In touching on this same subject, however, we have already shown some weeks since that Uncle Sam's progress in shipbuilding has been by jumps. Whenever he has felt John Bull prodding him with a little competition, whether in war ships, clippers or yachts, he has managed to hustle and to get quite a perceptible move on. For about a generation he has been protected from such competition by existing laws, so far as commercial vessels are concerned, and has quietly contented himself with sitting down and telling about how he licked all creation with his clippers. Meanwhile the quadruple expansion engine, the iron, followed by the steel, hull, the great Atlantic fleet ending with Campania and Lucania, and the British flag at the masthead of all but four steamers in the port of New York.

Really, we have been under the impression that a pretty rigid system of protection, in fact carried to the extreme point of exclusion, has existed during the past forty years in which American maritime interests have declined.

Mr. Joy has hit the nail on the head when he denies the right of a government "for the people" to grant privileges to any particular class of men; if a free American citizen is fortunate enough to possess enough money to buy a steam yacht, why should the government step in and take away a third of it from him by way of penalty for purchasing a good vessel in place of a poor one?

New York Y. C. Cruise.

RENDEZVOUS AND COMMODORE'S CUPS—GLEN COVE TO HUNTINGTON BAY.

Monday, Aug. 3.

THE fleet of the New York Y. C. assembled at the rendezvous off Glen Cove on the morning of Aug. 3, a large number of steam and sailing yachts being present, though some of the latter were unable to reach the harbor owing to a calm. At a meeting of captains aboard the flagship Sylvia, Com. Brown, it was decided to start the race for the Commodore's cups, one for schooners and one for cutters, as soon as the wind permitted. The course was from Matinnicock Point to Green Ledge Buoy, 11 miles; back 5 miles on the same line, and then to a finish in Huntington Harbor, 5 miles; 21 miles in all. With the light S.W. wind that sprung up after noon, this made a run to the first mark, a beat to the second and a free reach to the finish. The course was laid off by the tug Luckenback, with Supt. Neils Olsen in charge. The newspaper men were also on the Luckenback, and consequently did not see anything more than occasional fragments of the race. The starters numbered fourteen, the schooners Colonia, Emerald, Amorita, Quisetta, Marguerite, Iroquois; the cutters Wasp, Queen Mab, Minerva, Carmita, Uvira, Oiga, and the sloops Mal and Raccoon. The final times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUTTERS.				
Queen Mab	2 57 18	6 47 49	3 50 36	3 50 36
Wasp	2 56 01	6 44 28	3 48 27	3 49 41
Carmita	2 56 26	6 56 17	3 59 51	3 54 51
Uvira	2 57 18	7 02 17	4 04 59	3 59 22
Minerva	2 57 23	7 23 55	4 26 32	4 12 25
Oiga	3 00 00	Did not finish.		
SCHOONERS.				
Colonia	3 01 10	6 21 12	3 20 02	3 20 02
Emerald	3 04 24	6 23 49	3 19 25	3 18 25
Marguerite	3 09 24	6 48 10	3 40 46	3 37 05
Iroquois	3 04 06	6 49 18	3 45 12	3 40 59
Amorita	3 05 00	6 37 57	3 32 50	3 25 13
Quisetta	3 05 00	6 33 32	3 28 32	Not meas.
30FT. CLASS.				
Mal	2 50 00	7 12 54	4 22 32	. . . .
Raccoon	2 50 00	7 04 00	4 34 00	. . . .

Quisetta, the new schooner, sailed very fast, considering the weather, in this her first race. She is not measured, and it is not known whether she saves her time from Emerald. After lying at anchor over night in Huntington Bay the fleet started on Tuesday morning for the first squadron run of 64 miles to New London.

The Goelet cups will be sailed for on Aug. 7, off Newport; but this year for the first time the old courses, "Block Island" and "Sow and Pigs," will be discarded in favor of a 30-mile triangle, with one side between Brenton's Reef Lightship and Point Judith Buoy.

Oconomowoc Y. C. Open Regatta.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

Saturday, July 25.

THE Oconomowoc Y. C. sailed a regatta on July 25 to open yachts from the neighboring lakes, the Pewaukee Lake Y. C. and the Pine Lake Y. C. both sending representatives. Races were sailed in the morning and afternoon. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.		
Tarpon, Com. F. W. Peck	1 08 45	. . . .
Naiad, C. L. Peck	1 16 01	1 16 01
Maynone, F. W. Peck, Jr	1 09 27	1 04 34½
Avers, Com. Nunnemacher	1 06 26	1 06 26
Friar, same owner	1 14 56	1 06 41
Argo, D. E. Murphy & Sons	1 11 20	1 08 20
Hope, G. D. Van Dyke	1 11 22	1 05 22
Skedaddle, G. Buchannan	1 20 16	1 16 31
Bird, F. W. Noyes	1 16 01	1 12 19½
Aida, A. Zinn	1 19 16	1 11 53½
CUTTERS.		
Alert, W. H. Dupee	1 18 57	1 18 23½
Ethel, W. L. Peck	1 25 18	1 24 56½
Florence, G. W. Dupee	1 23 05	1 21 01½
Gladys, G. W. Simmons	1 15 43	1 15 01½
Phyllis, G. Thompson	1 18 23	1 17 45½
Arion, A. L. Smith	1 24 34	1 23 52½
Undine, Wm. H. Thompson	1 32 16	. . . .
SLOOPS.		
Tarpon	1 18 11	
Corsair	1 09 26	1 09 14½
Naiad	1 17 59	1 14 59
Mynone	1 10 52	1 06 03½
Avers	1 02 55	1 00 25
Friar	1 18 49	1 10 34
Argo	1 12 07	1 09 07
Skedaddle	1 14 51	1 11 06
Bird	1 11 39	1 07 57½
Aida	1 22 30	1 15 07½
CUTTERS.		
Alert	1 17 19	1 16 45½
Ethel	1 23 08	1 22 46½
Florence	1 22 35	1 20 31½
Gladys	1 15 23	1 14 41½
Arion	1 24 48	1 24 00½

Avers and Gladys each won first prize in both races and Mynone won two second prizes. Phyllis, the old New York boat, won second prize in the morning in the cat class, and Alert won second in the afternoon.

Ogdensburgh Y. C. Regatta.

OGDENSBURGH, N. Y.—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Tuesday, July 28.

THE Ogdensburgh Y. C. is a new organization, formed only this season, in Ogdensburgh, on the St. Lawrence River. In spite of the great number of pleasure seekers on the river and the many sailing and steam craft, there are few yacht clubs and few yachts fit for racing at the present time. The racing skiffs that once furnished so much sport to all the river towns, with the large fleet of closely matched boats, sailed by picked crews, both American and Canadian, involving an international issue, have all disappeared as the type developed a most useless and expensive racing machine, and no other class has taken its place. Such sailing craft as the river boats of between Cape Vincent and Ogdensburgh are of all models and sizes, within a moderate limit, a heterogenous collection of catboats, sloops, skiffs, etc., from which not one good racing class can be gathered. The object in organizing the new club was partly to make use of the prevailing popularity of the 15 footers on the river to boom racing for the time being, with a view to its permanent establishment. To this end the club offered the very handsome $300 cup illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 18, to be raced for by any yachts of the 15ft. class on July 28. Besides this there was open to competition the Bell cup, a challenge trophy twice won by the late owner of the catboat Gethar. Arrangements were also made for rowing races in four-oared shells, four crews coming down from Brookville.

It was arranged to start the Bell cup race at 10 A. M., the 15ft. class at 2 P. M. and the rowing races late in the afternoon, but on Tuesday morning there was no wind on the river. The yachts were all under way by 11 o'clock, but with barely enough wind from the north to carry them up against the current of the river with spinakers set. The steam yacht Valilma, W. H. Post, of Ogdensburgh, was used as the judges' boat, and Messrs. W. H. Post and S. G. Averill, of the regatta committee, with Mr W. P. Stephens as referee, went out and set the markboats for a triangle of a little over 3 miles, starting just above the shops of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Co. There were present to race for the Bell cup the catboats Gethar, Pee Dee Que and Cricket, and the sloops Gloria, Okieha and Pie-de-I-Dee. The 15-footers were:

Name.	Owner.	Helmsman.	Crew.
Vesper	Paul Butler	Paul Butler	Butler Ames.
Sothis	G. H. Duggan, F. P. Shearwood	G. H. Duggan	H. K. Wicksteed.
Missie	Rev. H. Kittson	J. V. Pelletier	G. A. Kittson.
Mischief	Arthur Hamilton	Arthur Hamilton	Arthur Hamilton.
Anita	H. G. Eadie	Shirley Davidson	H. G. Eadie.
Peggy	C. A. Hayden	W. I. Zerega	C. A. Hayden.
Gold Bug	Joseph Leyare	G. B. Dorwin	J. Leyare.

Three of the yachts—Sothis, Anita and Mischief—were designed by Mr. Duggan this year, the former being built by men specially employed by Mr. Duggan, the other two by H. F. Hodson, of Toronto. Sothis is very similar to Glencairn, with less freeboard and an open cockpit, with floor boards on the timbers. She was originally fitted with two deck hatches in each side deck outside the coaming and abreast of the well, the feet of the helmsman being in the after opening and those of the crew in the forward one. These were closed up permanently, as, though very good for hiking, they admitted too much water. The mainsail is c battened leg-o'-mutton, with a mast 24ft. above deck, and the jib is carried on a bowsprit which is extended to form a jibboom for the balloon jib. The mainsail hoists on a novel railway, a single strip of sheet steel about ⅝in. wide and of No. 16 gauge, this being lightened by holes ¾in. in diameter, spaced about 1½in. apart. The sliders are stamped out of phosphor bronze, and are both light and strong; they are lashed to the luff rope. The mainsail was made by an English sailmaker by the name of English. The extension tiller, double travelers, centerboard and fittings generally are the same as in Glencairn. One novelty in all the Montreal boats is the fitting of the shrouds; there are no chain plates for shrouds or preventers, but wire rope is made fast below deck to the frames, then led through the deck, and a thimble is spliced in about 10in. above the deck. The end of the shroud has a similar thimble, the two carrying a light lanyard. There is nothing but the ¼in. wire rope to drag when the deck is under water.

Mischief is a similar boat in model, rig and dimensions, but not quite as much of a scow as Sothis. She carries the plain leg-o'-mutton of the Scarecrow pattern, with the same mast slides as Sothis. Anita is much the same, but has a gaff mainsail. Missie was designed by an amateur, George A. Kittson, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and built by N. Gilbert, of Brockville. She is a powerful boat, but too heavily built, with thick oak coamings, etc., and thus handicapped in light weather.

Vesper in this race had a gaff mainsail and new jib, but the rig was of poor proportions, being made to fit the old spars and position of mast, and did not do the hull justice. She has only been under sail once since the Seawanhaka races. She had also a new steel centerboard about 18in. wide and 6ft. long, in place of the lead loaded one then used. Peggy is a duplicate of Ethelwynn in hull and rig, but of lighter construction than her or Ideal. She carried about 225sq. ft. and Vesper about 240sq. ft., as opposed to upward of 280sq. ft. on the shorter Montreal boats, and the only wonder is, in the light of recent developments, that Vesper did so well beside Sothis. It must be said for the latter that she was handicapped by a new hand forward who was not used to the quick work with light sails which these many turns called for.

None of the New York boats came up, though every preparation was made to receive and care for them, the lower shop of the S. S. Co. being placed at their service, with every convenience for storing and launching. Vesper alone availed herself of it, the others lying afloat in the basin of a local boat builder in the town.

There was no possibility of a start during the morning, but the yachts were all out after luncheon with a large gathering of spectators. The shores and wharves abreast of the starting line were crowded with people, many skiffs and rowboats were afloat with some sailing yachts, and several steamers from various points on the river carried special excursions. Beside these were numerous steam yachts, some from Montreal and others from Alexandria Bay, Clayton, Brockville, etc. The day was clear and bright, and save for the lack of wind everything was most favorable. At 2 o'clock the committee, which in addition to those already mentioned included A. R. Porte, secretary of the club, decided to start both classes, and a preliminary signal was given at 2:05 for the 15ft. class, followed by the preparatory at 2:10 and the start at 2:15. By common consent none of the boats were measured by the club, all having been accepted by their own clubs as within the class limit. Vesper was first over the line with as good a start as was possible in the light wind, Mischief being second and Sothis, Anita, Gold Bug, Peggy and Missie in order. They had a free reach across to the first mark in mid channel up the river, where the order was Sothis, Vesper, Peggy, Mischief, Missie, Anita, Gold Bug. The second leg was a close reach with the current to the mark on the Canadian shore near the old Rothesay wreck. When near this mark Vesper took a slant and ran up quickly on Sothis' weather beam, promising to blanket and pass the leader, but she stopped as suddenly as she started, failed to blanket Sothis and soon dropped clear astern. The order at the second mark was the same as at the first. They had an easy reach across the river under balloon jibs, the first round ending:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Sothis	2 54 00	0 39 00
Vesper	2 54 20	0 39 20
Peggy	2 55 10	0 40 10
Mischief	2 55 40	0 40 40
Missie	2 56 55	0 41 55
Anita	Not timed.	
Gold Bug	Not timed.	

Spinakers and balloon jibs blossomed out quickly for the run to the mid-channel mark, the wind being more nearly up river than before, the only change in the order being that Mischief passed Peggy. On the second and third legs, with a little more wind, Sothis managed to drop Vesper, the times at the end of the second round being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Sothis	3 23 52	0 29 52
Vesper	3 25 06	0 30 46
Mischief	3 25 32	0 29 52
Peggy	3 26 06	0 30 56
Missie	3 27 46	0 30 51
Anita	3 28 47	. . ..
Gold Bug	Not timed.	

The third round was similar to the preceding ones, a run with wind abaft the beam, some carrying spinakers, a close reach and a free reach to the line, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Sothis	3 50 08	0 26 16
Vesper	3 51 10	0 26 04
Mischief	3 51 37	0 26 05
Peggy	3 53 08	0 27 02
Missie	3 55 06	0 27 22
Anita	Not timed.	
Gold Bug	Withdrew.	

The fourth round brought the 15-footers in close with the larger yachts, which had started 20m. later, but were on their third round. The 15ft. class was timed. Start, 2:15:

	Finish.	Fourth Round. Elapsed.	Whole Course. Elapsed.
Sothis	4 17 43	0 27 35	2 02 43
Vesper	4 19 25	0 28 15	2 04 25
Mischief	4 20 04	0 28 27	2 05 04
Peggy	4 21 34	0 28 36	2 06 34
Anita	4 25 42	. .. ..	2 10 42
Missie	4 25 51	0 29 43	2 10 51
Gold Bug	Withdrew.		

Immediately after finishing Sothis ran up beside the judges' yacht and Mr. Duggan reported that at the end of the third round his yacht had fouled the markboat As it seems, she had rounded the bow of the markboat, a 14ft. skiff, and straightened on her course, but her helmsman removed his hand from the tiller for a moment and she swung round, touching the stern of the markboat.

The race for the Bell cup was started, also from the gun, 20 minutes after the 15-footers were off, the course being three rounds of the same triangle. The first round was timed:

Cricket	3 11 20	Gloria	3 15 00
Gethar	3 11 36	Pee Dee Que	3 17 20
Pie-de-I-Dee	3 13 00	Okieha	3 18 10

Cricket and Gethar sailed a very close race, so close in fact that they were twice in collision at marks, giving rise to protests. Gethar took the lead on the last leg of the second round, but was repassed by Cricket before the finish, the times being, start 2:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket	4 15 43	1 40 43
Gethar	4 15 53	1 40 53
Gloria	4 18 19	1 43 19
Pie-de-I-Dee	4 20 20	1 45 20
Okieha	4 24 32	1 49 32
Pee Dee Que	Withdrew.	

The yachts were not all measured in their present rigs, but pending a remeasurement the cup probably goes to Pie-de-I-Dee. This craft with the mellifluous name is an 18ft. Scarecrow, originally christened Gooseberry by her owner, Chas. Lyon, of Ogdensburgh. In the four years that she has been afloat she has been struck by lightning and has touched on every rock in the St. Lawrence River between Clayton and Ogdensburgh.

The wind barely lasted to the finish, but before the rowing races were called a thunder squall to the northward sent a lively breeze down the river, too late to enliven the race. The first rowing race was called at 5:30, the crews being: No. 1—Watson stroke, Loosemore 2, Ritchie 3, Rose bow. No. 2—Jones stroke, J. Ritchie 2, Cana 3, McLaren bow.

The heat was won by No. 1 crew. The second heat was rowed in quite a sea at 6:45, the squall, such as it was, being at its height. The competitors were: No. 1—McNaughton stroke, Sheriff 2, Martin 2, Clark bow. No. 4—C. Wilkinson stroke, A. Wilkinson 3, Weatherhead 2, Green bow

No. 4 won. The final heat was rowed off between crews 1 and 4 at 8 P. M., No. 1 being the victor.

In the evening a reception was given to all the yachtsmen and oarsmen at the new Century Club, a recently organized social club of Ogdensburgh, in its handsome club house. Mr. Butler, by special request, mixed the punch. A meeting of the committee was held early in the evening, and on the statements of Messrs. Duggan and Wicksteed that Sothis had actually touched a markboat, there was no course but to disqualify her and award the first prize—the cup—to Vesper, and the second—a pair of marine glasses—to Mischief. When Mr Butler was called in and notified of the decision he said that, although he did not consider that Mr. Duggan was entitled to the cup, he himself did not want to take it in such a way, adding that he would like to sail a special match for it next day with Mr. Duggan. The latter was strongly urged by the committee and others to agree to this, but he maintained that the cup was fairly Mr. Butler's property, and that he had himself defended it to it, declining to sail again. While the whole incident was a disappointment to all parties, the absence of everything but the best of good feeling on all hands was most satisfactory. Mr. Duggan returned home the same night, paddling Sothis across to Prescott, to be shipped down by steamer. Mr. Butler remained until next day and then left Vesper at the boat shop; he will use her at the A. C. A. meet, as she is already on the river, and has left her with Mr. S. G. Averill to sail her in a regatta at Brockville on Aug. 8 It would be hard to do justice to the hospitality of the members of the home club and in fact of the whole city as displayed toward the visitors.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND

Saturday, Aug. 1.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C., of Greenwich, Conn., sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 1 under very favorable conditions of fair weather and a good sailing breeze. A calm in the morning delayed the yachts coming from other points, but a light S. W. wind came along, strengthening into a fresh breeze by the time the race was well under way. The race was sailed over triangular courses on the Sound, and under the rules of the Y R. U. A new 15-footer made her first appearance in the class, Waxy, designed and built by Hanley for Wilmer Hanan. The start was made at 1:35 for the larger yachts, the others following at the usual intervals. Both Riverside and Mai were over the line too soon, the former returning and recrossing, but Mai continued and was disqualified Sirene, sailed by Richard Outwater and a crew of three ladies, was fouled by Raccoon at the start, but still won in her class. The start was off Little Captains Island, thence to Matinnicock, Center Island and home, for all above 20ft. and under 26ft., the larger yachts continuing back to Matinnicock from Center Island and home as they came. The 15 and 20ft. classes sailed a 9-mile triangle. The official times are:

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—60FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:35; distance, 19¼ miles.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Daphne, Com. C. T. Wills	55.39	3 25 46	2 52 51

51FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:35; distance, 19¼ miles.

Penguin, Geo. E. Brightson	48.94	3 25 21	2 46 34
Choctaw, J. M. Strong	46.28	3 25 47	2 45 45

43FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:35; distance, 19¼ miles.

Norota, F. M. Hoyt	41.64	3 16 19	2 29 07
Iosco, Mr. Poucher	....	3 41 48	2 51 06

36FT AND SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:40; distance, 19¼ miles.

Cymbria, Thos A. McIntyre	35.57	3 42 23	2 46 14
Acushla, Wilmer Hanan	34.00	3 25 41	2 26 31
Minta, Bolet Brothers	34.00	3 49 54	2 51 04
Fidelio (yawl), Robt. E. Tod	33.75	3 51 14	2 48 09

30FT. CLASS—COURSE NO. 4.

Start, 1:40; distance, 15 miles.

Feydeh, E. D. Cowman	29.05	3 14 00	2 23 56
Ninita, F. A. Dingee	28.00	3 00 02	2 05 20

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:40; distance, 15 miles.

Dosoris II., G. P. Vail *et al*	29.80	2 52 22	1 59 06
Estelle, H. M. Crosby	....	3 02 09	2 05 14
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.48	Did not finish.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.32	3 02 36	2 04 42

CABIN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:45; distance, 19¼ miles.

Weasel, T. E Ferris	24.85	3 08 57	2 07 52
Penelope, T. V. Ketcham	24.06	Did not finish.	
Presto, F. M. Randall	23.30	3 01 53	1 57 22
Melita, O. H. Cheilborg	22.25	3 33 28	2 26 21
Hornet, H. Tinque	22.00	3 30 45	2 22 59
Mary S., E. B. Hall	24.02	3 32 25	2 30 00

OPEN SLOOPS—30FT. CLASS, SHIFTABLE BALLAST—COURSE NO. 4.

Start, 1:40; distance, 15 miles.

E. Z. Sloat, Bottomly & Parks	27.18	2 55 21	1 59 06

OPEN SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST AND 21FT. L.W.L.

Start, 1:45; distance, 15 miles.

Titan, Russell Raymond	25.00	Did not finish.	
Celia, W. S. Gould	....	2 56 03	Not meas.
Houri, E B. Hart, Jr.	....	3 56 49	Not meas.
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	....	2 54 52	Not meas.
Maysie, Wm. Osborn, Jr.	....	3 26 48	Not meas.
Shrimp, C. M. Pratt	21.34	2 59 41	1 50 38

OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST—SPECIAL COURSE B.

Start, 1:45; distance, 9 miles.

Eos, P. T. Dodge	19.05	2 20 57	1 55 07
Teddy, P. C. Pfeiffer	....	2 58 29	2 12 46

OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS, FIXED BALLAST.

Start, 1:45; distance, 15 miles.

Sirene, R. Outwater, F. S. Doremus	25.00	3 10 46	2 16 07
Brant, J. C. Varian	21.00	3 27 45	2 27 17

OPEN CATBOATS, 25FT. CLASS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST.

Start, 1:45; distance, 15 miles.

Osprey, C. H. Holmes	25.00	Did not finish.	
Annie, W. I. Sawyer & A. V. Seymour	21.00	Did not finish.	
Bubble, A. M. Bradley	20.89	3 19 10	2 01 22

OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. CLASS—FIXED BALLAST.

Start, 1:45; distance, 9 miles.

Dorothy, John E. Sanborn	19.47	2 49 55	2 04 54
Chippie, H. R. Hatfield	17.99	2 52 41	2 04 43
Doctor, Joseph Brush	15.09	2 51 26	1 58 36

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:50; distance, 15 miles.

Musme, J. M. Macdonough	30.00	3 36 53	3 36 53
Departure, C. B. Seeley	30.00	3 36 15	3 36 15
Mai, O. G. Jennings	30.00	Disqualified.	
Raccoon, T. R. Hostetter	30.00	2 45 49	2 45 49

15FT. CLASS.

Start, 1:55; distance, 9 miles.

Wilada, W. G. Newman	15.00	Did not finish.	
Paprika, C. S. Hoyt	15.00	2 11 30	2 11 30
Glance, F. L. Downing	15.00	Did not finish.	
Riverside	15.00	2 07 00	2 07 00
Yola, C Mallory	15.00	2 12 00	2 12 00
Waxy, W. Hanan	15.00	2 11 00	2 11 00

The winners are: Daphne, Choctaw, Norota, Acushla, Ninita, Dosoris, Oconee (2d), Presto, Weasel (2d), Sloat, Eos, Sirene, Bubble, Doctor, Departure, Musme (2d), Riverside, Waxy (2d).

In the 25ft. class Shrimp and Vaquero I. were the leaders, the latter not being measured. Penguin and Cymbria each lost her topmast, Osprey sprung her mast and withdrew just after the start. Minta's balloon jibtopsail blew away and anchored her for a time. The regatta was very well managed by Messrs. Geo. E. Garland, D. W. Merritt, Judge Wm. E. Simms and Chas. E. McManus.

Measurement by Sail Area Only.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since men began to race yachts they have been trying to devise rules by which the speed of yachts of different size might be fairly compared in terms of their respective sizes; in other words, rules by which yachts of different sizes might be reduced to a standard size for purposes of comparison.

This effort has been a vain one because the size of a yacht depends upon so many variable factors that it cannot be stated in simple terms which may be readily applied to another yacht. Practically, the "size" of a yacht cannot be measured. She has sundry dimensions, as length, beam and draft, that can be stated in linear units, but "size" cannot be similarly stated.

One result of imperfect and illogical measurement rules is that the designing of racing yachts, especially in the small classes, has become the art of discovering some way to get speed by evading these rules—the art of discovering speed factors which are not included in the measurement formulæ, and of selecting and emphasizing those speed factors of the formulæ which contribute least to the final "rating" or "racing length."

As might be expected, keen competition has developed the ingenuity of designers in this direction to a marvelous degree, and the victory of Glencairn seems to be a notable instance of clever "rule cheating." Whether she has a more scientific form for driving through the water than Ideal or Riverside has not been demonstrated. That Glencairn is the fastest boat under the Seawanhaka rule is the only certain conclusion to be drawn from the races.

Another result of imperfect and illogical measurement rules has been the necessity of giving them a new and distinct function, viz., that of strangling their own progeny—the necessity of adding to their original function of measuring the speed of yachts the power of influencing the type of yachts that can be profitably raced under such rules.

The chief objections to all rules of the present type are that they are based so little upon fundamental principles that they are practically temporary expedients only, and that, being effective in controlling the types of yachts built under them, they entirely interrupt the natural or scientific evolution of the yacht.

It may be assumed that no perfect measurement rules can at present be divised, and that it is wise to restrict in some way the building of yachts of undesirable type that are inevitably fostered by imperfect rules. But the necessary restrictions should be made in such manner as will least interfere with the natural development of the yacht, and the two functions of measurement rules should be distinctly kept in mind.

There is one large, constant and fundamental factor in the speed of yachts that can always be measured in simple units, viz., sail area. Let this be taken to be the "size" of yachts for the purpose of comparing their speed. This will stop all evasion of the rule, and will furnish a basis for a measurement rule that will be permanent, and therefore will promote instead of interfering with the scientific evolution of the yacht.

If this rule for measuring speed would develop the building of an undesirable canoe type, let an empirical restriction of any objectionable and easily measured dimension of a canoe, such as beam or draft, be incorporated into the rule. It should not be introduced into the measurement formula. The two functions should be kept separate.

There could be no evasion of such a rule. The evolution of other undesirable features could be discouraged from time to time by similar restrictions.

This would not interfere with the continuous development of the highest speed consistent with a desirable type. This development would be hastened by cumulative experience, instead of being retarded, as it is now, by periodically throwing overboard our accumulation of experience, and starting anew to discover ways to cheat a new rule. During the evolution of the best measurement rule the relative speed of contesting yachts would be measured by a standard readily and fairly applicable to all, viz.: sail spread or driving power.

Why is not this a fairer test of the skill of the designer in fashioning a form to be driven through the water than the rules now in use? A great advantage of a sail area rule would be that by reason of its simplicity it would be understood by every yachtsman. Amendments needed from time to time would relate only to objectionable features in yachts, about which the body of yachtsmen would be good judges, and not to intricate formulæ which almost no yachtsmen understand.

The restrictions as to objectionable features would relate to the principal dimensions of boats, such as length, beam, draft and displacement; and, being absolute, the tendency would necessarily be toward uniformity in type. Enough leeway would be left for natural selection through moderate variation; and this would eventually narrow the field of selection. As the evolution toward the highest speed proceeded, the variations of form would necessarily decrease. The sail area would at each step become a better measure of speed; and finally, when the differences of form become zero, the speed of yachts would vary directly as some function of their sail spread, and the sail area measurement rule would be the ideal rule.

The foregoing criticism of existing measurement rules is offered with considerable confidence; but, in view of the amount and quality of the thought that has been devoted to such rules, it behooves one who thinks they may be improved to be modest in estimating the worth of his amendments. He may learn something if the experts deign to notice his offerings.

The suggestion that sail area be made the sole element of a size formula, and that the matter of restricting the growth of undesirable types be left to specific provisions disconnected with the measuring formula, is offered in the hope that it may provoke discussion of this interesting and, it is believed, timely subject. SEXTANT.

Newport Races.

THE 30-footers sailed a race off Newport on July 27 in a strong S.W. wind, the course being an 18-mile triangle. Before the start Vaquero III. was in collision with a rowboat and had a hole stove in her bow, but it was patched with canvas and she started in the race. The first round was timed:

Asahi	3 33 33	Esperanza	3 34 40
Vaquero	3 33 34	Wa Wa	3 35 17
Hera	3 34 10		

The final times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero	4 32 40	1 46 40
Asahi	4 34 05	1 48 05
Esperanza	4 34 52	1 48 52
Hera	4 35 15	1 49 15
Wa Wa	4 16 55	1 50 55

Another race was sailed on July 29 over the Wickford course, 18 miles, to leeward and return. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Bayard Thayer	2 38 00	5 35 33	2 57 33
Puck, E. D Morgan	2 38 00	5 40 24	3 02 24
Wa Wa, James Stillman	2 38 00	5 40 50	3 02 50
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	2 38 00	5 41 50	3 03 50
Carolina, Mr. Jones	2 38 00	5 43 08	3 05 08
Hera, R. N. Ellis	Did not finish.		

A Tragic Trial Trip.

THE first actual sea trial of the new steam yacht Josephine was terminated in a most tragic manner on Aug. 1, by the death of Mrs. Anna Josephine Widener, wife of the owner, shortly after the yacht arrived at Bar Harbor from New York. Mrs Widener, after whom the yacht was named, was about sixty years old, and had suffered from the grippe last winter. Though apparently in her usual health when she retired, she was found dead in her stateroom next morning, the cause being heart disease. The yacht returned at once to New York with the body.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 25.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, after being obliged to postpone its 98th regatta on July 4, sailed it on July 25 in a moderate S.E. wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Exit	20.01	2 32 05	2 26 54
Susie	23.02	2 28 35	2 30 35
Marena	23.03	2 31 15	2 46 54
FOURTH CLASS.			
Korali	20.06	1 30 02	1 30 02
Egeria	20.00	1 32 28	1 32 08
Magpie	19.05	1 35 00	1 33 48
CLASS A.			
Anaqua	26.09	1 27 54	1 27 54
Metric	25.00	1 33 42	1 22 42
Wowena	24.00	1 34 44	1 32 44
Eugenia	23.06	1 32 17	1 30 17
CLASS B.			
Edith	18.05	1 55 42	1 55 42
Comus		2 00 08	1 57 08
CLASS C.			
Dorothy	20.09	1 42 02	1 40 02
Kari	20.10	1 44 40	1 41 40
Comet	20.09	1 45 04	1 43 04
Sally	20.11	1 44 04	1 44 04
FIRST CLASS DORIES.			
Nataye		1 45 53	1 45 53
Faith		1 48 45	1 48 45
Hope		1 56 50	1 56 50
SECOND CLASS DORIES.			
Madeline		1 59 18	1 59 18
Unknown		2 00 06	2 00 06

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead sailed its second championship regatta on Aug. 1 in a moderate S.E. breeze, the times being:

CLASS 2.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Exit, A. H. Higginson	20.01	1 56 10	1 56 10
CLASS 4.			
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	20.06	1 22 46	1 22 46
Magpie, A. W Stevens	19.05	1 24 09	1 22 57
Egeria, R. F. Tucker	20.00	1 35 45	1 35 25
Kelly, B. B. Crowninshield		1 28 17	.. ..
CLASS A.			
Barnacle, C. F. Lyman	25.00	1 19 09	1 17 09
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.02	1 17 20	1 17 20
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr.	23.03	1 18 58	1 17 58
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	23.06	1 20 15	1 19 15
Mistral, Currier Bros.	20.10	1 23 16	1 19 16
Rowena, W. H Rothwell	24.00	1 24 01	1 21 01
Ariel, James Barrett	21.08	1 25 37	1 21 37
CLASS B.			
Itasca, C B. Tucker	20.11	1 26 25	1 25 25
Comus, F. Kittredge		1 31 50	1 29 50
Edith, F. M. Wood	18.05	1 32 20	1 32 20
Annie, J. I. Taylor		1 44 57	1 32 57
CLASS C.			
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	20.09	1 21 21	1 19 21
Maia, E. Paine	20.05	1 23 31	1 19 31
Dorothy, F. Brewster	20.09	1 20 44	1 19 44
Carl, C H. W. Foster	20.10	1 24 02	1 21 02
Sally, D. C. Percival	20.07	1 21 58	1 21 58
Ruth, R. M. Wiggin		1 27 15	1 22 15
Water Lily, H. M. Sears	20.07	1 23 33	1 23 33

Edith $5. The judges were A. G. Wood, G. W. Mansfield and W. W. Keith.

After the sailing races various aquatic sports took place off the club house.

Hull Y. C. Open Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 25

The open race of the Hull Y. C., on July 25, with a large fleet of starters, was spoiled by lack of wind, there being barely enough to make a drift over the course within the time limit. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Handsel, J. R. Hooper		4 13 04	. .. ..
Anoatok, G. Owens, Jr.		4 14 29	. .. ..
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	4 08 45	3 29 04
Ida, J. F. E. Beckman	29.04	4 05 50	3 33 15
Emma, C. P. A. Coupal	29.05	4 09 50	3 39 20
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	29.00	4 17 47	3 36 52
SECOND CLASS.			
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	22.08	3 32 53	3 01 05
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	3 38 25	3 25 50
Tacoma, S. N. Small	22.00	4 00 34	3 28 29
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	3 59 12	3 29 19
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	4 00 15	3 30 43
Tantrum, F. G. Perkins	24.00	4 02 23	3 32 30
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	24.08	4 01 50	3 32 39
THIRD CLASS.			
Enigma, G. F. Mayberry	18.05	3 55 46	3 18 58
Rooster, Adams Bros.	19.08	3 54 42	3 19 41
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	3 54 09	3 19 32
Wawanda, Benner *et al.*	19.11	3 55 04	3 20 23
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	3 58 20	3 23 26
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	3 59 50	3 26 27
Onawa, W. E. Geyer	20.07	4 02 23	3 28 36
Mist, A. H. Merrill	20.10	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	3 54 28	. .. ..
Hobo, V. W. King	21.00	3 54 49	. .. ..
Water Lily, H. M Sears	21.00	4 00 08	. .. ..
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	4 00 28	. .. ..
Mike, C. A. Cooley	21.00	4 02 17	. .. ..
Jack Tar, T. E Jacobs	21.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	15.00	3 51 34	3 10 23
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.11	3 48 32	3 10 59
Miux, J. D. Silsby	17.00	3 52 27	3 13 27
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	3 56 42	3 16 43
Anita, S. N. Small	15.10	3 58 01	3 16 59
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.02	1 54 36	1 24 51
Velma, Dr. T. Hallett	14.09	1 58 20	1 29 37
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	2 03 33	1 34 30

Coot, Penguin and Elsa withdrew.

Arab was protested by Wawanda for fouling a mark.

The judges were Com Wm. H. Crane, chairman; Wm. A. Cary, secretary; Wm. E. Sheriffs, Chas. A. Cooley, Frank H. Jeffrey, F. J. Robbins and J. W. Dutton.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, July 25.

The Fox Lake Y. C. sailed its fourth regatta on July 25 in a light N.W. wind which freshened during the race. The times were:

SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Satan	2 39 35	4 11 02	1 31 27	1 31 27
Anna	2 36 20	4 12 20	1 36 10	1 30 20
Hornet	2 36 20	Did not finish; broke down.		
Joker	2 35 50	4 12 27	1 36 37	1 33 12
Sleepy Tom	2 36 20	4 00 08	1 33 48	1 24 28
Marcella	2 35 55	4 13 12	1 37 17	1 31 32
Frances M	2 36 20	4 14 55	1 38 35	1 38 35
Clematis	2 35 40	Did not finish.		
CATBOATS.				
Willie Wumps	2 43 15	3 54 50	1 11 35	1 06 55
Lorna Doone	2 43 50	3 54 35	1 10 45	1 09 25
Vixen	2 42 30	3 52 43	1 10 13	1 09 38
Grimalkin	2 43 00	3 48 45	1 05 45	1 05 45

Great South Bay.

On Aug. 1 a race was sailed on Great South Bay in a fresh S.E. wind, the times being:

OPEN AND CABIN CATS, 25FT. AND UNDER.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Mist, Capt. W. F. Payne	3 01 20	3 43 20	3 43 20
Terrapin, S. Peters	3 01 00	. .. ..	3 49 30
Susan Jane, R. Streit	3 01 15	. .. ..	3 47 00
Marvel, H. Southurck	3 01 10	. .. ..	3 45 30
Bobolink, Wm. Whipple	3 01 22	. .. ..	3 45 40

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The annual open regatta of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 1 in a fresh and puffy S.W. wind. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.05	1 37 04	1 09 20
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	29.04	1 37 13	1 09 25
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	1 46 14	1 14 42
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	1 43 36	1 14 53
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	29.00	Withdrew.	
Arbutus, J. F. Small	29.11	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.00	1 09 32	0 45 28
Tacoma, S. N. Small	21.08	1 10 42	0 47 36
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 13 08	0 47 48
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 11 18	0 48 04
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.11	1 18 33	0 49 25
Romance, L. Sears	24.04	1 15 37	0 52 39
Raccoon, C. D. Lanning	21.06	1 18 34	0 53 39
Cleopatra, Melbourne MacDowell	21.06	Disabled.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 14 26	0 45 26
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	20.06	1 15 24	0 49 01
Enigma, G. F. Maybury	18.05	1 19 05	0 50 26
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	Withdrew.	
Wawanda, Benner *et al.*	19.11	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS			
Tautog, W. O. Gay	21.00	1 41 48	. .. ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	1 45 26	. .. ..
Jacktar, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 48 35	. .. ..
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	1 49 11	. .. ..
FOURTH CLASS.			
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 21 36	0 50 30
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	1 21 26	0 51 43
Fantasy, W. Allerton	15.09	1 24 24	0 52 22
Sphinx, A Keith	17.11	1 22 16	0 53 04
Swan, Louis Cate	17.06	1 32 40	1 02 57
Box, J. C. Gray	17.01	1 32 27	1 02 13
Nachita, G. E. Hills	16.09	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	1 03 28	0 41 41
Elsa, H. M. Crane	14.08	1 05 04	0 43 27
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 06 07	0 43 49
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	14.06	1 07 58	0 46 11
Icarex, Jas. Perry	14.05	1 11 50	0 49 38
Velma, Dr. Theo. Hallett	14.09	Withdrew.	

Sphinx and Fantasy protest each other for fouling; Ida J. protests Emma C. for fouling; Jacktar protests Spinster for leaving Spectacle Island on starboard coming home.

The judges were: Com. A. W. Foster, chairman; A. M. Davis, H. T. Washburn, A. A. Swallow, W. H. Besarick, J. E. Robinson, secretary; R. K. Rice, G. A. Swallow, L. E. Noble, W. F. Scott and F. Vegelahn.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, July 25.

With Vincedor on the dry dock to repair a leak and Vanenna detained by bad weather at Racine, the largest class in the Columbia Y. C. regatta of July 25 was comparatively uninteresting. The race was sailed in a moderate S.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS 2.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Siren	2 01 05	4 15 36	2 14 31
Charlotte B.	2 09 20	4 34 55	2 30 56
Sadie	2 40 16	4 40 39	2 31 48
CLASS 3			
Hattie B.	2 06 21	4 46 40	2 40 45
Valiant	2 01 53	4 50 00	2 48 07
Pinta	2 04 07	4 48 00	2 37 41
Peri	2 01 45	4 57 07	2 55 06
Genevieve	2 08 10	4 59 01	2 49 21
American	2 09 46	5 06 15	2 52 04
CLASS 4—CABIN BOATS.			
Wizard	2 01 20	5 10 48	3 09 28
Vixen	2 09 46	5 02 37	2 58 11
CLASS 4—OPEN BOATS.			
Myrine	2 13 40	4 16 41	2 03 01
Skate	2 14 21	4 08 20	1 50 11
CLASS 5—OPEN BOATS.			
B.	2 10 47	3 59 38	1 48 51
Microbe	1 14 17	4 10 50	1 56 33

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, July 25.

The third regatta of the Plymouth Y. C. was sailed on July 25 in a strong north wind and rough water, the times being:

SECOND CLASS CATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	21.00	1 24 51	0 58 58
Future, W. T Whitman	21.11	1 24 58	0 59 56
FOURTH CLASS—A, GAFF FORESAILS.			
Annie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	17.02	1 45 22	1 15 15
Glide, G. W. Shiverick	17.02	Did not start.	
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	17.08	Did not start.	
FOURTH CLASS—B, SPRITSAILS.			
No Name, F. A. Ransom	16.02	1 40 38	1 09 11
Puritan, C. D Craig	17.08	1 42 02	1 12 32
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett	18.05	1 45 09	1 12 20
Gipsy Girl, W. Steele	16.09	1 44 13	1 13 33
Ideal C. F. Bradford	16.06	Withdrew.	
Peerless, A. Holmes		Withdrew.	
Dolphin, N. Norton	16 06	1 45 35	1 14 36

Green Lake Regatta.

On July 25 a race was sailed at Green Lake, Wis., for the challenge cup presented last year by Com. Eldridge and held by Kite. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hypatia, Garnett	2 18 12	2 18 12
Frolic, Morgan	Not timed.	
St. Louis, N. D Thompson	2 19 42	2 18 50
Hornet, G. C. Eldridge	Not timed.	
Bertha, G. L. Thatcher	2 20 40	2 20 25
Pleasant Point, J. W. Ross	2 19 48	2 15 18
Tzin, W. E. Haseltine	2 22 13	2 16 42

Judges: L. M. Chipley, Edward S. Hunter and Alexander H. Revell. Timekeepers: Henry M. Curtis and C. L. Hunter.

Squantum Y. C.

The Squantum Y. C. sailed off the series in the third class on Aug. 1 in a fresh S.W. wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Loria, E. A. Merrill	18.02	1 38 05	1 09 10
Burgess, F. Burgess	19.05	1 40 02	1 12 37
Magnolia, E. Hardy	20.06	1 45 32	1 19 19

Rockport Regatta.

ROCKPORT, TEX., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual regatta took place here on July 15, 16 and 17 with the following entries: Novice and Alice, of this place; Kittie, of Galveston; Hoo Hoo, of Sabine Pass. The waterline plus one-third of the overhang was the rule of measurement, the following being the racing lengths: Novice, 30ft. 9in.; Hoo Hoo, 24ft. 6in.; Kittie, 24ft 8in.; Alice, 16ft. 6in.; the time allowance was 5 seconds per foot; the course once around a triangle, then to the windward stakeboat and straight back, 25 miles.

The first day's start was made in a stiff breeze from the southeast, the yachts crossing the line in the following order: Hoo Hoo, Alice, Novice, Kittie. Novice soon took the lead and maintained it until the finish. On the first leg of the course Alice broke the jaws of her gaff and was unable to make repairs in time to allow her to finish. The finish was made: Novice, 7:09:19; Kittie, 7:29:38; Hoo Hoo, 7:24:16. The second day's racing was nearly a repetition of the first; the breeze was strong from the same quarter, Novice started with a single reef, Hoo Hoo put one in after the start, Alice broke her gaff and withdrew. Novice beat Kittie corrected time 8m. 33s., Kittie beat Hoo Hoo 1m. 46s.

The third day's race was only once around triangle, 14 miles; all yachts started with double reefs in mainsails, Novice beat Kittie 3m. 54s. Kittie beat Hoo Hoo 1m. 46s. This is the fourth year Novice has beaten well-known flyers built by Eastern yachtsmen. Novice was built here in 1891 by two boys and has been remarkably successful.

J. W. Hoopes.

Winthrop Y. C.

BOSTON HARBOR—GREAT HEAD.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The Winthrop Y. C. sailed a special club race on Aug. 1, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Almira	3 05 00	4 51 10	1 46 10	. .. ..
Ramona	3 05 00	Withdrew.		
SECOND CLASS.				
Satanic	3 10 00	4 38 40	1 28 40	1 02 30
Clara	3 10 00	4 39 42	1 29 42	1 05 10
Erycina	3 10 00	4 40 27	1 30 29	1 05 59
Alma	3 10 00	4 42 38	1 32 38	1 08 14
FOURTH CLASS.				
Unknown	3 15 00	4 24 37	1 09 37	0 45 52
Delia	3 15 00	4 22 31	1 07 31	0 45 55
HATER CLASS				
W. H. Gardner	3 20 00	4 05 00	0 45 00	. .. ..
H. N. Ridgeway	3 20 00	4 07 08	C 47 08	. .. ..
S. J. Wilde	3 20 00	4 12 57	0 52 59	. .. ..
L. S. Weston	3 20 00	4 15 10	0 55 10	. .. ..
C. E. Lighton	3 20 00	Withdrew.		

In the second class Myrtle parted her peak halyards, Harriet broke the jaws of her gaff and Eureka lost her bowsprit.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The club race of the Cohasset Y. C., on Saturday, was sailed in a strong and puffy S.W. wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.
In It, R. B. Williams	3 40 00	4 41 45
HALF-RATERS.		
Swallow, John Richardson	3 45 00	5 09 15
No Name, Mr. Bigelow	3 48 00	5 15 45
Scott, John Dean	3 45 00	5 16 04
Hosie, C. H. Cousens	3 45 00	5 17 00
Jap, Bouve & Pegras	3 45 00	5 17 30
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	3 45 00	5 19 00
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	3 45 00	5 19 04
Blink, F. H. Pratt	3 45 00	5 20 00
Mungo, E. S. Willcutt	3 45 00	5 28 15
Sea Gull, Fred Higgins	3 45 00	5 26 00

Mungo and Zig Zag capsized, the latter withdrawing.

Cape Cod Y. C.

ORLEANS—CAPE COD BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 1.

The Cape Cod Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 1 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan, H. K. Cumming	20.00	1 24 07	0 59 32
Dolphin, O. H Davenport	18.05	1 26 37	1 02 55
Little Brave, J. Ryder	19.08	1 33 12	1 06 52
Sea Fox, Joshua Smith	18.08	1 41 02	1 14 42
SHARPIE CLASS			
Elsie, E. W. Rogers	14.06	1 38 55	1 07 56

Dolphin was beaten by Puritan after holding the cup for three seasons.

Revere Y. C.

The Revere Y. C., of Revere, Mass., recently reorganised, sailed its first regatta on Aug. 1, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Promise, M. F. Kerns	1 17 49	1 00 25
Torment, E. H. Hill	1 20 04	1 04 14
Juanita, Marshall	1 25 51	1 08 10
Nemo, S. Lucas	1 27 58	1 08 49
Lark, D. Colvin	1 24 00	1 09 55
Eddie F.	Withdrew.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A dispute has arisen between C. A. Postley, owner of Colonia, and Lewis Nixon, of the Crescent Shipyard, over the charges for the recent extensive alterations to the yacht in converting her from a keel cutter to a centerboard schooner. Mr. Nixon has libelled the yacht for $19,000.

Intrepid, steam yacht, Lloyd Phoenix, was at Genoa on July 20.

Pyxie, sloop, has been sold by H. A. Anthony to W. E. Eldridge, of Newark, N. J.

Yampa, schr., has been chartered by Tams & Lemoine to Edward Browning, of Philadelphia, Mr. Palmer being about to visit Europe.

On July 30 a private match was sailed off Larchmont between the 30-footers Musme and Raccoon for $100 per side, the former winning by 1m. 10s.

The annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. will be sailed on Aug. 8 off the club station, Glen Cove, L. I., starting at 1 P. M. Entries may be made to Ward Dickson, Glen Cove, L. I., by Aug. 6. The regatta will be under Y. R. U. rules.

The New Rochelle Y. C. will sail a special regatta on Aug. 8, with races for the 30ft. special class, regular 45ft. class, and open cats in two classes, fixed and shifting ballast. The start will be made at noon.

Spruce IIIII., the 16-footer recently designed and built by Sibbick for J. A. Brand, is 16.11ft. l.w.l., 5.06ft. beam, with 268sq. ft. of sail. By the Seawanhaka rule, as Spruce IIII. was measured, this would make her about 16.25ft. racing length, or 1.25ft. over the class limit.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

Presque Isle, Aug. 1.—At the regular practice shoot the following scores were made, 200yds., off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring black:

W F Treiber	8	5	4	6	10	10	10	10	8	8	8–78
	9	7	6	9	9	7	4	8	7	9	9–75
	9	10	7	5	8	10	8	2	6	6	6–74
J G Germann	6	8	6	10	8	9	5	9	9	8	8–78
	10	9	8	6	7	7	9	7	6	6	6–73
	5	9	6	10	7	9	7	7	9	5	5–71
Geo Shafer	8	10	8	5	5	5	7	10	10	5	5–73
	8	4	7	6	6	9	9	8	8	8	8–73
	5	5	7	8	7	9	6	8	7	7	7–69
Capt Bacon	10	8	6	6	7	8	9	6	9	5	5–74
	5	7	5	6	7	8	6	9	10	10	10–73
	4	9	9	9	6	7	9	6	4	6	6–67
J Stidham	6	5	9	10	8	9	7	10	4	10	10–78
	6	4	6	10	9	4	10	8	4	8	8–88
	6	4	9	9	7	8	9	5	5	5	5–67
G E Rahn	10	8	6	5	7	8	7	7	9	5	5–73
	6	10	8	7	4	8	5	9	5	8	8–79
	4	7	9	4	6	7	10	7	5	8	8–67
Chas Van Etten	5	9	4	9	5	6	9	6	6	9	9–83
	5	9	8	7	8	5	7	9	10	3	3–80
	6	9	8	7	9	6	6	4	8	4	4–67
Dr Wheeler	7	8	8	9	5	5	7	5	7	3	3–67
	7	6	7	4	8	5	9	4	8	8	8–86
	5	6	9	7	5	7	4	4	9	9	9–65
W J Leyer	6	6	2	7	8	10	10	9	6	5	5–80
	5	8	9	7	8	7	8	5	5	6	6–83
	5	8	6	6	8	4	8	7	4	8	8–80
W B Patton	4	8	8	7	10	6	5	8	8	5	5–80
	8	5	8	4	7	4	9	9	6	8	8–86
	5	7	8	5	6	6	10	8	4	4	4–84
E G Noyes	10	7	4	7	2	5	4	6	7	5	5–57
	2	1	6	3	4	3	7	5	4	8	8–43
	2	5	6	4	5	3	2	6	4	5	5–42

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., July 26.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at standard targets, 200yds., off-hand, 7-ring black. Capt Gindele made a clean score, 10

day. We have noted the target designed by Mr. Rabbeth, of Boston, Mass., and are of the opinion that it would meet the requirements of most all our shooters. At present, however, we are inclined to favor the German ring, as that is used principally by our Western German societies:

Gindele.

10 6 7 10 10 6 8 8 10 10—85 9 9 8 8 9 9 8 8 10 5—86
9 9 7 6 8 8 8 9 9 5—78 6 7 8 9 7 9 10 7 7 8—77

Weinheimer.

5 6 9 7 7 5 10 5 10 10—75 10 9 9 10 7 7 4 5 4 8—73
8 9 6 7 3 9 8 6 9 7—72 5 10 8 6 6 6 3 7 8 7—66

Roberts.

8 10 8 10 7 8 8 8 6 6—79 9 7 8 7 7 6 7 7 5 10—73
8 6 6 4 8 9 6 8 8 9—72 7 8 7 9 9 6 6 5 5 8—70

Hasenzahl.

9 9 10 5 10 8 10 5 10 7—83 6 10 8 6 10 8 6 6 8 10—78
9 6 8 10 8 9 6 10 5 7—75 9 6 8 5 8 7 8 6 10 9—76

Topf.

10 4 6 4 10 2 8 10 5 5—64 5 5 8 5 10 7 3 3 6 6—58
6 6 3 4 8 3 5 9 8 3—55 6 8 4 4 7 2 5 4 9 5—54

Nestler.

10 6 10 8 8 10 7 8 9 8—84 10 9 9 8 10 7 9 6 8 8—84
10 9 7 9 8 7 9 6 8 6—81 8 8 10 7 9 7 8 9 7 6—79

Strictmeier.

9 7 9 9 10 5 10 9 8 6—82 9 6 7 7 7 8 6 8 8 8—74
7 5 6 9 7 7 6 10 8 7—72 6 8 7 6 9 9 9 4 4 6—68

Payne.

6 8 6 8 8 8 8 6 8 6—72 5 4 7 6 9 10 8 7 8 4—69
6 6 7 8 5 6 6 9 4 8—65 7 7 6 8 6 6 9 6 5 4—64

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 11.—Albany, N. Y.—Midsummer tournament of the West End Gun Club; targets.

Aug. 11.—Albany, N. Y.—Tournament of the West End Gun Club. Bluerock traps and targets. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Aug. 11-14.—Detroit, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug 12-13.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club, fourth annual tournament; excellent programme.

Aug. 26-27.—Burlington, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—Kalamazoo, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 25-27.—Binghamton, N Y.—Binghampton Gun Club's tournament for amateurs; two days targets, one day live birds. Money divided under the Rose system. H. W. Brown, Manager.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—Atlantic City, N J.—Tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club, on Young & McShae's pier. For programmes address Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—St. Paul, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-4.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—Marion, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y

Sept. 8-9.—Marion, N. J.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J. Added money announced later.

Sept. 8-10.—Galt, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 10.—West Lebanon, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—Kansas City, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct.6-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The first annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club League will take place at Galt on Sept. 8, 9 and 10, with at least $800 guaranteed money, which is expected to be raised to $1,000. The Ontario Rod and Gun Club League was formed in February last, and is composed of six clubs, viz.: Guelph, Hespeler, Waterloo, Mallards, of Hamilton; Brants, of Brantford; and Galt. The objects of the league are: the encouragement of trap and live-bird shooting, the propagation of fish and game, and the thorough enforcement of fish and game laws. A series of home matches between all the clubs for the championship of the league and a magnificent trophy has been in progress since April 3, and will be finished Aug. 31. For information address R. McCruden, Sec'y, Galt, Ont., Can.

The Interstate Association closes this year with a tournament at Marion, N. J., the shoot being held under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City. The Interstate's schedule for 1896 has thus far been a most successful one. Manager Shaner in a personal letter writes us that he considers the recent tournament at Portland, Me., "was the best shoot ever given by the Association." An item of interest is furnished in the following figures: Using one set of traps, 12,000 targets were trapped during the two days of the tournament. Mr. Shaner also says: "Everyone was pleased with the Rose system." The Endeavor Gun Club has decided to adopt this system of dividing purses at its tournament next month.

The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., will use the Rose system of dividing the purses at its shoot on Aug. 26-27. The tournament will be given under the auspices of the Interstate Association, and will take place at one of the pleasantest seasons of the year for a visit to the shores of Lake Champlain. A lovely trip for shooters who propose attending this tournament would be to take the boat at Caldwell, N. Y., the head of Lake George, go down the lake to Baldwin, transferring to the boats of the Lake Champlain Transportation Co., the whole making a delightful trip through magnificent scenery.

The annual tournament of the Atlantic City Gun Club will be held on Young & McShae's pier at Atlantic City, N. J., on Aug. 31 and Sept. 1. There is absolutely nothing but a pure sky background at these tournaments on the above pier; the targets are thrown from traps located at the end of the pier and fall into the sea. Naturally the club has no pickups! Anybody who would like to see a programme should write to Harry Thurman, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

The West End Gun Club, of Albany, N. Y., has issued an announcement of its midsummer tournament, to be held at Albany, Aug. 11. Ten events, five at 15 and five at 20 targets, are on the programme. American Shooting Association rules will govern, and purses will be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. if ten or less enter, and 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. if more than ten enter. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y, will furnish further information.

The September tournament of the Interstate Association will be given at Marion, N. J., Sept. 8 and 9, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club. For particulars address Elmer E. Shaner, Manager, Pittsburg, Pa.

Those who attended the shoot at Auburn, N. Y., on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week had an opportunity of trying what they could do to bluerocks thrown from the magautrap.

Monroe, Louisiana.

Little Rock, Ark., July 31.—The Monroe (La.) Gun Club will hold its second annual tournament Aug. 19, 20 and 21. The first two days will be devoted to target shooting, and in these events there will be $800 added. The last day will be devoted to live birds exclusively. Purse will be divided into five moneys. Paul R. Litzke.

The Tucker Cup.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 1.—The tournament of the Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association was held under the management of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, at Kittsondale, yesterday.

Secretary Wm. L. Tucker, who was the moving spirit in the formation of the Association and to whose assiduous and disinterested activity as secretary the development of the Association is so largely due, had been voted an honorarium of $100 for his work. This, however, he refused to take, consenting only to accept $40 and odd, which he devoted to the purchase of a handsome trophy for the Association meets. It was presented and accepted at the Thursday convention.

It is a massive silver cup, standing 12in. high, and is lined with gold. Two shotguns are crossed at the bottom as a support for the bowl. The trophy cost $41, and was made in Connecticut for the Association. On one side of the bowl is engraved the following:

Trophy First Annual Tournament

Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association,

St. Paul, Minn., July 31.

Presented by William L. Tucker, Secretary.

Association Rules to Govern.

There are the figures of a huntsman and dog on the opposite side, and wreaths on the other sides of the cup. On motion it was denominated the "Tucker Cup," in honor of the donor. The trophy is intended for members of the Association, and will be shot for in open tournament, the member winning it three times to be the permanent owner. The only restriction in shooting for the trophy is that a competitor must be a member of the State Association. Association rules will govern all tournaments in which the cup is put up as a trophy.

The feature of the tournament was the contest for the Tucker trophy, which furnished the best scores of the day and aroused great interest among the fair-sized crowd of spectators, among whom were a number of ladies. There were 25 entries in the competition for the cup, which consisted of the highest score resulting from 25 birds at unknown angles. It was raining hard when the first squad took the platforms, and rapidly getting dark.

Dr. L. W. Lyon led off and finished with the high score of 23 birds killed. After this all those missing 3 birds dropped out, thus quickly narrowing the contest down to 4 marksmen. In the last squad H. P. Lawrence did some excellent shooting, and tied Dr. Lyon by scoring 23 birds killed. Of those who shot between the two high men, L. V. Rodecker made a score of 21 and Pfister 22. Dr. Lyon and Mr. Lawrence being tie, it was agreed to shoot off with 10 birds, and the first failure after that to count out the man missing. Lawrence missed the 1st bird and was followed by Dr. Lyon, who scored. It was a pretty contest for 9 more birds, Lawrence "killing" with every report of his gun and Dr. Lyon following suit. Lawrence finished first with 9 out of 10 killed, and Dr. Lyon took the stand for his last shot. The trap was sprung and the bird sailed off almost in a straight line. Dr. Lyon took a quick aim and pulled the trigger. It was now quite dark, but the spectators saw the pigeon fly into pieces, and announced Dr. Lyon the winner of the cup. The contest had been close and spirited, and spectators showed their appreciation of the close score by the most generous applause.

In the first trial Dr. Lyon killed 12 straight birds, missed the thirteenth and fifteenth, concluding his average with 8 straight. Lawrence killed 6 straight, missed the seventh and fifteenth, also concluding with 8 straight.

The victory of Dr. Lyon gives him the possession of the cup for one year, and should he be successful in winning it twice more consecutively it will become his permanent property.

A majority of the guns shoot under assumed names and do not desire their names made public, so it happens that the best shot of the tournament yesterday was J. C., who only missed 16 out of a possible 150 birds. H. C. Lawrence, who shoots under the cognomen of Cat, was second with 17 birds down out of a possible 150. Marshall was third, with 28 birds lost, and Parker brought up the rear of the list with 89 birds lost out of a possible 150.

There were ten regular events on the programme, and they were all shot. Outside of the money prizes, of which there were four for each event, divided according to the equitable system, so-called, under which the money is divided according to the percentage secured by the shooters, there were twenty-five average prizes and ten merchandise prizes, one for each event. The merchandise prizes, with the exception of the eighth event, were divided among the winners of fifth place in each event.

Interstate at Burlington.

The programme of the Interstate Association's tournament at Burlington, Vt., which is set for Aug. 26 and 27, opens with this enticing picture of the Burlington view, which is worth the going far to behold:

The hill on which Burlington is built slopes gradually from the lake till its summit is reached at College Hill, nearly a mile from its waters' edge, and 300ft. above it. The city is laid out regularly, with streets intersecting each other at right angles. The view looking west from almost any part of the city, where it is not hidden by foliage, is a magnificent panorama of water and mountain. The historic lake lies at one's feet, while the mountains beyond mingle their heads with the western clouds and dip their feet in the blue waters of Champlain. The outlook from Burlington across the broad lake is said by travelers to be the finest lake view in America.

The continual variety in the panorama gives never-ending pleasure; the eye never tires of looking; the senses never weary of the scene. The coloring, the arrangement of the picture are ever changing, never the same. Yesterday the sky was hung with heavy clouds, the water a cold gray; to-day the sky will be dark and lowering and the water the deepest blue.

From the dome of the main college building a view of the rarest magnificence can be obtained; while the western outlook from the college dome is so much admired, the eastern view is scarcely less beautiful—to many equally so. It lacks the water and variety.

But stand upon the summit, now look first eastward over the gradually increasing hills terminating in the Green Mountains, and then westward over the entirely unlike scene bounded by the Adirondacks, you will not find unpardonable extravagance in the remark made by the enthusiastic lover of natural beauty alluded to by the writer just quoted.

There is no view in all the world finer than the eastern one, except the western. It is here that "every prospect" pleases.

The genuine hospitality for which the citizens of Burlington are proverbial, bespeaks for those visiting the trap-shooting tournament a delightful occasion.

The tournament will be held at the grounds of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, situated on Lake Side avenue, about three-quarters of a mile from central part of the city. Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. each day. The grounds will be open for practice shooting on the afternoon of Aug. 25, the day preceding the tournament. Price of targets in all events will be three cents, included in all entrances. Shooters may enter for price of targets only, in all events. Information relative to tournament cheerfully furnished by J. S. Denning, Secretary, 75 Spruce street, Burlington, Vt.

Bluerocks will be used, and purses will be divided under the Rose system. The club will add $40 first day and $60 second day.

The Du Pont Tournament.

Chicago, Aug. 3.—[*Special to Forest and Stream:*] Chicago and Du Pont and E. S. Rice have broken the world's record. All unite in saying that this is the greatest shoot of this or any other country. Twenty-five States are represented by nearly 200 shooters. The entry for the first event was 184, and forty-seven men tied straight on 5. Entry for second event 185, and twenty-eight men straight on 7. The grounds and offices are perfect. The twelve tents are like an army encampment. The shoot will cost from $7,500 to $10,000. This is typical Chicago hustle. Everyone, including management, astonished at the unprecedented success. Weather warmish, but birds lively.

E. Hough.

Endeavor's Three Days' Tournament.

Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 1.—In connection with the yearly one day tournament given by the Endeavor Gun Club on Labor Day, this year on Sept. 7, the club has arranged with the Interstate Association to hold a two days' tournament under the auspices of the club on Sept. 8 and 9, making a three days' tournament. The first day shooters can shoot for birds only or in sweeps that will be arranged to suit the shooters on the grounds. The second and third days will be run according to programme. There will be added money the second and third days, $75 each day, $150 for the two days. The club adds this amount.

H. B. Strader, Sec'y.

Western Traps.

SHOOTING GLASSES.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 1.—Dr. C. D. Westcott, of this city, a member of the Calumet Heights Gun Club and a pronounced lover of the traps, writes thus in regard to what he has discovered in his practice in the matter of "specs." for shooters:

I am an oculist by profession and a lover of the gun, and for the last ten years it has been necessary for me to wear glasses constantly for the correction of a defect (astigmatism) in one of my eyes. Recently so many inquiries have been made by my shooting friends in regard to the glasses which I wear in the field and at the trap that it occurred to me that perhaps a few words upon the subject in general might be of interest to your readers.

While my own glasses are an absolute necessity to my comfort, I congratulate all those who have perfect eyes and strong eyes, and who do not feel at any time the need of better vision or of protection from strong light. As a matter of fact, however, there are probably very few people who have perfect eyes, and I am constantly meeting, in my examinations, with people whose eyes are very defective and even unlike, and who have been unconscious of any defect in vision until demonstrated to them in my office. Of course, it goes without saying that all sportsmen who are obliged to wear glasses constantly are unable to dispense with them in the field or at the trap, and I have found from my own experience that the glasses which are best suited to our needs in every-day life are not adapted to shooting. I have therefore had made for myself and for a number of friends some spectacles with very large, round lenses, set high upon the face, and so tilted that when the head is inclined for aligning the gun the line of sight passes through the lens reasonably near the center and at an angle giving good vision.

In shooting over the water, especially on a white sandy beach, such as we have at the grounds of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, I have found it absolutely necessary to use shading glasses on bright days. I have therefore had my ordinary shooting spectacles duplicated in what is known to the trade as "No. 2 blue," the lenses being tinted a light blue, which does not interfere in the least with vision, but so softens the light that one may keep his eyes wide open and at ease on the brightest day.

I have been surprised and gratified a number of times recently to find that by the simple adjustment of proper lenses I had been the means of improving to a marked degree the scores of some of my friends who shoot at the trap. An increase of from 10 per cent. to 30 per cent. has occurred in a number of instances, to say nothing of the additional comfort experienced by the shooter.

PALMYRA, MO., RECORDS.

Palmyra Gun Club, of Missouri, has just finished a series of twenty shoots, 25 targets per man, an interesting competition inaugurated for the handsome prize of a Lefever ejector gun. The series was won by Mr. W. B. Markell. The records were as below:

	Out of 500.	Per cent.		Out of 500.	Per cent.
W B Markell	429	85⁴⁄₅	John McLeod	395	79
A B Drescher	422	84²⁄₅	Frank Diemer	380	77
W N Bates	419	83⁴⁄₅	T E Pratt	355	70¹⁄₁₀
H A Hollyman	418	83³⁄₅	F Bernhard	340	68
Geo Bates	416	83¹⁄₅			

J. H. Kelley withdrew on fourth shoot.

The club averaged 79¼ per cent, which is exceptionally good shooting.

COMING.

The first annual Spring Lake shoot is announced by Mr. W. A. Heilman, proprietor of the Spring Lake, Ill., Club House, Manito, Ill. The shoot will be held Aug. 11-13. Targets only, for low entrances and 7 events daily. Spring Lake is a famous fishing and shooting place in season, and a good place for fun with rod or gun even in August, it seems.

Central Gun Club, of Duluth, puts out a businesslike programme for its fourth annual, Aug. 12-13. Eight events daily, from 10 to 25 targets. A good list of average merchandise prizes. Professionals "equalized," and winners handicapped 2yds. in next event, 30yd. limit. An explanation of the Rose system is given on a page of the programme, which latter shows a progressive interest in the modern ways of trap-shooting.

The advance guard of shooters for the big Du Pont tournament, at Chicago next week, has begun to arrive, the first of these noticed being Rolla Heikes, from Dayton. Rolla will not say who will win the Heikes-Gilbert contest for the E. C. cup, but probably has an opinion on the matter.

E. Hough.

1206 Boyce Building, Chicago.

Boiling Springs Handicap.

Rutherford, N. J., Aug. 1.—The regular monthly handicap shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held here to-day. Despite the large handicap given some of the members, two scratch men tied for first place with a 20-handicap man. The score:

Huck (0)........1111111111111111101011101
1111111011011110111101111—48
Lewis (20)........1001011101010111111111010
1100111101111111100101000
10100110100111010001 —48
N Money (0)........1111111111111111110111111
1011100111111111010111110—46
Capt Money (0)........1011111111001111101111011
0111111111111101110101111—41
Adams (0)........1111110100111111111101111100
1111111000101111111111000—37
Crosby (0)........1100111110110101001001101
1111111110011001111010111—35
Lane (11)........1011100111111000010011100
1000110001111010110001101
11101001101 —34
Berg (20)........0110110001011111111100010
0101100110000110001100001
010100101011000111100 —34
Broshart (15)........0000010111000100010000100
1000011110111010100000010
100110001110100 —25
Peck (15).?........1100110000010000110100100
0010001101111001000011000
000000010000010 —21
H Money (0)........0000110101000100011111011
1001100010100110101100111—30
James (8)........0101111111111111111111010
0111001101011111111011100
01001101 —46

W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Ithaca Gun Club.

Ithaca, N. Y., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Ithaca Gun Club recently reorganized and held its weekly shoot to-day. Taking into consideration the fact that many of the members had not shot at the traps in several months, the score was very fair. The conditions were 25 targets, unknown traps and angles. C. Rumsey won, breaking 21, while Gebhardt and C. Smith tied for second, each breaking 20. The membership of the club is daily increasing, and the prospects for a successful future are very bright. I inclose score of the second event:

C Rumsey........0111101111110100111111111—21
J H Jennings........1100110101101110111010100—15
D Norton........1011101110110110101011010—16
A H Piatt........1111001100000000100000000— 9
J Vann........0111011011011010100000000—12
C Smith........1101110110111011111111101—20
L Smith........1101101111010101000110000—13
W Smith........1110101110101011110010000—14
F Fuller........1001111100101001000011000—11
H Moller........1101001110010111011010110—15
G F Gebhardt........1101111111011101110111111—20

G. F. G.

At Elkwood Park.

The Elkwood Park Handicap was shot on July 30. The conditions were 15 live birds per man, high guns. The purse was divided between the four men who killed their 15 straight. Edgar Murphy and Charlie Zwirlein both lost their last birds. Their scores were:

Bielman (30)...222222222222222—15 C Zwirlein (29)..222121222222220—14
G Cubberly (30) 212111221211222—15 Langen (26)....022022222022222—12
H Y Dolan (29). 222222112211122—15 B Ballard (30)..120222122200w
E Godchalk (29) 222211222222222—15 A L Ivins (30)..2212122200w
E G Murphy (30) 222222222222220—14 P Daly, Jr (29)..2222120w

Binghamton Gun Club.

Binghamton, N. Y., July 29.—Match at 25 targets:

Kendall........ 24 19 19 20 Boss........ 19 18 20
Brown........ 25 23 21 22 Waldron........ 21 .. ..
Smith........ 10 11 7 Snell........ 21

Aug. 1.—Practice shoot, 25 targets:

Kendall...... 22 23 20 20 20 18 .. Boss........ 23 21 19 20 .. ..
Brown........ 21 22 21 23 21 23 22 Bromley........ .. .. 17 19

The Texas Midwinter.

For the first time in a few moons your chronicler of facts and fancies from the Southwestern corner of civilization shows signs of life.

It may be from too much ozone or from a predisposition to indulge in the prevailing *dolce far niente* of any section that breathes within the radius of the Mexican pattern that we antediluvian bohemians grasp a Faber and then lay it down without a stroke on the paper before us; but be it as it may, we acknowledge that we are very lazy and very apt to let the other fellow do the chronicling of facts.

But then when the Texas pigeon season opens wide her gates, and when covey after covey of Bob Whites cleave their way over the tops of the mesquite and in a half-feathered fashion make their escape from the approaching hunter, somehow the lethargy which has had its full sway these summer days rather loosens its hold on the nimrod of the Southwest, and at night, as the note of the upland plover falls on his ear and the shrill whistle of the curlew turns the darkness into a gleam of anticipation, the old-time hunter begins to think and dream of bluebills, canvasbacks, redheads, Dick Merrill, Tom Marshall, the geese, and A. W. Adams.

The great midwinter tournament begins to loom up in the delightful imagination, and the fevered spirit immediately frames a shooting *menu* that would be hard to beat for even Monte Carlo.

Let the reader, on this hot summer's day, contemplate *frappé* bluerocks *à la* magautrap with Dick Merrill to do the most approved empyrean kicking. What with a *faux pas à la* Capt. Money and the "correct thing" on the part of his elderly son, to say nothing of the wild abandon of Tom Marshall's Oriental Dervish dance, would be sufficient to entertain even His Majesty King Matabele, of African fame.

The management of the midwinter have made special arrangements with the weather folk for one full week of splendid frost, beginning with Jan. 20. Icicles, snow and frost are hereby notified to be in suspended liquid form on that date.

There will be a brother act, called the bluestone imperial, presented by the peers of the flight kingdom, Messrs. Quimby and North. Also a sort of De Nemours skirmish, with a smokeless accompaniment in E. C. by that famous pair, Spirit Lake Gilbert and farmer Roll Heikes. A thousand audiences will be on hand to listen to the delightful stories of John Connor afloat or afield as told by the inimitable Judge Lindsay, of Keoxville. A taciturn table will be provided, whereunder whose mahogany the flexible legs of Don Quixote Fulford can repose against the fresh veneer. Chauncey Powers will be given a latitude of three weeks, during which he can expatiate on the virtues of a rod that is based on a brass standard. A longitude will be also provided if C. A. Damon is not out of a job. A. W. Adams will be given an opportunity to shorten his stock or heighten the color of his cone, and Albert Steves will be a special committee to set 'em up. Shorty Bacon will be provided with a natatorium and a free silver man will do the talking for O. R. Dickey. Tom Devine and Irby Bennett will be surrendered to the tender mercies of Joe George, who will endeavor to prove to the former gentleman that Pap Hughes, of Little Rock, knows more about cow killing than does the trolley manicure of the Yahoo Railway. The programme of the midwinter will contain 16 000 cuts of John J. Sumpter as he appears while shooting Du Pont, and no pains will be spared to bring each and every powder in the market on the front rank. The same goes as to guns. Charlie Grimm will be given a grand opportunity to show an anxious public how well balanced his brain is by standing on his head and breaking 20 pairs of doubles with a pump. The management is also in receipt of a soul-harrowing request from Charlie Budd to be allowed his new smoke consumer space for exhibition. It is especially adapted to smokeless powders. During this act Prof. Joe George will sing his famous parody on "A Pretty Girl," entitled "A Simple Pink," while Alphabetical Critzer will show his new Dutch guns. U. M. C. Thomas will fulminate on the excellence of the product of his company, while Winchester Hildreth will endeavor to entertain Redwing Worthington by reading his famous essay on the "Phantasmagoria of Trap-Shooting," or the art of climbing for place. The fire department has been engaged for the occasion, and any one found dropping for place will be discovered. He will also be tossed in the fire net for the drinks.

As to game, every guide, hunter and liar of the Southwest has been retained with a retainer, also a retinue to provide delicate morsels for those who were here last year, but too early. This paragraph is written while the writer's X ray vision is concentrated upon the Missouri mugs: Sargeant and Kinmouth, of Missouri. Every canvasback will have a brand new coat of red paint on his head, while the mallards and teal will receive such an embellishment at the hands of our local artist that Renaissance will feel like giving up her job and going to shaking dice for a living. The effulgence of our roseate sunset will be burnished until it vies in splendor with a $20 shiner, and Billy Sims's punch bowl will be found bowing politely to all visitors at the old stand.

Wild vagaries and all sorts of Oriental imaginings will be on tap for a solid 18-karat month, and if the whole world don't come pretty near being kin at the next midwinter, it won't be the fault of the big 3.

The prospects for game were never better than at the present time, and from all sections of this great game country comes word to the effect that deer, turkey and quail are abundant.

DEER KILLED WITH A STONE.

Mr. Vint. James, one of the prominent ranchmen of the Southwest, who owns a beautiful ranch on the Nueces River, has just returned from his country residence with a wonderful tale of game and black bass.

Messrs. Ben and Wynne Andrews, both of San Antonio, accompanied Mr. James during his summer hibernation, together with Master Scott James, eldest son of Vinton, aged twelve years.

On one occasion when Wynne Andrews went down to the stream for bass a yearling doe came to the water, whereupon a pointer and a setter, closely followed by the boy, gave immediate chase. The poor animal lost its head and ran out on a narrow peninsula, around the base of which curled the limpid waters of the Nueces River, and plunged into the stream, which was only about 4ft. in depth. The boy waded out with a stone in each hand, and upon arriving at a convenient distance "fired" one of the missiles at the animal, but missed him. "Then," said Andrews, "Scott gave him the other barrel and cracked the deer's skull, whose carcass was proudly towed ashore."

The party saw turkeys every day, and they all agree that the quail crop will be larger than ever known before.

EVERYBODY CATCHES TARPON.

Not a day passes at the famous Aransas Pass but what from a dozen up to fifty silver kings are brought out on the sands by the lucky anglers. The tarpon season is at its height, and splendid catches of Spanish mackerel, trout and redfish are reported every day. A new hotel has been built at Ingleside on a beautiful site overlooking the bay for miles.

Texas Field.

The Hollywood Grand National.

Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 1.—The Grand National Handicap, an important live-bird handicap, was brought off to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club. Ballard and Finletter, the former from Louisville, Ky., and the latter from Philadelphia, Pa., divided first and second moneys with 45 out of 50. Third money was divided between Murphy, Dolan and Ellison. The scores were:

B Ballard (29)	2021211222220211122022212 2120221221222012222222	—45
L Finletter (29)	2222222222220222222222221 2222202002222222222202222	—45
Edgar Murphy (30)	2221210222222220222022222 2222222222022222022222200	—43
H Yale Dolan (29)	2222212222122222121010202 0212122021220120111221212	—43
J B Ellison (28)	2222222222222222220222210220 2202222022222202222202222	—43
A L Ivins (30)	2222211202122122202202221 2212222200212021222211100	—42
Hooper (28)	2002222222212220222112022 010222222222222212001	—39
Barnes (28)	1122200201121220220222022 222212222020	—31
Fred Hoey (30)	2220200202222222220222202 2222202222220	—29
Scott (30)	0222202222012222222222202 220240	—24
P Daly, Jr (29)	0002222222100202022022222 122120	—22
Roebling (29)	2222220211000102201202201 11120	—21

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., July 30.—Match at known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules:

Black	1010111110111011111111111—21
Meinert	1111101111111111110011101—21
Setze	1011101111011110111011110—19
Hilliard	0000110011011111011011101—15
Legg	0011100011110011100001111—14
Maury	0100011010101000111111011—14
Stephens	0001001011001111100100010—11
Reynolds	1001100100011001100001100—10

W. J. Black, Sec'y.

Duluth, Two Harbors and Tower.

Duluth, July 26.—Match shot by the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, against teams from the Tower and Two Harbors clubs. Duluth was in most excellent form, and made an average of 75 per cent., breaking 150 birds out of a possible 200. Tower scored 143 and Two Harbors 137.

The conditions of the shoot were 25 birds at unknown angles. There were twenty-four men in the three teams, divided into three squads. Field, of Duluth, led the score with 23 birds, while Shell and Sachem, of the same club, were second with 21 birds. The score was as follows:

Duluth.		
Meyers	0110110111010111111110111—19	
Shell	1111101011101111111110111—21	
Squibb	1110111101011010011111101—18	
Carver	1111101010101111111010110—18	
West	1011100100010101111101010—14	
Sachem	1001011111101111111111111—21	
Field	1111111111111101111111011—23	
Warren	1101011010111111100010110—16	—150
Tower.		
Oppel	0111110101111110010111100—17	
Rorer	0101111000111101111011111—18	
Richardson	1010111101101111111001111—19	
Ryan	0111110011111101101101111—19	
Merriam	1101011100111100110100111—16	
Laten	1101101111011101011111110—19	
Cummings	1000010011011111111011101—17	
Congdon	0110111111001111111011100—18	—143
Two Harbors.		
Tenyson	1011011111010010110111001—16	
Hannon	0101101101010011111111110—17	
Tom Btown	1011010010001011000110111—13	
Noble	0011101000110110110000101—12	
Budd	1101001111011101101101111—18	
J Brown	0111101111001011100011011—16	
Carson	0010010111101011011111110—16	
Sagamore	0111101111110101101101111—19	—137

Members of the Central Gun Club who attended the shoot made the trip to Two Harbors by boat, going up on the Dixon and returning on the Barker.

The Central Club has prepared its new grounds on London road, adjoining Braeutigam's summer garden, and the first shoot was held there on Saturday. This location affords a splendid field and ideal surroundings. The marksmen face lakeward, so that there is nothing but sky and water as a backgrdund for their marks. From this time up to the date of the tournament practice shoots will be held at the new fields every Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 25.—We send inclosed scores of Audubon Gun Club's club shoot for to-day. Nos. 1 and 2 were at 10 bluerocks; No. 3, club badge shoot at 25 bluerocks; Nos. 4 and 7 were at 15 bluerocks; Nos. 5 and 6 were at 20 bluerocks; all unknown angles. In event No. 3 Kelsey won A Class badge, Frieze won B Class badge, A. Coombs won C Class badge.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Kelsey	9	8	23	14	16	16	12	Forrester	9	7	23	12	18	17	14
C S Burkhardt	7	9	17	11	14	16	13	Norton	..	7	17	9	13	..	..
E C Burkhardt	8	9	16	9	18	17	13	B F Smith	..	..	23	..	19	..	..
Bennett	10	10	18	14	16	14	9	Dr Sauer	..	..	15	12	18	18	7
J J Reid	8	8	13	9	13	9	9	M E Storey	..	..	18	10	12	16	11
Jacobs	5	7	19	..	14	..	..	A Coombs	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
McArthur	5	8	19	9	17	14	11	Bird	..	..	17	10	15	8	8
McCarney	6	6	19	9	..	10	..	Frieze	..	..	22	11	18	..	..
Tom Tidler	8	6	20	..	17	10	10	J E Lodge	..	..	8	11	..	..	..
Howard	4	5	13	6	12	..	..								

On Wednesday, July 29, there will begin at Audubon Park shooting grounds a championship shoot at inanimate targets for the championship of western New York. The events will be 50 bluerocks, unknown angles, and will be shot on the first and third Wednesdays of each month; entrance, price of birds. The manager, B. F. Smith, will give two handsome trophies emblematic, one of which goes to the shooter winning most events in twelve, the other for the shooter making the best average in ten of the twelve shoots.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

Pawtuxet, R. I., July 25.—The club shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club was held here this afternoon. Sheldon won the Class A medal for the ninth time; Hawkins won Class B medal for the second time, and Graves captured first prize in Class C for the second time. The scores:

Class A.	
W H Sheldon	1111111111110111011111111—23
S D Greene, Jr	1111100111111101011111101—20
W H Waterman	1111110010111111111111001—20
C M Adams	0110010001011111011001010—13
F Hammond	1100001011101010011100100—12
P L Voelker	1101100010000100111000100—10
Class B.	
A B Hawkins	1011101011010111001010101—15
H Badmington	0001110101001011010011101—13
W O King	1010011101001011100101100—13
Class C.	
F Graves	1111011111101100011100111—18
J Armstrong	1110110101101111001010110—16
W Adams	101 0011101010010110100 0—12
A L Andrews	1100010110101001000100100—10
F Arnold	110000000111111w
E L Fuller	100101111001010w
W Hawkins	1110000001w

Practice shooting: Dr. F. Hammond 21, W. H. Waterman 21, C. M. Adams 14, F. Sherman 14, H. Badmington 15, J. Armstrong 16.

W. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.

Bergen County Gun Club.

Hackensack, N. J., Aug. 1.—The following scores were made by the Bergen County Gun Club:

No. 1, 10 birds:		No. 2, same:
Warner	1101110101—7	0110110011—6
Jackson	0100001101—4	1001110001—5
Raymond	1101101011—7	1111011111—9
Ryan	1100101111—7	0000011011—4
Weber	0000001000—1	0001001000—2
Griffiths	1111011111—9	1111111101—9
No. 3, same:		**No. 4, same:**
Griffiths	1110111011—8	0101110101—6
Lefferts	1101111111—9	0111011111—8
Warner	0100100111—5	1011010101—6
Jackson	0100011001—4	1100111000—5
Raymond	1011110001—6	1001110100—5
Ryan	1000100101—4	0110111000—5

No. 5, 20 birds:

Warner	01101001100010101001— 9	Raymond	11000101010100011001— 9
Jackson	11011100000011001010— 9	Griffiths	11111111111111011111—19
Weber	00000100000000100001— 3	Bertram	00011000111100110010— 9
Van Keur'n	01011010101001111101—12	Thomas	00000001100000101000— 4
Lefferts	11111011101001110110—14	Mabie	10110010111011110111—14
Ryan	01000000110000100110— 6	Post	10010110100111011001—11

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb., July 25.—Regular weekly shoot, 25 targets:

Carmichael	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hughes	1111111110111111111111111—24
Montmorency	1111111111111111111110111—24
Dickey	1111111111110111110011111—22
Whitener	1111111110111011110111111—22
McFarlane	1111101111110110111111111—22
Loomis	1111111111011010111111110—21
Read	0110111110111111011111111—21
Brucker	1111111111101111110100110—20
Johannes	1100111110111110101110111—19
Blake	1111010011111111101110110—19
Edwards	0010111011001110110111011—18

W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., July 28.—Regular shoot, unknown angles, A. A. rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*20*	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*20*
Nelson	9	8	13	12	12	9	18	Dornin	11	10	14	18	12	6	14
Terry	12	11	15	17	11	6	17	Moorman	10	10	19	18	13	9	16
Scott	8	15	17	19	13	10	14	Miller	14	9	15	19	14	8	16

On the fourth event Scott and Miller tied for the Silverthorn badge. The tie was decided on the fifth event, Mr. Miller winning.

F. M. Dawson.

Orangeville, Md.

Orangeville, Md., July 22.—King's Smokeless Gun Club.

No. 1, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance, A. S. A. rules:

Jas Evans	0011010011— 5	Catiz	1010111111— 8
Wm Bond	1001011110— 6	Yeager	1001011011— 6
Mann	1101111101— 8	Dr Smith	1011111111— 9
Steever	1011101110— 7	Dr Frey	1001111111— 8
Hartner	0111111111— 9	Dr Ed Smith	0011111110— 7
Cline	1011011101— 7		

No. 2, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance:

Jas Evans	0101011111— 7	Catiz	1011111111— 9
Wm Bond	1011101111— 8	Yeager	1101100110— 6
Mann	0111111111— 9	Dr Smith	1011011111— 8
Steever	1011111111— 9	Dr Frey	1111011111— 9
Hartner	1111111111—10	Dr Ed Smith	1110111110— 8
Cline	1011101111— 8		

No. 3, 20 targets, the three lowest to pay for targets:

Jas Evans	10110011011100011010—11	Cline	00011001010110011011—10
Catiz	11101101110110111101—15	Dr E Smith	10110111101111111111—17
Dr Smith	11111110111101111111—18	Hartner	11111011111111111111—19
Dr Frey	01111111111111011111—18	Wm Bond	10110111011011111110—15
Steever	10111001001111111111—15	Yeager	11010111101101110111—15
Mann	11011111111001101111—16		

Third men shot off at 10 targets to decide:

Catiz	1011011011—7	Wm Bond	1100110111—7
Steever	1011110111—8	Yeager	1011010011—6

No. 4, 15 targets, 75 cents entrance:

Wise	100001000111110— 7	Dr Smith	110111111101111—13
Mann	110111011110111—12	Wm Bond	011101110110110—10
Steever	011001111111111—12	Cline	101100001110111— 9
Catiz	111110011111111—13	Dr Frey	101110101111111—12
Yeager	000101110111011— 9	Hartner	111111111111101—14
Jas Evans	101101110101111—11		

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

W. M., Estevan Assa, Canada.—Boil down linseed oil of best quality until it becomes thick and glutinous. It is likely to take fire if boiled in iron pot; use an earthen vessel and boil in open air, with light lid to prevent firing. Then set the oil away in tin can or pail with tight-fitting cover until used.

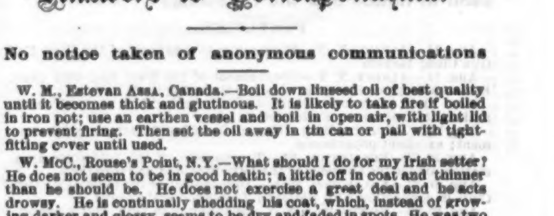
W. McC., Rouse's Point, N.Y.—What should I do for my Irish setter? He does not seem to be in good health; a little off in coat and thinner than he should be. He does not exercise a great deal and he acts drowsy. He is continually shedding his coat, which, instead of growing darker and glossy, seems to be dry and faded in spots. He was two years old last May. In the morning the corners of his eyes have a little matter in them and his nose seems dry and glossy. He has not much of an appetite on some days and others he eats first-rate. Do you think it would be all right to take him with me camping? Ans. Treat for worms. Wash dog once or twice a week with sublimated soap; allow the lather to remain on. Give 3grs. of phosphate of iron and $\frac{1}{100}$gr. of arsenic twice a day.

J. H. B., Montreal.—I am an assiduous reader of the Forest and Stream, received at the Club Canadien, of which I am a member. Will you kindly answer the following in your next issue: Are wild pigeons (*Ectopistes migratorius*) still in existence, and where? Not one can be seen in the Dominion of Canada, I venture to say. Some thirty or forty years ago they were so plentiful that they were a nuisance. Ans. The wild pigeon is believed to be practically exterminated over a considerable portion of North America, especially that part east of the Alleghany Mountains. Of course the enormous flocks of thirty or forty years ago are never seen now, and its extermination is due entirely to persecution by man. At the same time wild pigeons are occasionally seen, especially in the middle West, and the species will probably long survive, but with changed habits and in hopelessly diminished numbers.

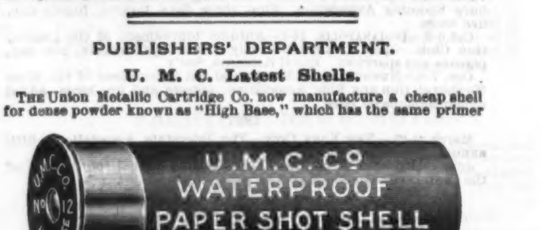
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

U. M. C. Latest Shells.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. now manufacture a cheap shell for dense powder known as "High Base," which has the same primer



and is the same quality as the well-known nitro shells manufactured by this company. They have also marketed the shell known as



"Acme," which takes the place of the Smokeless shell. Both of these shells have a high base and reduced space to avoid unnecessary wadding, and the peculiar shape of the base is thereby adapted to dense powders.—*Adv.*

Through Wonderland.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS TO YELLOWSTONE PARK VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Yellowstone Park is one of the most wonderfully attractive regions of the world. Its beauties of scenery, the wild grandeur of its mountains and cañons compel the admiration of every visitor, while its phenomenal geysers and curious mineralogical formations make it a rich field for the investigation of the scientist. Universal interest attaches to it, and in order that the natural desire to visit it may be accomplished in the most satisfactory manner the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a tour covering a period of sixteen days, leaving New York and Philadelphia Thursday, Aug. 27.

As the tour will be run under the personally-conducted tourist system inaugurated by the above-named company, it is hardly necessary to give the assurance that it will be arranged in the most complete manner. It might be well to state, however, that no other means of seeing the Park thoroughly is comparable to that afforded by a well-ordered personally-conducted tour.

A special train, consisting of a dining, Pullman vestibule, drawing-room, sleeping, compartment and observation cars, which will be the best that can be secured, will be provided, in which passengers will live *en route*, and whenever the journey is broken the choicest rooms in the leading hotels will be reserved for the use of the tourists, for which regular rates are paid, so that the guests, although members of a party, enjoy all the privileges of individuals who may have made their own selections.

The party will be conducted throughout by a tourist agent especially selected for his ability and experience, with chaperon to look after the comfort of lady passengers.

The rate, covering every necessary expense, will be $210 from Boston, and $200 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Harrisburg; proportionate rates from other points.

Detailed itinerary will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 205 Washington street, Boston; 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn; or Room 411, Broad street station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

The Fall River Line having made arrangements with the American District Telegraph Company, announces that a corps of messengers will meet the boats on their arrival at New York for the purpose of acting as escorts to strangers, ladies and children; also to deliver letters, hand satchels, parcels, etc., and to collect telegrams for transmission over Western Union lines.

For the service performed the regular American District Telegraph Company rates will be charged.

It is expected that this service will prove a great accommodation to the traveling public.—*Adv.*